

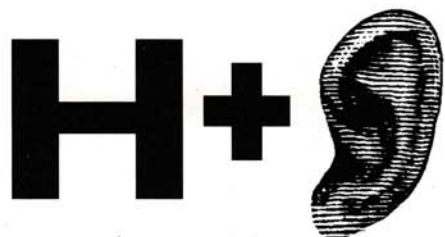
REFRIGERATOR

"It's synonymous with anonymous." Rochester,

FREE

#26

New York

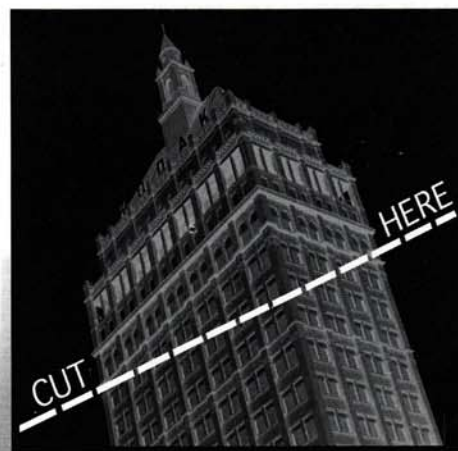


A simple weave

It's a common kind of intimacy
— you crumpled in a corner,
me taking you up like a habit.

An old wool sweater with a
scratchy, five o'clock shadow.
A thrift store bargain
held together with a few brass buttons,
some rusty pins, and a food stain
on the sleeve.

You ask for no indulgence
— merely serve to show me
the difference between
what I want
and what I really need.



we must be dreaming

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The next issue of
the Refrigerator, #27,
will be full color [like #25]
Deadline for Submissions
& Ads is December 3
The suggested theme is
VIOLENCE
The following issue,
#28, will be issued on
audio cassette only
It will be available, free
at select locations.
Submissions will be read
on tape or may be
submitted on tape.
Of course, music
will be welcome.

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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
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Call 716.288.0880 for more information.

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REFRIGERATOR 2



My new hobby is inventing **virtual corporations**. With my Mac, Quark, a fistful of fonts and a printer, I can take my silliest ideas and create whole corporate images to flesh them out. I've become a business creation consultant, the CEO of a new age marketing company and the inventor and bill gates-style genius behind a whole new weapons technology (non-lethal anti-hardware shells based on a mixture of superglue and rapid expansion foam. Could have shot it into the compound at Waco and then have gone in to release the foam-encapsulated cult members one by one for deprogramming.

All you need to do is create a simple letterhead, send out some press releases, rent a voice mail box and a mail box address at Mailboxes Etc. and you're in business. Get your business cards from the machine in the mall or use those perforated blanks you can run through your printer. You'll get a lot of mail from office equipment companies and computer catalogs and maybe somebody will call up and want to hire your services or buy your product. Be sure to charge at least \$75 an hour plus expenses.



I've noticed cops on bikes at Cobbs Hill and Mt. Hope Cemetery. I don't know when this new mode of cop-transport began but I like seeing them out there exercising instead of sitting around in their bubble-cruisers wolfing down double-glazed pieces of fried dough or parked in the middle of a side street so they can talk to their cop-buddy who is similarly parked in the opposite direction, effectively blocking the entire street. I like the way bicycle-cops look in their tight biker shorts. I guess they only put rookies on bikes since it's a **well known fact** that the size of a cop's gut is directly proportional to how many years he's been on the force. It's kind of like counting rings on a tree trunk to tell how old it is.



I had lunch with Angie today, the first time since her husband found out. Lunch once in a while was how it began. Lunch is what it's been reduced to.

Problem is, we never had the chance to get tired of each other. Rendezvous had been furtive and far between. And never long enough.

We'd had our chance ten years ago, when we first met. She was a summer intern at the newspaper where I was working. We took advantage, but neither of us was interested in becoming attached. She went back to school in the fall. I got a job in Minnesota.

