

# REFRIGERATOR

We Publish The Mail, Anonymously

#  
**27**  
FREE

A TENNIS SHOE IN THE DRYER  
QUIET SUBURBAN KITCHENS  
DRUNKS GETTING DRUNKER  
YOUNG MEN IN NEW CARS



**WHAT DO YOU WANT  
ON YOUR TOMBSTONE**

Rochester, New York • Circulation 5,000





AN ALTERNATIVE RESOURCE  
SINCE 1976



715 MONROE AVE  
244-5719

**GOOD**  
*Company*

Pat  
we go way back.  
sometimes at night  
i pretend i am torturing you.  
you are blindfolded  
so you can't see me.  
i walk up quietly to you  
and punch your face  
three times.  
your arms are tied together  
with a rope that has been flung  
around a pipe overhead.  
the line is taut so your arms  
are stretching.  
i drug you and take off your clothes.  
i redress you in women's clothing.  
i put make-up on your face.  
i shave all the hair off your body.  
i glue a wig to your head.  
you are doped up.  
we take a ride and i drop you off  
on an undesirable street.  
you're a tough guy.  
you'll be all right.



Disgruntled Church  
of Malpractice Suihism  
Cap'n Billy is viciously  
attacked by his own  
Guardian Angel



Her breath is the pounding  
of sea on the shore.  
The roar of a standing ovation.  
Noodles awash in deafening undertow,  
I drown in silent calamities.  
Aquamarine and murky flashing jags  
and filament scratchy,  
ripping motion to shreds.  
On the surface becalmed,  
floats a neglected almond  
about which she is dreaming.



Boy wonder  
took his time

Gotta slide out from under  
that slippery stuff  
he used to glaze his face with  
Gotta crawl out from under the rock  
the only rock  
he could use to smash Granddaddy's taboo  
you must never ever ever  
speak for yourself

It's not polite  
It's not what they pay you for  
Made in the shade  
by that rock

It's not so easy to get out and around  
without lubricants  
It's not.



ROCHESTER CLUB  
RESTAURANT

120  
EAST  
AVENUE  
423-1948

## SCORGIES

150 Andrews St. 232-7593  
UPCOMING EVENTS

Fri Jan 14	GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY
Sat Jan 15	PSYCHOBILLY W/ 3 BLUE TEARDROPS w/ The Mummies
Thur Jan 20	JR. WELLS & HIS ALL STAR BAND w/ Joe Beard & The Blues Union plus Chris Beard & Mannish Boi
Fri Jan 28	DONNA THE BUFFALO
Sat Jan 29	ROCK-A-BILLY FESTIVAL HOSTED BY FRANTIC FLATTOPS

Copyright 1994  
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





## WHAT DO YOU WANT ON YOUR TOMBSTONE?

I remember hearing about a group of guerrilla artists in San Francisco who risked arrest and lawsuits while they altered billboards in some sort of socially redeeming but subversive (to the advertisers' profits) way. They stayed in the style of the ad but painted new faces on bodies and new messages over the type. I don't know if I ever saw one of these ads. You don't really have to. All you have to do is hear that someone is doing this sort of thing and you can't trust another billboard.

"What Do You Want On Your Tombstone?" is all the billboard on top of Milestones asked. It turned out to be an enticing come-on to pizza or so the follow-up implies with the newly added tagline, "Look for it in your grocer's freezer." Maybe Rochester is a test market for Tombstone Pizza. I am always imagining that Love World is a giant laboratory. In the teaser phase of the campaign, when the black and white billboards only asked the question, my wife asked me what I thought it meant. I was quite certain that it was an anti-violence public service message from the Ad Council. Like start thinking six feet under if you must continue your wicked ways or possibly a new movie, already reduced to an "Hasta la vista, baby" soundbite. So I was wrong and I will always remember the pizza, if in fact that is what it is. I'll have to look for it in Tops. Romanos makes a pretty mean pizza but not a violent one.



