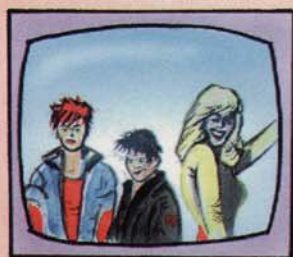


REFRIGERATOR

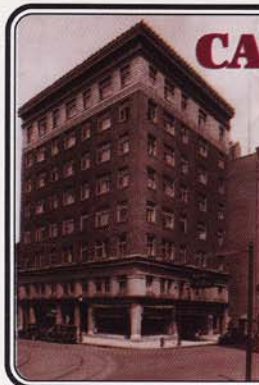
HOW TO STOP WORRYING & START LIVING • ROCHESTER, NEW YORK • CIRCULATION 5,000

#25
FREE

GLOBAL



COOLNESS



**CADILLAC
HOTEL
BAR**

45 CHESTNUT ST.
DOWNTOWN
JUST OFF
EAST AVENUE

OPEN TILL 2 AM

454-4340

**HEAVEN
MASSIVE**

SOUND AND LIGHTING SYSTEM FOR
YOUR DRINKING AND DANCING PLEASURE

WEDNESDAYS

LADIES NIGHT
DRINKS FREE 9-11
HOTTEST TOP 40
MIX IN THE CITY

THURSDAYS

COLLEGE NITE
ALTERNATIVE MIX
STROLLING ROCKS
DJ DOG

FRIDAYS

OPEN BAR 9-11
DISCO
HOT TOP 40 DANCE
ALL NIGHT LONG

SATURDAYS

JUMPIN' AND PUMPIN'
FREE ADMISSION 10-12
2 FOR 1 DRINKS 10-12
DJ COOLEY C

DISCOUNT ADMISSION WITH MONTAGE 93
TICKET STUBS, VOLUNTEER OR EXHIBITOR BADGES

ALWAYS THE BIGGEST PARTY IN TOWN

50 LIBERTY POLE WAY
ROCHESTER NY INFO: 262.3050



PATTERNS OF BALDNESS

Lose Hair	Worry too much
Gray around temples	Think too much
Grey around ears	Work too much
Receding hairline	Too many bad thoughts
Bald spot	A joke and a test
Completely white	Experienced

Copyright 1993

The Refrigerator is published about 10 times a year.
Contributions are welcome and encouraged.
All contributions are kept anonymous.
A 10 issue subscription is available for \$10.
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
Fax to 716.288.0880
E-mail to Sun Ra, America On Line

REFRIGERATOR 2

BICYCLE RAVE 2000

With the rapture of warm sunshine in Rochester, I bought myself a bicycle from a local bike shop. Originally I took my old Sears 12 speed into the store for a makeover, but I remembered how often the Sears bike broke down in inconvenient places, such as my apartment doorstep. The Sears 12 speed had its day, but the sexier bikes I saw on display caught my interest.

I sauntered to the bike salesman and asked him what kind of bicycles they had for a hobby to forget the world's troubles. He pointed out the Ironhorse series of bicycles. "These are popular with the mid life crisis set", he said, "they will serve your needs well." I chose the Ironhorse AT50, a hybrid bike. A hybrid bicycle is not quite a mountain bike and not quite a touring bike, but genetically merged together like Jeff Goldblum and insect co-star in "The Fly." It looks like a ordinary bicycle but has huge knobby wheels, the kind that you crunch over '79 station wagons with at tractor pulls featuring monster pickup trucks.

I tested the Ironhorse AT50 on the parking lot. It was a big improvement over the Sears 12 speed. Getting the right gear on the Sears bike was harder than getting "Star Trek" tuned in on TV in Tibet. Riding the Ironhorse AT50 was sheer joy - the tractor pull tires floated over potholes and spike lined pits with impunity. The wind streamed through my waist length hair as I imagined myself grinding up mountain trails, sheer cliff faces, and pulling up at Dunkin Donuts on this wondrous machine. I liked this bicycle - man and machine melded together into a cybernetic organism! I was sold; I must own an Ironhorse AT50! I hurtled toward to the waiting salesman. With a hissing crunch of gravel, I stopped at his side. "Yeah", I said indifferently, "I guess I'll go with this one."

The AT50 was the cheapest model of the series. It seemed to me that the differences between models were mostly the ratio of metal to plastic. The AT50 is mostly plastic, and the AT5000 features space alloytitanium, solar panels, SDI laser cannon, and radar absorbing "Stealth" technology paint. There's nothing wrong with plastic - I paid for the Ironhorse AT50 via credit card.