Since then, I lost the job, moved back here, got married and divorced. No kids. Six months ago I ran into Angie at an ad council meeting. I think we were both surprised to discover something still there. We fanned it into a pretty good flame before Todd found her journal.

Today we talked over sandwiches about safe subjects, careful not to make intimations we weren't willing to keep. I thought, what are we doing here? We resorted to chat about the good old days, the early days, at the paper.

"I wrote you," she said, "after I got back to school. You never answered."

"I was obsessed with Kim." She knew that.

"Kim was married then. I was free."

"That's it. You were dangerous. She was safe." Angie could appreciate that now. She smiled. "Besides," I continued, "you were away, and I saw her every day, chainsmoking and hammering out punchy investigative journalism." She sipped her cola. I elaborated, in way of an apology.

"It was her mystique. The driven personality. **Work hard, play hard.** Drink too much, stay up all night to make your deadlines. Rebel with a cause." I paused for breath. "That's what I loved. It's the way I wanted to be."

"That's funny," she said, fixing me with a cool gaze, "that's how I thought of you."

Not anymore, I could see. A bubble of regret welled up inside me. I said, insipidly, "A lot has changed since then." But maybe not enough, I thought. Like this futile desire, this longing for what should be remembered.

It was the wrong thing to say, but it was out of my mouth before I realized how true it was. Her eyes flickered once. We went on to other things. I haven't seen her since.

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

She wore a BOSE 300 as an earring
She had a television eye
She had ruby white cap teeth and lips
She rode in on Sure Tracted Saddled feet

She dressed out of a cereal box top
She held a diamond kitten in her hands
She prophesied the second coming while
She pleaded the fifth estate

She didn't let it all bother
She kept it all hidden on her sleeve
She found the way to salvation
She was someone I just had to meet

She sang out the different drummer
She captured all who didn't fall
She is angles and demons at play
She was someone I just had to mate



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W H Y R O C H E S T E R ?

SURVEY

It's a dry cleaner's paradise.

It's medium.

I didn't know I had any other options.

I'm color blind and everything looks gray to me anyway.

A person of sensibility must suffer.

13 From Monroe Ave

I can be morally superior to my friend in southern California.
There's a high-concentration of slush connoisseurs.
It's an easy place to amass library and video fines.
You can get dressed and go to McCurdy's Jet Terrace.
There are highly-developed fantasy lives.
The cloud formations make natural Rorschach tests.
There are rich philosophical debates: Is there a sun?
There's seasonal variety: winter and pre-winter.
I'll be arrested if I return to Virginia Beach.
Some day I want to own my own white hot.
I can afford psychotherapy here.
They told me it was the film capital of world, but I haven't met any movie stars.
No one would think to look for me here.
I have a chance of being elected mayor.
I can hang out at the Jello exhibit at the Strong Museum.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

No. I'd rather be in Naples. Too much violence here.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

Yeah, sure. Always been here; I guess I'm used to it.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

No way! People here are brain dead. "Go to work, produce children, buy Saabs." Yuck.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

Yes. I don't know—what do I know? I'm just a street person.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

No. I want to move to NYC. Things happen there - people live! Seven o'clock and everyone here goes to bed.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

Yes. I run a small business, and the economy is really stable here. It's a beautiful area.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

Yeah. It's a conservative city, but you can be in worse places—I've lived in worse places!

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

No. These days, I'd rather be in New Mexico. There's a lack of vitality here.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

I guess: nice size, institutions I like are here, easy to get around in, I feel comfortable here.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

No (laughs). Down south. Why? It's warmer, better sports teams, less expensive.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

I have chosen Rochester. I met my wife here, my baby is here. It's home.

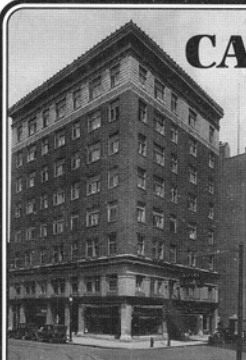
Would you really rather be in Rochester?

No. I'd like to live out in the country somewhere. Away from the noise, closer to nature.

Would you really rather be in Rochester?