## MAKE THAT 2 LEFT SNEAKERS AND 2 DOC MARTINS

Pagan, hexagon security system signs have replaced bathtub virgins in front of most homes. My neighbor went for a Sears system and he asked the guy who installed it for extra stickers. There are now little red Sears decals on all of the ground floor windows. In fact there's two on his side door. He packs a pistol too and shows it to me every chance he gets. Sometimes he just taps the bulge under his arm when the subject of crime comes up.

He asked us if we had heard the shots the other night. We said no and he told us that he had caught some kids breaking into his car. He claims he took a few shots at them and they ran down the street leaving two left sneakers in his driveway. I think he feels like his life is not as exciting as it should be so he embellishes it every chance he gets.

It was after dark last weekend as I headed up his driveway with a tool I had borrowed and, for an instant, I expected to be blown away.



## LICK MY BOOTS, HARLEY

From my office window I have a pretty good view of the sidewalk and people exercising or walking their dogs. There are more of the latter in the nineties and the dogs are getting bigger. This is not a pleasant stroll in most cases. It is a task, a responsibility that goes with ownership of a crime dog, one of the hidden costs of this fairly inexpensive security system. Many of the dogs seem to be walking their owners.

I have written before of the guy in motorcycle drag who screams at his dog, "Harley" when he doesn't heel. Harley is not a pet. Harley is chained to a pole in the backyard most of the day, tortured by his owners in order to better torture strangers. Harley barks at anything that moves and barks the rest of the time just to register a complaint to the wind. The only reason Harley gets walked is because his owner is sick of scooping up the piles of shit.

Breeders are hustling deranged dogs to market to meet the growing demand from the escalating crime rate. Crime dogs now jump out at you at every turn and the dogs are committing crimes themselves to protest their own abuse. Instead of more dogs as deterrents to crime, I think it is time to reconsider some of the booby traps used in the Viet Nam War.



## GOTTA THROW A MONKEY WRENCH IN

The guy who ran Gina's restaurant on Culver has reopened on Park Avenue near Berkeley but there is something very odd going on inside. In spite of having a reputation as the best breakfast cook in town, he is not serving breakfast. Hopefully this will change. In the meantime the decor of his place features an enormous TV right in the middle of the tiny dining room.

By the way, Kodak bid 70 million to do the mirror on the space telescope and lost out to another company who bid 50 million and then made a monumental screw-up that is costing 595 million to fix. I guess you get what you pay for.



## PURE, INTENSE, SENSATIONAL INTERACTIVE THEATRE.

The Kirby Vacuum Cleaner School is educating some of America's best performance artists today. They come into your living room and knock your socks off with twisted "Glen Gary, Glen Ross" sales techniques. Our guy grew up on Long Island and had a "Rock & Roll Animal" tattoo on his arm which I suspected was one of those removable ones chosen for us from some profile home. With the \$39 halogen light up full blast in the middle of the room, the 3-4 hour live dramatic climax before the rug he was invited in to clean for free was even done. You have to buy the damn thing to finish the job. He has split his pants, he's sweating and he's on the phone with his boss who is slashing the price we were just quoted. His kids were counting on a Christmas trip to Disneyland if he scored enough bonus sales points. This was turning into a bad trip and we were in a position to help or inflict more pain.



## ALL I WANT IS A SANDWICH AND A CUP O' CAWVEE

I recently had a dream which caused me to stop eating meat. This was big surprise to me because I'd always enjoyed a cheeseburger and the occasional chicken wing basket. Now, having received extremely specific instructions from somewhere not to eat animals, I've run into a dilemma concerning lunch. What do vegetarians make sandwiches out of? The first time I went out for a lunch break to a sub shop and realized that a cheese sub was my only option, I panicked. If I have to eat those things for the rest of my life, my digestive system will never be the same. At home it's not a problem as I can experiment with tofu and tempe and various other concoctions, but lunch is definitely a challenge. Why can't somebody open up a vegetarian diner that isn't gender exclusive? (so far as I can tell, the only veggie eatery in town is too politically correct, does not provide the same level of service to white males as to the rest of the world. I don't blame them for wanting their niche, but...).