After a few miles on bicycle trips, I found myself getting sore and chafed in the shorts area, with big, red, itchy boils. "Padded Spandex bicycle shorts," said the clerk in the sports store, handing me a small swatch of material. Spandex interfered with my ability to function in everyday tasks. Swaggering into Wegman's, I sauntered up and down the aisles, insolently picking up groceries (ignoring the obviously admiring glances from fellow shoppers), plunking milk, peppers, garlic, and Brylcreem at the checkout counter.

"Paper or plastic?" asked Dani, my cashier for the evening. "Paper." I said, feet apart, chest thrust out, fists on hips, voice dropped an octave lower, "Did you notice that I'm wearing Spandex?" "That'll be \$8.21, cash or check?"

Without a chronic drug habit, it wasn't too painful to lavish money on the Ironhorse AT50, equipping it with a Kryptonite-clone lock, a water bottle which I fill with equal parts cold tea, raspberry juice, and vodka (I am kidding about that part, though - I don't like raspberry juice all that much.), a bicycle computer that tells me how fast I go, how far I went and keeps me up to date on Wall Street stock quotes. The most useful of all was the little carry bag that fit underneath the seat. The salesman informed me that the way the bag worked was that you put things in it. Later on, when you want what you put in it, you take it out. Wow!



Much Ado About A Do

The protein filaments leave the follicles, extruded, dead. In synchronous waves with tens of thousands of their fellows they flow, merge and part — with the exception of a few gangs of rebels out on a lark, straying for hijinks. Each strand knows not of what grand artifact (pompadour or ponytail) it may be a part. I'd seen their do's at work, artful, yet casual. I liked. Maybe magic could be made on my do too.

Five minutes late. Hope this is not an ordeal. The maestro has not yet appeared and I am left to browse the jewelry, hair & skin products; imbibe coffee, tea, or natural soda, or lizard about in the raised platform lounge (if I dared, with its white couches). Three attendants try to look busy.

The maestro emerges, backward baseball cap, baggy bloomers & all (i.e. single earring and black high-tops). Introductions. Whoa! Full stop! Errore! There must be some misunderstanding - He does not recognize me as bona fide sanctioned clientele! Had I not had a consultation previous to the proposed hair-design-event? A huge oversight on someone's part; a head will roll here (hopefully after I've departed). Well...Perhaps, just perhaps, in spite of this obvious display of incompetence (mine and the attendants), I can be accommodated.

The styling robe is donned, but another snit develops. My hair care practices are being questioned. Alarms are sounded. This may be a case for the hair abuse hotline! What? Six months since the ol' do last had contact with a professional? The maestro will have nothing to do with one-night stands. What kind of a hair slut was I, anyway?

Well, I left looking pretty spiffy . . . but most importantly, without a commitment.

Still Goin' Down For Browns

I remember dropping my lunch money in grammar school and one of the kids announcing to the others that "I went down for browns". I wasn't sure what the implications of this were at the time but most people understand now. My nine year old niece puts them in a jar like they weren't even money. Bank tellers won't take them unless they're rolled. I saw a few on the ground near the bubble gum machines at Tops. People leave them on the counter at convenience stores. I say let's chuck them all in the fountain at Midtown.



I like to tour the city, too. On one trip through Monroe Avenue I stopped by Cobbs Hill—where people play softball—to visit the reservoir next to it. Going up the reservoir was no problem with the Ironhorse AT50, as the low gears work well for going up the sides of buildings. On top of the hill was the water for all the thirsties in Rochester, laid bare for the gram of plutonium one can chuck in to eliminate the local population, save for the occasional eccentric who subsists solely on Diet Rite cola. At the top, I surveyed the view, going round and round the path that circles the water. I looked at the way I had arrived - going downhill promised a fulfillment of a death wish, a one way trip in an express elevator to Hell. It would call for iron nerves - a test of manhood to brave the dangers of the steep descent over eroded turf and rocks. But first, I compose haiku—

Cherry blossoms fall
boy, this is really stupid
I could break my neck





Welcome To Love World

Montage, the virtual event, was out of hand before it started. No one knew what it was or where it was happening. Aside from these minor bugs, Monty will be a success. For the jetlagged, plugged-in set who are arriving in Love World as we speak, we provide a cyberpuppy tour of all that glows and twitches in our fair city's DRAM; the good stuff that is. For the best multi-media show around we recommend climbing Cobb's Hill during a summer thunderboomer. Totally 3D, multi-phase real-time stereo imaged, full tactile sensory bombardment, no hardware required.