Funny you should ask. We are deciding where to live when we finish school. Rochester is our #1 choice. It's a comfortable size, socially progressive.

REFRIGERATOR 



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A N M C C A S S I G N M E N T

Just imagine leaving your clean, quiet home to drive along the noisy, blocked-up traffic-ridden highway only to arrive in the 2nd most violent city in New York! Stay at the most expensive hotel in Rochester, the Hyatt, and indulge in its posh surroundings.

But ah, wait a minute, no walking past dusk to view the river or to take your sweetheart to **see the Falls** because you might get mugged!

We are the second cloudiest city in the U.S. Some say there is nothing to do in Rochester.

We have a lot to do. We just don't go out and do it. People like the same old entertainment—bowling, movies and eating out. If I had known how high crime was I wouldn't have come here.

The greatest element of Rochester is its potential. Sadly, this asset will not flourish. People come from all over the world to the "World's Image Center." What do they find? A whole bunch of conservative fuddie-duddies who do not wish to take advantage of new ideas. Rochester needs to pump up the nightlife, experiment with new ways of thinking instead of only doing the things that will produce a guaranteed profit. Take risks Rochester! Excitement will bring more into our city and we'll all benefit!

Rochester is very conservative. people tend to hang on to their money. The facilities like the War Memorial, the Dome, the Convention Center and the ski centers are all neatly organized. When you walk downtown you see Lexus, Lincolns, Cadillacs, Jaguars, and Porches. It's incredible how people have money to spend on such toys.

Drive downtown and admire the beautiful, **overcreative bus stops** with those monitors in them and also the fancy sidewalks. You have to drive in circles to get to a place because of the many one-way streets. Parking garages for a complete day cost more than what breakfast and lunch together would cost. Parking meters are the worst. You can see municipal officers with their books of parking tickets waiting next to your meter to watch until the time is up.

It wouldn't be the start of summer without the scent of lilacs through the air. When the temperature gets too hot, just a few minute's drive can transport you to the sand and water. The beaches are swamped with people. I favor the summer. After all, it's the only season we get a half-way decent temperature.

My favorite thing about Rochester is that it has a river running straight through the middle of it. The way the river divides Rochester into two halves is **thought provoking**. It takes no time at all to walk from one side of Rochester to the next.

Probably the best thing in Rochester is Nick Tahou's Hots. Nick's world famous garbage plate is the best grub you'll find anywhere in the continental U.S. Another thing I like is partly related to being from a small town. Everything is constantly moving and bustling—no one stands still for too long at all. I often just stared around wide-eyed. When I heard sirens, my first instinct was always to run to the window and look, but now it's not given a second thought. Amerks and Wings games are cool.

This city seems like a **scene from a movie**. A violent movie. Drug dealers, bums, drug abusers and plenty of other bad sights. The violence is something you can't get away from. Rochester is overall a good city and if I hated it, I would not still be here.

Although many people complain day in and day out about how Rochester sucks, I believe that Rochester is exceptionally exciting. Where else can you walk one block and: Have people ask you for money and cigarettes, have prostitutes try to solicit you, listen to a religious fanatic preach to you, hear a harmonica playing by a pan handler and have someone approach you to submit to a urine test?

Rochester is full of homeless, poor, hungry people. It is also full of wealthy, fortunate people. Rochester is a very diverse city. I think people like that.

I come from New York City where something is always happening. Here all I do is work and go to college. When I finally get time for myself, I don't know what to do with it. The movie theatres are miles away.

I like Rochester because it reminds me of a smaller New York City.

I've lived in other cities, and that's all you truly do—live in them. But in Rochester you can become a part of the city. It's small enough to know it intimately, yet big enough to still explore.

Whenever I smell the Fall air in Rochester, I flash back to different events from my youth. If you walk around the Corn Hill area, you can smell the must and decay of the old buildings. Go about one mile north from there on Exchange. You're right near the Falls of the Genesee River. I like the smell of the water and mist, mixed with the charge of the RG&E plant floating in the air.

Rochester's coffee shops are a delight when you want to converse with close friends about life experiences.