## THIS HAPPENS ALL THE TIME, RIGHT?



1 This fantasy is not completely dark after all. When at last I perceived its luster, I was—what is the word? Translated. I had the sensation of floating; over the dusty town square, through schools of birds.

2 "My long shadow glided before me on the pavement. Although it was not yet eleven o'clock the place seemed empty and I moved through it like a mysterious and lonely harlequin in a painting; like an assassin."



- 3 The first time I saw him I wasn't more than ten yards from him, with only the grey afternoon between us. The idea, the possibility, struck me suddenly and with such force, like something I'd long hoarded, that I trembled. I looked around, thinking the others knew what I was thinking. With that one enthralling and unbidden idea, I supposed I had acquired the face of an assassin. After that I often had an opportunity to press close to his lips, wielding a microphone, smitten. When he was campaigning for re-election, and I was on the junkets, I would walk a step or two behind him and stare at the soft point of flesh near the base of his skull, just above his hairline.
- 4 Dr. Woerner Muensterberger, a psychoanalyst, concludes that the passion for collecting is a basic defense. The thief, the impulse buyer and the greatest collector are all driven by the same fundamental fear, of helplessness and dependence on others. No one has described the assassin in such normative terms, but to do so is not as outlandish as it may initially seem; in the purest sense we are dealing with someone whose passion is for reduction rather than accumulation. And this impulse can be just as tender.
- 5 "There was a grain of absolution, like a pebble under his tongue."
- 6 He was on a campaign stop in a mountain town. I had followed him there with the other reporters, by helicopter. I was by then feverish with the idea, and in the dead afternoon I could feel it coming to its sticky fruition. He was to meet with several of the rebel leaders on the steps of the town hall; they would lay down their guns, and he would embrace them. The guns were rusty, that much was clear. I walked to a nearby cantina with a French photographer and an American reporter. I tried to lay it out casually.
- "Yes, yes," the photographer said. "But everyone has such thoughts. It is inevitable." He waved his hand at the flies.
- "You too?" I asked the reporter. He peered at both of us.
- "Come on," the photographer said to him.
- "You guys are sick," he said at last. And then he smiled, and in that moment everything was possible. We clinked our beers.
- We had another round, and then walked out into the square. Two young girls in matching dresses were at the well, splashing each other and laughing. A cloud of small yellow butterflies swarmed around them. The photographer began to raise one of his cameras, and then stopped.
- 7 "I thought of the powder on the butterflies' wings, how like saphron it was, and the way it stained our hands when we were children. There were always butterflies then it seemed, but I rarely saw them anymore. Until that instant I had failed to wonder what had become of them. Is this not why Cain killed his brother, because he didn't believe there was enough love in the world?"
- 8 After long study, John Quincy Adams concluded that "all journalists are a sort of assassins." Some two centuries later, the only remarkable thing in this sentiment is his tact.
- 9 The president was speaking through a megaphone several blocks away. "You know I have enemies," he said. "But I am not afraid to die. I stand for a deathless idea. For the same reason, when the masses express their desires—and also their dissatisfactions—they become mine, and are immortal. As long as the people exist, I exist. For this reason, all the efforts of those who now want to go back to the past, of the bootlickers of the Yankees, will fail. They will never be able to separate the people from their vanguard."
- 10 They had heard the stump speech so many times before that they could mimic it expertly. "Bootlicker," the photographer said to the American reporter. The reporter nodded. The two girls were still playing in the square. Almost as an afterthought, the reporter pointed his finger at them and made a soft popping sound. And then the three men headed for the town hall, trailing butterflies behind them.

# LOVE WORLD



## GET A COMPUTER OR DIE.

There is a relatively inexpensive product that I guess you just point at the sky and it tells you your earthly co-ordinates. The perfect stocking stuffer for the boat owner on your list. And I heard about a car theft device they are installing in some new cars that allows the police to track the car with satellites if it is stolen.