Those seeking artificial enhancements to this unencumbered virtuous reality trip should start with lattes at Java Joe's, right next to the music school, then crawl over to Richmond's and order some hot Buffalo style wings and a cold Rock. Then get out before the guy with the pipe starts trying to communicate. Music can be found if you look. You could go to a museum but on beautiful day like this, with a perfect hot sauce-caffeine-beer buzz going, there is only one way to go. Up, north to the lake. Once you get there, (by way of a designated driver of course) go over to the left (that is, west) side of the river, get an ice cream cone from Abbotts and go directly to the pier. Walk out to the end and you might get a ride on one of the yachts that are cruising by.

So here you are at the end of the US on the North Coast, sucking in air and feeling that wonderful post ice cream stomach buzz. That round pseudo-nineteenth century building behind you contains the ultimate in circa 1900 virtual reality entertainment. 360 motion, audio stimulation, unbelievably realistic simulations of fanciful beasts cavorting at a whirlwind pace. The resolution every bit as intense as a merry-go-round!

The World's Imaging Center is but an island in a sea of once primeval forest, cut by glistening rivers and populated by aborigines with an advanced system of government and a grasp of reality transformation that far exceeds our pitiful bits and bytes. The science museum on your list contains many of their remains, stolen from graves and unceremoniously stored in boxes. A beaded medicine bag sits in a glass case emanating an Iroquois shaman's energy. It shouldn't be there. We should not be able to look at it. Why not make a virtual copy and give the real thing back to the natives?

Photos=Chemicals. Eastman Kodak's plants and research areas infiltrate every neighborhood of Love World except those labeled upper middle. EK is New York State's largest polluter and the much flaunted very high rez film that provides our livelihood contributes far more than an organization of digital on-offs on a hard drive. Optics are also the Imaging Center's claim to fame, propelled by investments in military hardware like bomb-sights during the heyday of the military-industrial complex. Those days are past and we'll see the advent of bloodless weapons that immobilize hardware like the super viruses in Neuromancer.

Montagers want to make love not war. Rochesterians, after all, are citizens of Love World. To find these people, hit the parks at lunch and the clubs at night. They're all downtown except for the sports-bars which thrive in strip malls. A short block from any hotel will put you in a watering hole or restaurant. We are witnessing the revival of the American downtown as an entertainment center. We'll soon have a downtown ballpark and a multiplex theater. In the meantime three areas stand out for eating, drinking and thrashing. The Cultural district revolves around the Eastman School of Music offering free music at odd times every day. The Brasserie, the Rochester Club Restaurant (not a club), Milestones, Bug Jar, Richmond's, The Rabbit Hole, Java Joe's, Heaven, Paragon, Little Theatre (three screens, art flicks and desserts) and others call the Cultural District home. On the other end of downtown near the river and Andrews Street is Old Rochester, a loft community with a great restaurant, The Water Street Grill, a giant funky live music bar featuring touring acts, the Boogie Bar, and a legendary alternative club, recently revived as one of the best rooms to see a band anywhere, Scorgies. Going upriver past Main to the Library (real info tech center) you'll find a converted railroad station cantilevered over the water that holds Rochester's rave movement center, Carpe Diem. The third little enclave of nightlife is the Brown's Race Area above the huge upper falls directly east of Kodak offices featuring a laser show on the falls and a bar/restaurant or two combined with a mini historical district showing Rochester's first foray into cutting edge (Industrial Age) technology, the water driven mill. We were once the Flour City, thence the Flower City prior to our christening as Love World.

Geez....we haven't mentioned the Montage event. But this "Festival of the Image" is only a prelude to the "Festival of the Imagination."