I came from a tropical country to live in the United States. What I like about Rochester is that it is far from New York City. The schools provide us with bilingual classes and supplies. **Violence** has increased badly. We find people robbing and even attacking others for money. I think we all should do our best to improve living in Rochester.

I feel that there is nothing to like about Rochester. I have a means of transportation but there's never really any place to go. One thing that I extremely dislike about Rochester are the murders. Most of the homicides that happen are black on black, and I know that this is just one of the cities where this is going on. I truly believe that if I moved to Atlanta I'd be much happier.

I'm not from Rochester so I'm not used to all of these exciting things. Where I come from, we have to go 30 miles for the nearest mall or movie theatre. Rochester has whatever you need, and it's **just around the corner**.

To me this place is a living nightmare due to the fact that I come from Miami. I am used to going to the beach on Saturdays and seeing the girls basically naked, going to Disney World for a day to have a date with a beautiful woman. This is a great town to live in if you're over 85.

Rochester is a great family town—a place to make **lots of money** with many places to spend it. Surrounding areas such as Toronto, New York City, Atlantic City are something to look forward to for weekend trips.

If you happen to own a plethora of suits and ties and enjoy business meetings and bank lines, then this is your town. But if you happen to be a young college student who likes loud music and a good party, you're out of luck. Walking down Main Street and being bombarded by pan handlers and bums who need that one quarter to "feed their starving family" is a drag. This town needs a **giant hot enema** to wash out the filth and bring life to a dying town.

Rochester is the best experience I have ever had. I grew up in a small town and I came to Rochester for the culture. This is where America's melting pot of people were brought to me. That is what I like about Rochester most—the diversity.

I love the bathtubs. Every Saturday I take a trip to Rochester Linoleum and admire the fine Rochesterian art of bathtub. I was invited to a **secret warehouse** in Rochester where they deal with underground bathtub making. Phil, who lives in Webster, created the Rochester art of bathtub making. I am proud to say I know him. The French have a secret trade agreement with Phil to buy the Rochester Bathtubs. I love Rochester for its creative artwork.

The word itself is sort of foreign sounding and even in the middle of the festival it was abstract. There were people asking "What is this Montage thing" while packs of tourists (tourists in Rochester!) were scurrying from one site to the next with cameras. We loved every bit of it; trading licks on a Photoshop document in real time with a woman in Paris, and the Richard Hell/Thurston Moore Karaoke in the basement of the Convention Center, the sensational holograms at Eastman House and kinetic art across the street at the Planetarium (which my nephew stuck his hand into while figuring it out); the mail art at MCC; and the installations in the old Hallman's buildings. "Soul Shadows: Urban Warrior Myths" by Dawn Dedeaux was so well done and so powerful that we started hounding our friends to get out to see it.



Cheryl from Godiva's thought we might be interested in a guerrilla art thing that these people were gonna pull off at an undisclosed site in the middle of the festival. They were going to call her store when they got into town and disclose the site at the last minute. She was to spread the word and she woke us at 10:15 to let us know it was going to happen on the front lawn of the Eastman House. We rode our bikes over and spotted a van backing out onto the lawn. The back doors flew open and some people began unfolding a huge piece of plastic that was being inflated with a generator in the van. One of the kids was the first to crawl inside and there were several women with large pictures who followed. It was beautiful inside like being in a cloud. The video based digital photographs of Carl Geiger were hanging from the ceiling. We hadn't had enough coffee, the whole room was breathing and Eastman House security were sticking their heads in to see what the hell was going on. We were light headed and Dave Ripton was telling how they used to stage Dracula plays in his basement in rooms made of black garbage bags when they were kids... one of the candles fell over or something and the whole thing went up. Montagers wandered in like it was another stop and one woman even asked me if there was something going on in the building out back. The Eastman House called the cops and they started telling the people with cameras that it was against the rules to take photos. Against the rules to take photos at The International Museum Of Photography? They weren't kidding. We watched them demand that a grey haired woman pull the film out of her camera and that a videographer hand over his video tape (he gave them a head cleaner).