On the recent return of "Hart to Hart" Jonathan bought up a company that was developing heat sensing software and used a satellite picture to locate one of his buddies who was trapped in a cave.

The phone company knows who to bill a cellular call to regardless of where you are when you make the call because they have programmed a number into your phone. They say we will all someday have our own personal phone numbers.

60 Minutes had Morley Safer buying four sets of different ID on the street in LA. I think Jonathan Hart would be wise to put his money into personal ID tattoo chip technology, something that can be implanted at birth behind the umbilical cord knot, one number for life that companies can rent from the government's vast data base for their marketing needs. Info guns at checkpoints could determine, at a glance, your tax situation, criminal slate, bank balance, legal immigration status or qualifications for entry to an exclusive nightclub.

**You can now get a vegetarian hamburger at Burger King. It's called a Griller. When we announce our digital, electronic version, available on-line only, we will self destruct.**

**Kids lay down in the middle of the road to play chicken with the traffic because they saw it in a movie and Disney cuts the scene from the movie. These dumb-assed bored kids are now calling the shots in Hollywood.**

Cabbage is one of the great things that nobody eats. The epitome of peasant food and smelly, if overcooked, it has gotten a bad rap. Who hasn't looked at those giant heads for pennies-a-pound and considered taking one home only to stop because you can only eat so much coleslaw? Here's something else to do with the big green stuff.

### Braised Cabbage

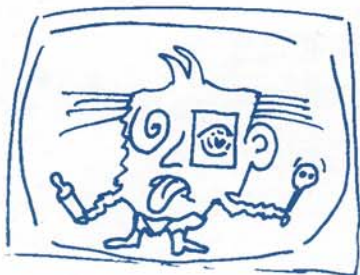
- 1/2 head of cabbage, chopped in 1-2" pieces
- 1 onion chopped
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- red pepper flakes, oregano, basil, black pepper
- 3/4 cup chicken broth or water
- Tamari or soy sauce

Heat butter in large saucepan. Cook onion until limp. Add cabbage and saute at medium heat until it starts to turn translucent. (It is important to saute the cabbage rather than steam it so leave the lid off, keep the heat up and stir regularly to keep from burning). Add spices in pinches, pour in broth, shake some tamari in and transfer to casserole. Cover and put in oven at 375 for 30-35 minutes. This is good stuff and contains many good things. The amount of red pepper determines the degree of spicyness. Serves 4 as a side dish.

Do you know about giantism? You should. I've heard people say "If you know about something, you won't become it."

I asked a lot of kids what they would do if they were a giant. Invariably, the answer was "I would step on all my neighbors' houses and the city and crush every visible structure".

If you caused trouble, you would probably think the authorities couldn't get you but you would be wrong. Blind them with love. Make them a hostess gift. Striped flags are readily available and they are



**Electronic Films**  
for the  
Refrigerator  
provided by  
Qualtech  
Reprographics

**Electronic Imaging**  
**High Resolution Scanning**

111 Humboldt Street  
Rochester, NY 14609  
654-8070

**NORTH  
COAST  
RADIO**

**105.9**  
WJZR FM

WE RENT  
PROFESSIONAL AUDIO  
VISUAL EQUIPMENT FOR

**SPECIAL  
EVENTS**

**HAMILTON A-V, INC.**  
232-8800

**HAPPY HOUR FRIDAYS**  
4:30-7:30 with  
Casey's Vessie Burrito Bar  
\$1 Rollins Rock Bottles

**BUG**

619 Monroe Ave 454-2066

**Ethnic Cooking**  
**At Its Best**  
With Just The Right  
Flavor of Rochester

Also Includes  
**The Guide To  
Ethnic Cooking  
In Rochester**

A detailed description  
of every ethnic grocery  
store in the county!