NORTH COAST RADIO

105.9 WJZR FM

Bring Magic Into Your Life

Stop in and see our new selection of books, tapes, incense and jewelry

*the New Voyage
Bookstore*



1712 Monroe Avenue • 461-2137

GELATO

Fresco

ice cream • fresh pasta

26 FLAVORS AVAILABLE
690 Park Avenue - across from CVS
461-3940

Now Serving
Cappuccino & Espresso

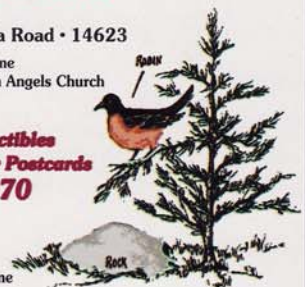
ave BOOKS

2040 E. Henrietta Road • 14623

1/2 mile north of Dome
Across from Guardian Angels Church

Books and Collectibles
Prints • Posters • Postcards
716-334-0070

WED. - SAT. 10-3
Appointments Welcome



CUMTICAL STYLISTIC Press

146 Halstead Street
Rochester, NY 14610
288-0050

Advertising For Tomorrow



4D ADVERTISING DESIGN 288-0880



An Orchestration
of Fine Soups,
Salads, and
Sandwiches

Phone 232-6890
Sax 325-6138

WE RENT
PROFESSIONAL
AUDIO VISUAL AND VIDEO
EQUIPMENT

WELCOME
IMAGE
ZEALOTS

HAMILTON A-V, INC.
Phone 232-8800 Fax 232-1082



I have recently mastered the flow cytometer on the 3rd floor of Strong's Cancer Center. Lenny showed me how to set up the parameters and I even have my own test program in the machine's memory. This technology lets me "see" cells that fluoresce, each cell observed one at a time. Not many people can say they've experienced red blood cells from mice this way. I guess it makes me real special.

FOR THE BETTER: ATM's: Being able to get money anywhere, any time, is great (what did they do before?). Answering machines: I can screen calls. CD's The sound is great. Computers at work: I can get my work done twice as fast. VCR's: I never have to miss a good program.

FOR THE WORSE: ATM's: It now costs me 95¢ to take money out of my own account unless I'm lucky enough to find one of my bank's own machines. Answering machines: Now I have no excuse not to return a call. CD's: It costs me twice as much to buy an album. Computers at work: My boss gives me twice as much work. VCR's: I feel obligated to watch every good program.



CYNDI452

I met Cyndi452 at a live gaming forum. I had a question and didn't want to cue up for the host, so I fired it down my chat row. Cyndi answered. Two nights later she turns up as my nemesis in Blades of Death. That's how we got to know each other. She's sharp and fast on the keys, and I fell for her.

For a long time, I didn't have anyone. I gave up looking. I was sick of people. All day long, people ask me questions, crowd me, look at me - look at me. By quitting time, I've had enough. I'm tired of having to respond, of worrying how my hair looks and my breath smells.

I used to go out. But then someone would drop in or ask me to a movie. So intrusive, you know? I don't want to be that close, or spend that much time and energy on a relationship. I don't need that immediacy.

Don't get me wrong. I'm as normal as the next guy. I need someone to talk to. Cyndi and I talk all the time. We e-mail each other, mostly. Sometimes we meet in a private room. It's more deliberate on line, I guess that's why I like it. It's not emotional. The medium forces you to think it through.

I've thought about calling her, but that would complicate things. Names, addresses, telephone numbers. The beauty of the way things are now is the anonymity. You can make a clean break if you need to just by changing your screen name.

I don't go out at night much anymore. Now I just cruise the net. I get what I need. And if I ever need people, I know where to find them too.

Does that sound I hear mean that the microwave popcorn is ready or that a truck is about to run over me? Probably the most useful applications of the highly digital infonet are: A way to get a piece of paper instantly from one place to another. An analog simulator to answer... {remainder of fax looks like bar coding attempting to communicate. Vertically written down the side of the fax is the word "Puzzlement."}



TIDY BOWL ENCOUNTER

If it's yellow, let it mellow
If it's brown, flush it down
But if it's blue,
what do you do?



Alas with human
foot tread I, timing
an egg.



Technology helped me witness the inner sanctum of the synovial capsule of my knee and the reconstruction of my anterior cruciate ligament. (We can rebuild her!)

No medicine pouch of sacred stones
no eagle feather to remind you
of the watchful eye of the Great Spirit
just a plastic wrist bracelet with name, age, DOB,
and blood type and hospital code for your case
and an intravenous infusion of C6H12O6
lovingly mixed with electrolytes.

You get wired up so the crazy Iranian
Can keep track of your vital signs:
"you be my friend, I'll be your friend"
oh, by the way, keep me alive please!

here we go merrily down the hall
to the OR where we truly experience
"life is but a dream"
after they drop the Demerol into the IV

Right about now the surgeon is (!) (?) singing
"...what's that? It's from South Pacific"
"know anything better?"

The little Iranian anesthesiologist asks
"do you know any country music?"
The inner sanctum on the wide screen

It's a joy to be able to bend your knee
one hundred and four degrees
and you wonder why you never said
Hey Thanks!!!!!! to your body
Just for being and you can definitely
Be grateful for technology.