All part of the multi-dimensional fabric of Montage—the mind expanding festival, a smashing success of which we can all be proud.



Frank Petronio

Photos

461-5583



When I'm out on a cold clear night wondering about the fire in the belly of the stars, I'm reminded of another fire from the depths of my childhood in this place, long ago. It was in the times of our earthly lives when we lived in the great leaf-carpeted room of autumn under the glowing yellow trees in the last nights of warmth before the winter. The great house on the hill was the focus of all our daily hours and the locus of lives spread out in all directions to all the four corners of the earth. We were children, to put it another way. Each spring I would search for the right stick and peel off the bark, round the ends with my pocket knife and leave it to season in a cradle of branch in the woods above the outlet. For the summer I would know it was there and the knowledge was my secret to myself, one of the ones I could fall back on in moments of aloneness. Angered by a parent or my brother's sibilance, buried in a book in some corner of the great house I would cherish it, this stick in a tree, and know I had something long-term, something worth waiting for. Then in an anxiously planned moment I would retrieve my dry stick from its cradle and hold it in my August hands, just as the trees began their great slowing.

I had no idea of symbols, I was creating a practical thing, a walking, poking, vaulting tool, an identity. I took my dry stick and rubbed it with a smooth rock from the beach and a piece of wax from a candle. I built one of my little perfect fires and heated a nail, held with pliers in my father's leather garden gloves and slowly burned a hole through one end of the stick. A leather shoelace made a lanyard with a careful knot to make loop. I carried the thing everywhere for a week or two till school came. I knew better than to take it there.

There was always a fire in the big room of the great house in October. To drive out the damp they said. My gran swept out the hearth as big as a room each morning and when I was not at school I would go in with a whisk and get the ash from the corners. It was white and hot and I knew not to touch it from deep burnt experience.

The fireplace was lined with firebrick with a thick glaze on it, blackened by endless showers of carbon molecules. With the vent open it sucked air in gasps, rattling windows and slamming the scullery door each time we pulled the chain to open it. Kindling by the armful was thrown in, old news crumpled and shoved underneath and one wooden match dragged across the stonework and carefully touched to three or four corners. A small crackle, a sucking flame and the logs went on, in threes and fours from the farthest most pile, that is to say the oldest ones. We had a roar for an hour or so and then it settled down to eating a log at a time for rest of the night, sending white smoke to join the high clouds of autumn and black smoke to choke the devil in his kitchen, my gran said, as he pulled on the chair leg and stared at the flames. Everyday for a thousand years it was the same.

And everyday for a thousand years we waited for the real fire. It came but once a year and a year was an amazingly long time, almost unacceptable to a small boy. Every one was an overwhelming long journey along a familiar but seldom traveled road past spring's first snowless days when the muddy paths in the woods were still solid, to the unearthly beauty of the mild green leaves in the treetops, to the unending days of mid summer we swam through like fish in warm honey. To repeat such a thing was incomprehensible. Yet we had benchmarks, good and evil: Christmas and the first day of school. The real fire, the cleansing fire was such a one, we never forgot it and in a kind of restless patience forgotten in adulthood, waited for it knowing nothing we could do would make it come sooner. Gran himself made the day, sometime in autumn, in the days of our earthly lives before the biting cold when the soot was thick on the stone glaze—the day when we would make the real fire, the one that cleared the air.

It was the only way to clean the hearth and the chimney, he said, to clear away the black sad carbon and send it heavenward to reunite with the angels. To build a really hot fire, a blue flame fire to cook off the greasy black and make diamond hard the glassy glaze he'd built into the great hearth. "We are stoking the forge of our house", he'd say, and would make the day a cold one in mid-November.

The hardest hardwood, pin oak and maple, seasoned for years in a dry place, fired with the wood the squaws would pick if they still roamed our corner of the earth; dry wood, hanging dead in the trees where no dampness of mossy earth had reached it. This was survival wood my gran said, for in the downpour, it would hang suspended and dry beneath the living boughs, ready to warm us. We made a great bundle, and broke it into sticks and brought it in. Gran laid the fire and set it and watched as it caught, setting each log with care to make a great bed of coals. This accomplished, he'd pour a sack of hard coal into the fire and this would blaze, blue hot, radiating the blackness right off the brick-work until it glared with the heat. It was the big heat, the great flame, the pure end of things.

It was tradition to throw some prized object into this luster fire, something one had spent perhaps too much time coveting and not enough time using. Gadgets from past gift-giving were consigned, overcolored books lain too long on tables, secret diaries filled with senseless damage, the locks of someone's flowing hair, their name almost a myth. It was a way of keeping the big house serene and uncluttered, same as it ever was. So for me, each year I knew what I would feed the flames. My donation, drier than squawwood, would be pitched in with an inward howl and watched carefully as it turned from earthly thing to heavenly with a brief flare and the hiss of unsuspected sap. My stick was bound for glory.

So it went each year for millennium, under the heavenly early darkness of yellow autumn; the fire and the walk outside afterwards to refresh the lungs with the smell of leaves and bright cold air. Forever polishing the glazed stone in a house I can't picture anymore, in a life I can't feel except as an undercurrent, deep in some old river.



Soon, (November 20 and 21 at 1:30pm to be exact) we will have the opportunity to view a much discussed film at the Little Theatre. *Damned in the USA*, the award winning documentary about artistic censorship in the United States, which features interviews with those on all sides of this issue is eagerly anticipated not only for its merits but for the additional controversy surrounding its actual showing. The Reverend Donald Wildmon, head of the Christian media watchdog organization American Family Association and an interviewee in the film, has filed an \$8-million lawsuit against its producers in an attempt to bar US distribution of the film.

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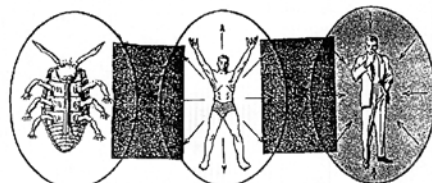
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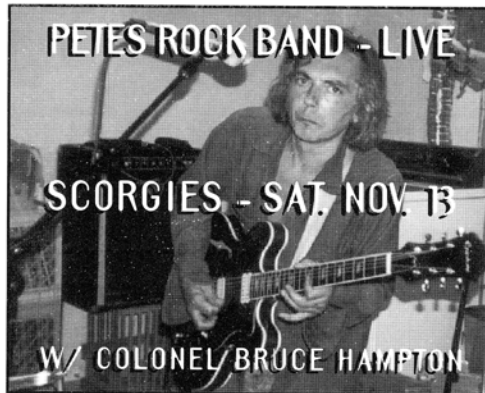
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There is money here in Love World as there was in Smugtown. The class consciousness, though, has solidified and those with the early shares of Kodak are nestled away. We don't mingle with the smug like we used to. They're trashed on tv in Joan Collin's shoes. The bars downtown are less interesting, far fewer Charlie Townsends, "When you weren't looking Charlie would drop his false teeth into your class" or Porfirio Rubirosa who "manufactured his own high octane gin and boasted that he never permitted the sun to go down on any day, without at least once making love."

For all these reasons Curt Gerling's *Smugtown USA*, first published in 1957, is a thoroughly entertaining romp of an artifact, a Love World archaeologist's prize possession. From page one, chapter one, "How To Get Ahead. . . Join the Junior Chamber of Commerce." "If you are single you might be exposed to a nice little dish from France or a Latin with a 44 bust." Through a brief rundown of Rochester's newspapers, delighting in their demise (Curt had newspaper ink coursing through his veins), to the last chapter in which Curt declares that we Rochesterians "have that rare gift that enables us to laugh at our own foibles and, in our appreciation of ourselves, we, with justification, feel somewhat superior to those whose superficial concepts of our ways make them so much smugger than we are."