SIDE EFFECTS



Dr. Lugubrious
Founder & Pastor
Universal Church
of Mad Scientism
"Earth must be
preserved. For
therein lies
adequate means
to implement
chain reaction
destruction
of universe"

Keith lives in a box under the maglev, where it curves to cross the river. There's a wedge of space under the track that's out of the wind. Keith had to burn out some dogs before he could claim it. They come back every once in a while, like they remember, or want revenge or something. Who knows? Living under a maglev does things to your brain. Maybe it makes dogs smarter. Maybe just more vicious.



Except for the dogs coming around, it's a good spot. Keith has a few old car batteries hitched up to a solenoid. Electromagnetic flux from the trains generates enough current to keep the batteries charged, almost all the time. Enough to run a radio all day and a sodium bulb for a few hours at night. If there's any charge left over, Keith has his morning coffee warm.

Keith has big plans for other ways to use the electricity. First, he needs another solenoid and more batteries. Then, a computer. Doesn't have to be much more than a cellular terminal. Even a personal communicator would work. Once he's on line, anything's possible. He was an electrical engineer before he got laid off, so he knows what to do. He knows how the markets work, too. There are ways to make money from his box under the tracks.

He feels lucky. When the train screams over his head, he watches the needle swing on his salvaged ammeter. He doesn't worry about the side effects, the way the electromagnetic pulse shreds his DNA. He figures it's a small price to pay for success in this high tech world.

When the current rips through him, he feels strong. Come on you fucking mutts, he howls, I'll rip your fucking jaws apart. After the train passes he feels empty. Then he flips on the radio and waits for the next one.



The surreal
setting of Tops Friendly
Market took a for real turn last Saturday

when two muscle bound teens were caught trying to make off with a keg of beer. They may have gotten too high on steroids and their bodies began screaming for beer because they acted possessed. They took on the minimum wage Tops employees who confronted them and I think the manager felt he had to risk his life to defend the beer. There were two fights going on at the same time and the ten checkout lines came to a halt so the crowd could watch the pileup rolling around on the floor. There were screams and blood on the white shirts of the employees. I saw some full swings collide with peoples' faces and suddenly one of the suspected beer thieves gets up on the Customer Service counter and demands that one of the freckle faced teens get off the phone. His shirt was ripped mostly off but pieces were left hanging around his neck. This one ring circus was taking place near the door and there was a sense of panic in the place because the exit was blocked. The cashier told us the whole scene was being videoed by their surveillance cameras and that seemed sort of reassuring. The cops came in and threw cuffs on the two guys without white shirts, led out of the store and the cash registers started ringing again.

SERENGETI

In Fahrenheit 451 Ray Bradbury has a character's wife who tranquilizes herself and spends all her waking hours as a character in an interactive soap opera broadcast on the four walls of her living room. The movie, directed by Francois Truffaut, is a classic.

With the development of new compression technology and proliferation of cable channels, there will be a dire need for programming. In fact this may be the greatest opportunity for artists and writers ever. I was in Milestones having a conversation with Pete McGrain, a world famous stained glass guy and general buzz man about this very subject. Our discussion centered on the fact that these channels could be used to broadcast virtual reality scripts (3D descriptions) to peoples TV/Computer rooms (HDTV and Surround sound of course). You could dial up a script with your remote and be on the surface of Mars, in Toon land or out on the veldt in the Senregeti (read Ray Bradbury: The Veldt).

Who is better suited to creating all these realities than artists, especially visual and dramatic artists. The potential is vast, blowing away hard technology like CD-ROM, interactive and ordinary software. After all, everyone has a TV and everyone will buy the new TVs as they get bigger and better. We're looking at 3D learning environments and 3D video games. Nintendo and SEGA are already getting these technologies out to ravening fans. Like all technology, the dark side is equally ominous, conjuring up visions of virtual junkies, mind control, etc. Things are going to be so different by the millenium that even the most speculative drunkard will be understating the actuality.



i survived Montage



REFRIGERATOR S

\$1 OFF ANY SUN RA RECORD



THE BOP SHOP
274 N GOODMAN ST
VILLAGE GATE SQ
271-3354
(OFFER EXPIRES 8-15-93)

OR CD IN STOCK W/ COUPON

FREAK CENTRAL

After Work Sting

FRIDAYS 4-7PM

Food from India House

\$1 Rolling Rock Btls.

TUESDAYS

\$3.75 Rolling Rock Pitchers

WEDNESDAYS

\$1.25 Mickey's Bigmouths

"Good for the Soul!"

THURSDAYS

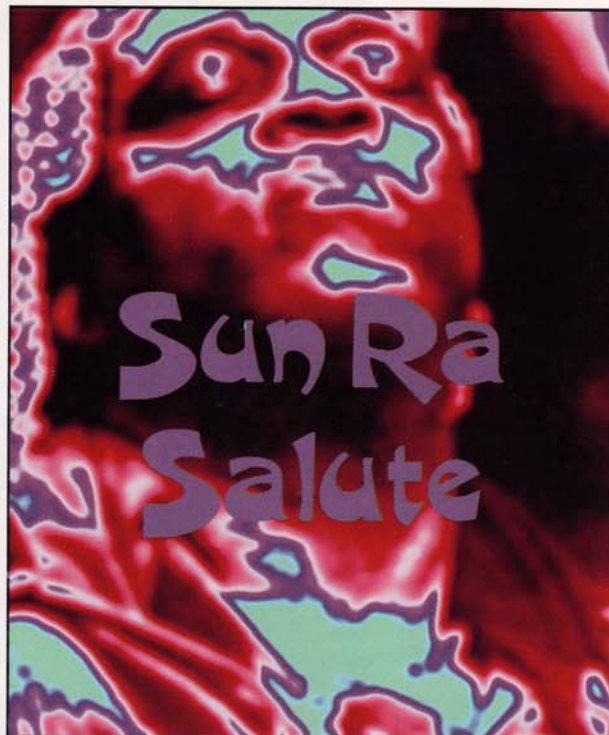
\$5.00 Pitchers

Molsen or Shea's

BUG JAR

219 Monroe Ave • Rochester NY

YOUR BAR ON EARTH



Montage Music

John Bartles

Joe Shmoe: I Gotta Go, Banal Fixation, and Chasing Tires. Well recorded local tapes from Mr. Entertainment..

Exotica, The Best Of Martin Denny on Rhino Records
Tiki torches are \$3 at Odds & Ends. Summer is Short.

Iguanas on MCA

Remember the bands at Panorama Bowl in the sixties?
The best bar band in the world and no blues, part Spanish.

Nod! Nod is still God. See them live. Buy their cd.
Nod will be featured at the Imperial Ballroom of the
Sheraton Hotel in NY for this years New Music Seminar.

Anything by Sun Ra

Squires Of The Subterrain *Liquid Sun Days*
The eagerly awaited followup to last year's amazing
Admiral Albert's Apparition is not out yet but can't miss.

Susanne Vega 99.9 on A&M

The industrial folk sound is cool but the cool lyrics rule.

U2 Zooropa Island, The Fall Infotainment Scan Matador
Both bands have the big satellite dish in the air sampling the
world, the malls, the raves, & Johnny Cash in equal measures.

Cypress Hill *Black Sunday*

Destined to be the record of this long hot summer.
Gloomy, seamless mayhem, they know how to montage it.

Shopping for Sun Ra records is easy. They all look like fun sitting in the racks. Just pick out the one that looks like the most fun. Don't hurt yourself. They don't sell very fast and chances are there will be more there when you return especially now that the man has left the planet. *Nothing Is* and *The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra, Volume* have been rereleased on the fabulous, moderately priced ESP Disk label from Germany. Both are from the mid sixties and get out in a hurry.

The Evidence Music label from Conshohocken, Pennsylvania began re-releasing early Sun Ra records about two years ago and you simply can't go wrong with these. The liner notes are jam packed with quotes, art work, photos and poetry. These are all, so far, from the mid fifties to the late sixties and go from twisted trad to hard core, mind expanding wildness. This curve is pretty much chronological. *Monorails And Satellites* is all Sun Ra at the piano, a sketch book of arrangements and possibilities at his fingertips. Many of these Evidence cds are two ups in one. *We Travel The Spaceways* and *Bad And Beautiful* on one disc and *Vibis Planet Earth* and *Interstellar Low Ways* on another. You could not spend your money more wisely. "My Brother The Wind" is an easy going funky organ romp. The Afro-psychedelic *Cosmic Tones For Mental Therapy* and *Art Forms Of Dimensions Tomorrow* is my current favorite. It's a smaller band, spacier with echo even, and arty.

The recently released *Destination Unknown*, a joyous live recording from 1992 on the Enja label, showcases Sun Ra and His Omniverse Arkestra at the peak of their powers. There are over 125 records in the Sun Ra catalog. The beautiful, sophisticated *Purple Night* from 1990 on A&M is still available. The classic *Space Is The Place* and *Astro Black* are still around on vinyl. *Angels And Demons At Play* from 55-57 on the Impulse label is harder to find but a real gem. Imagine someone spiking the drinks on an intergalactic cruise ship in the mid fifties. The Bop Shop has one half off on all vinyl now and anyone over there can guide you through a Sun Ra purchase.