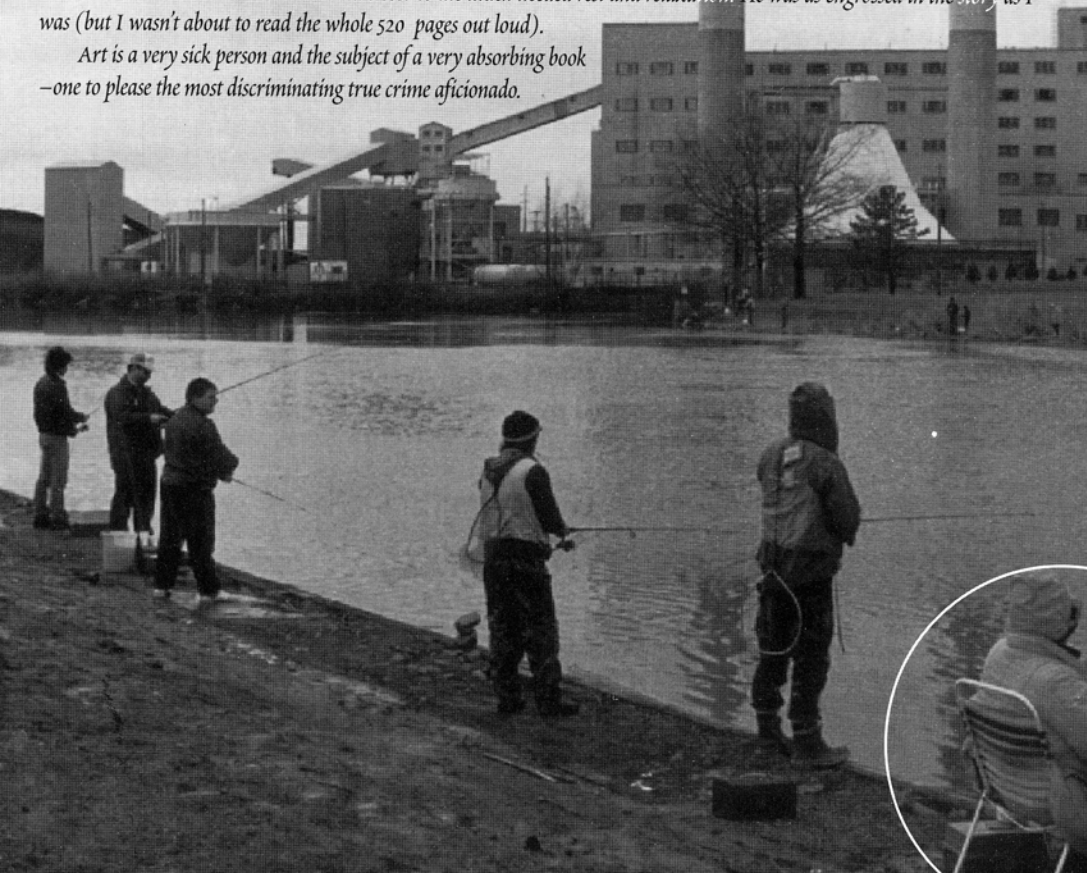
The "Clam Page" rules the local music scene. Look for it at Record Time.


I seemed like such a boring serial killer—a fisherman. I was intrigued by the articles and had had as many conversations about him as the next Rochesterian during the latter part of '89. I even know someone who had him and his wife over for dinner that Thanksgiving. I was frightened as the story unfolded here in our backyard but not riveted to the edge-of-my-seat like I was when I read "The Stranger Beside Me" by Anne Rule.

Before heading off to Cape Cod this summer we stopped at Tops. I was looking for a book to curl up with and my husband, knowing my inclination toward this genre, pointed out a book that I had deliberately passed by—"The Misbegotten Son" by Jack Olsen. Arthur Shawcross just didn't seem like a subject that merited that many inches of book. I mean he just seemed like a boring character who had committed horrible crimes. I didn't care to know his story or what made him do what he did.