Summer Chunes

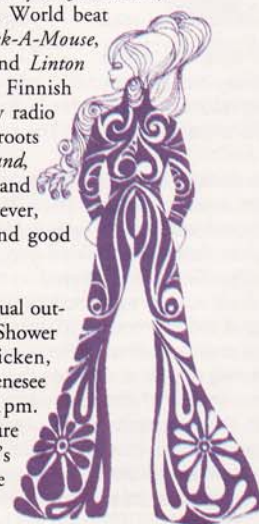


Porno For Pyros. Yeah, Perry is himself still. I like the song "Pets." It's all quite listenable. Although the music sounds somehow more amateurish - the guitarist sounds wah-dependent, oh well...the new *Surgery* sounds good as well as *Cop Shoot Cop*, *The Super Suckers*, *Dwarves* or the new (kinda) *Primus* album pork soda. Boogie music will rise from the dead soon so it's a good time to dig up old *Wolf*, *Hooker* and *Canned Heat* albums. Country music is copping rock riffs and acting as if they were onto something. Pray for inland hurricanes this summer. Whiteboy funk and Dead approved bands such as *Spin Doctors*, *Phish* and *Blues Travellers* will continue to reap healthy profits for the next 10-20 years, regardless of their complete lack of originality - get used to it, Hip Hop and Rap will brag on while also copping older styles (Jazz-Metal)

adding disco-like drumbeats will do just that to mass approval and public acceptance. World beat music will do just that - beat off while pretending to be African. *Cutty Ranks*, *Eek-A-Mouse*, *Mutabaruka* (who will be on side stage at Lollapalooza this year) and *Linton Kwesi Johnson* remain top ranking and more German, Dutch and Finnish bands will sprout also as Australian poseurs get slept on. Hopefully radio will notice some of the fine re-issues going on and play more roots blues & rock. Also looking forward to more *Babes in Toyland*, *Hole*, *Deconstruction* (the other two ex-Jane's guys new band) and Bjork's new album (the ex-singer from *Sugar Cubes*). Whatever, try to support local music. There's some serious talent and good energy going on in town right now.



Blam Productions is at it again, organizing its 2nd annual outdoor music picnic event. This year's lineup is Pietzche Nietzches, Shower Scene, Free Sex Gum, Still Motion, The Lollygaggers, 1/2 Chicken, VisionStain, Zezozose and Mind Furnace. The show will be at the Genesee Valley Park Riverbend Pavillion again on Aug. 21, starting at 1pm. Expect an ear spinning show. also notable is the superb Miniature Infest 92 Cassette release that should be out as you read this. It's about 58 minutes of last year's show and is a very limited release so buy one quick.



Pyramid Arts Center
presents

**"INTERIOR
DIALOGUES"**

sponsored by
School of Visual Arts, NYC
and

Sherwin Mark

**"REMEMBERING
FORGETTING"**

July 11- August 7

10:00 am to 5:30 pm daily
call 461-2222 for info

**FREE
events**

Community Darkroom
presents

WALL SPACE

8:30-10:30 & 4:30-6:30

July 19 to August 2

open walls-bring your work
call 271-5920 for info

Montage '93



2 for 1 well drinks
before 12 midnight

TUESDAYS · \$1 ROLLING ROCKS ·
DJ WBERS OWN AGENT J
WEDNESDAYS · DJ J.GIPPE
THURSDAYS · GUITARS ON FIRE
FRIDAYS · DJ ARTMAN
SATURDAYS · DJ KOKO PUFF
SUNDAYS · SLACK WITH DJ ANDRE

171 SAINT PAUL STREET ROCHESTER 333-1400

This is A Production

Grilled Salad. Wear your chef's hat and have a cutting board next to fire. Drink a lot of wine while cooking and make italian sounding noises. Serve with grilled chicken or tempeh marinated in chicken wing sauce and tamari and good italian bread.

After the eggplant has been salted for a half hour or so, wipe off the brown juices on the surface with a paper towel. (They are bitter) Brush eggplant with oil and put on grill. Put garlic in foil on grill and place whole peppers in coals. During cooking turn peppers until they are completely black and burnt. When they are roasted, remove from fire and put in paper bag while you cook other veggies. When eggplant is browned on one side, turn over and brush onion halves with oil and put on grill. Do the same with tomatoes (cut side down) and mushrooms. As each vegetable is browned, remove, chop in two or three pieces and put in large bowl. Drizzle lemon juice over and add basil and oregano, fresh if possible. Remove peppers from bag and using a paring knife, scrape all the black, burnt skin off. Slice up, removing seeds and stems. Add slices to bowl. Take garlic off fire, remove foil and squeeze each glove into bowl. They will be soft and aromatic. Add a good drizzle of olive oil to salad, salt and freshly ground black pepper and toss. Use bread to soak up juices. Eat while praising heaven.