A friend of mine who had moved to Nashville had read it and when she came back for a visit she was obsessed and felt compelled to visit many of the sites mentioned in the book—his apartment at 241 Alexander, the Lyell Avenue spots (my friend had rented an apartment on Dewey near Lyell). I decided to risk a possibly perfect vacation. I started reading aloud to my husband in the car as we traveled closer and closer to the much needed rest and relaxation. He was as engrossed in the story as I was (but I wasn't about to read the whole 520 pages out loud).

Art is a very sick person and the subject of a very absorbing book—one to please the most discriminating true crime aficionado.




Danny Does Dinner!
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Dear Refrigerator,

Congratulations on your beautiful, big & bold color issue. Truly a Q-leap on the local publishing scene and a model for the future!

Now, as much as I'd like to go on and on praising your fine work, I must make a critical point. I couldn't help but notice that all the cameo foto's throughout issue #25 are of white folk. This came as a bit of a surprise (I'm sure it was unintentional) because I'd always considered your zine to be racially unbiased.

What about Sun Ra, you say? Well, as I'm sure we can all agree, Mr. Ra transcends race, creed, time, space, and most often other boundaries! So, in the interest of (dare I say) color balance I've included a really big sticker of myself for you to use as you will.

The bitchin'est thing in plastic, Black Barbie

P.S. Who is the blue-black man with the green hard-on on pg. 5, and how do I get his phone number?

Dear Refrigerator,

Attached is some Smugtown, promotional material past and present. I did write some new material for Smugtown, USA, which I think you will enjoy. I look forward to your comments and spin.

Warm Regards, Bill Gerling

Dear Refrigerator,

Love the new look, but what I really wanted to write about was the "Browns." Yeah, I've been finding them everywhere, all over the place—sidewalks, check-out counters... Soon I will be a rich man through the careless, yet thoughtful neglect of others.

Yours in anonymity, Anonymous

Dear Refrigerator,

Who "R" you? Would perhaps like to do a story on you. If you're interested, please call me.

Sally Cohen, "R" News

Dear Refrigerator,

I'm sending you this "Pete's Finest Hour" tape because here it is. Something kind of end-of-the-year that I've done for a while. I don't want to bug Godiva about it because they have a lot to think about with their own productions of course, including the, I feel, auspicious "Pete's Rock Band" recording, "Antique Revolt."

Funny, though. I used to make 40 copies of my year-end thing and this year I don't have a clue how to distribute 10 copies. It's maybe kind of important too (I don't know how much talk went around Rochester about P.R.B.'s on stage donnybrook in Painted Post) cause the band has had some creative differences. They can't contact me—so if you guys are out there, let me say this: I don't care what kind of beer we have as long as it's not anything "light."

OK? So I apologized and to everyone else... Well, we'll see.

Pete

Dear Refrigerator,

This paper has been sent to you for good luck. You will receive good luck within 4 days of receiving this, providing you in turn send it on.

This is no joke. You will receive good luck in the mail. As fate has no price, do not keep this letter. It must leave your hands within 96 hours.

A R.A.F. officer received \$470,000. Joe Elliot received \$40,000, and lost it because he broke the chain. While in the Philippines, Gene Welsh lost his wife six days after he received the letter. He failed to circulate the letter.

However, before her death, he had received \$7,755,000. Patricia Morris won a \$6,000 shopping spree.

The chain comes from Venezuela and was written by Saul Anthony, a missionary from South America. You must make 20 copies and send them to friends and associates. After a few days you will get a surprise, and this is true even if you are not superstitious.

Constitute Dias received the chain in 1953. He asked his secretary to make 20 copies and send them out. A few days later he won the lottery of two million dollars. Carlo, an office employee, received it, forgot it had to leave his hands in 96 hours. He lost his job. Later, after finding the letter again, he mailed out 20 copies. A few days later, he got a better job. Helen Fairchild received the letter and, not believing, threw the letter away. Nine days later she died.

In 1987, the letter was received by a young woman in California, but had become very faded and barely readable. She promised herself she would retype the letter and send it on. But she put it aside to do later. She was plagued by various problems, including expensive car repairs. The letter did not leave her hands within 96 hours. Then she finally retyped it as promised, and got a new car.

Remember, send no money. Do not ignore this.

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