1 eggplant, sliced, salted and placed in a colander
2-3 tomatoes, cut in half through the middle
2-3 onions cut in half
1/2 pound large mushrooms cut in half
2 peppers, red, yellow or green
1 head of garlic wrapped in tin foil
olive oil
a lemon, basil, oregano, red pepper flakes
a hot fire

Dear Refrigerator,

There must be some mistake, I couldn't have been at the grave rave. According to calendar on Wed. June 2 one the true one and I were Dj'ing a topless rave in a storefront window of the Powers Building. While the clubbers churned to frantic German hardcore BPM's of 210, True One and I took turns applying body paints artistically (not sexually) to topless political luminaries Bob King, Maxine Childress Brown and Tim Mains. No state funds involved.

Getting Bigger Faster in Vapourspace,
Mark "Matt Gust" Gage

Dear Refrigerator,

Hello & I've been seeing some, not much, media lately. Mostly the squinty bloodshot eyes of birds guarding their space. Insurance needs will always be there. That's why we work hard to gain your trust? I am not becoming my parents. I am becoming simple. And have forgotten how to cross the street.

Anonymous

\$10 ADS
MAKE GOOD
THINGS HAPPEN
288-0880

The Best Coffee in town

232-4699
Lit

lit
THEATRE

Astor Coffee
wants you to:
Stay Cool Daddy-o!
Chill out this summer
with an Iced Cappuccino

THE ORIGINAL CHESTER LIB PIZZA
707 Park Ave.
244-8211

HELLFIRE CLUB
@ THE BOOGIE BAR
BONEDIPPERS MOVEMENT
Weekend
July 16 & 17

GOOD CLEAN FUN
Great Live Music!
255-1189

PLUS: ESPRESSO CAPPUCCINO DESSERTS
JAVA JOE'S
16 GIBBS ST.
OPEN 'TIL MIDNIGHT

WRITERS & BOOKS
Readings Workshops Small Press Books
740 University Avenue
476-2099

the SOUTHWEDGE BARBER SHOP
720 South Avenue
473-5570

or maybe some
Frozen Yogurt
Also Serving
Iced Coffee & Tea
Lemonade &
Succulent sweets!
655 Monroe Ave.
We love the True One!

THE ORIGINAL CHESTER LIB PIZZA
707 Park Ave.
244-8211

@ THE BOOGIE BAR
BUZZCOCKS
July 22

RECORD ARCHIVE
is the place to go!
1394 Mt. Hope Ave.
473-3820

SCORGIES
150 Andrews Street
232-7593

Alvin's Jewel
669 Monroe Ave.
(between 490 & Goodman)
244-5044
Open 7 days a week

GREENS
Come In And
Smell The Roses
1122 Monroe Ave

461-0540
N' THINGS

VILLAGE GREEN
OPEN 365 DAYS
A YEAR

NERVE CIRCUS DOGS LIFE
July 23
\$6 Admission - Free Beer till Midnight
WONDERHOUSE
July 24

BOB
IS MY CO-PILOT

FARE GAME FOOD CO.
"What's Good For The Goose Is Good For The Gander"
PUBLIC MARKET
SATURDAYS

OPPRESSIVE NOODLING
Courtesy of
CORNWHOLE
Cassette Debut
Available at
Record Time

Watch For
Pete LaBonne
In September

Mostly Clay
FINE POTTERY & JEWELRY BY LOCAL ARTISTS
271-1850

JOHNNY WINTER
August 4
OROBOROS & MAX CREEK
August 6

THE ORIGINAL CHESTER LIB PIZZA
707 Park Ave.
244-8211

Frank Petronio
photos
461-5583

Fausette Printers
271-8650
606 Monroe Ave.

SAMURAI SKATE SHOP
271-6060
2240 Monroe Ave

CONDOM KNOWLEDGE
635 MONROE AVENUE

FINE POTTERY & JEWELRY BY LOCAL ARTISTS
271-1850

JOAN OSBORNE
August 12
RUSTED ROOT
August 13

F I N E D I N I N G

Famous Directors Who Should Have Eaten Here But Didn't



ROCHESTER CLUB
RESTAURANT

▼
DOWNTOWN • 120 EAST AVENUE • 423-1948
(AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE EASTMAN THEATRE)

E N T E R T A I N M E N T

LIVE JAZZ WED. & FRI.!