**BOTH FOR ONLY \$16.95**

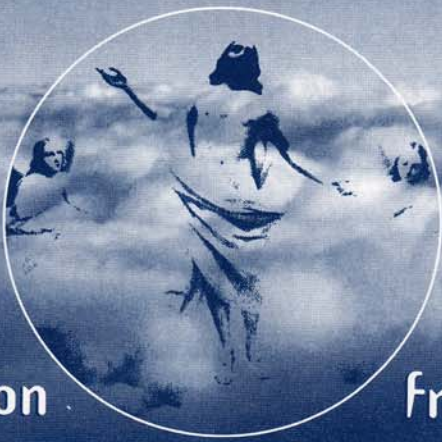
**WALLY MOON MUSIC**

**Live Entertainment  
Placement Service**

Specializing In:  
**CORPORATE FUNCTIONS  
PRIVATE PARTIES  
FESTIVALS**

Walter J. Narog Jr.  
(716) 442-9252





# A Mission from the Pastor

## WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE

Inspector Spleen doffed his hat. "I'm on a mission from the Pastor," he said; it must've been a code. "I'm on a mission from the Pastor," he said again, and for the life of me I couldn't understand.

"A mission. From the pastor."

"From the Pastor?"

"The Pastor, that's right!"

I turned to my comrades. "Don't you see? He's on a mission from the Pastor."

They applauded wildly.

Later: "So tell me, how is the Pastor?" I inquired.

"The Pastor?" asked the Inspector.

Yes," I said again. "Tell me, is the Pastor well?"

"The Pastor is well," Spleen finally allowed.

Almost midnight: I approached Inspector Spleen, and in a lowered voice I asked: "Will the Pastor arrive tonight?"

"I'm afraid that won't be possible," he replied.

"When, then?" I inquired. I was concerned.

"I'm afraid the Pastor is dead," the inspector said.

"Dead?" I cried. "The Pastor dead? It cannot be!"

"The Pastor is dead," repeated the Inspector, and he left the room.

I returned to my comrades. "Friends, I have bad news," I began. "The Pastor..."

"No! No!" screamed a woman in the crowd.

"But it's true," I said. "The Pastor has been killed."

Pound, my trusted comrade, approached me and touched my shoulder. "How, then, did the Pastor die?" he asked.

"Come again," said I.

"By whose hand?" he demanded.

"I do not know," said I, for I did not.

I thought to myself: "I must ask the Inspector how, and by whose hand, the Pastor died."

I searched for the Inspector, but in vain.

I asked for him at his hotel; he had checked out moments ago.

I inquired at the cafe where he had regularly dined; they had not seen him.

I visited the home of his mysterious lady friend, Madame Lasagna. She did not answer the door.

And I wondered: Has foul play befallen the inspector?

I found him late that night, alone, in the park, on a bench.

"Inspector Spleen, you are alive!" I exclaimed.

"Indeed," returned the Inspector.

"I was afraid some foul play had befallen you," I explained.

"No foul play," said the Inspector.

"I am relieved that you are well," I told the Inspector. "Might I beseech you for some information?"

"You may beseech," assented the Inspector.

"Can you tell me: How, and by whose hand, did the Pastor meet his fate?"

"I cannot."

"And can you explain to me why you cannot?"

"I cannot."

"Inspector Spleen," said I, now strongly vexed, "You said at our first meeting that you were sent on a mission from the Pastor. What mission might that be?"

Spleen answered sternly. "It will be revealed to you," he said.

I got up to leave, as I did, the Inspector spoke.

"By his own," he said.

"What?"

"By his own hand," said the Inspector.

This wet pavement, this cold rain. Ice huddles in translucent lumps on the sidewalk. Jellyfish on tidal flats. But unyielding. Reality hits with a pain in your hip. You don't even look around as you get up. You wonder what that means.

You leave the sidewalk and stick to the street where the footing is better. The long coat slows you down. The slower you go, the better you feel. Cars pass an arm's length away. The headlights look blue in the pink dawn. You shiver. The cold sinks in.

Seven years ago you bought this coat in a second-hand store in Middlesex, NY. The Friendship House. Nicki bought one, too. You wore them to town for breakfast at the diner. They were too hot. That was the last time she stayed with you. You thought you made the right decision.

She doesn't know you're coming. You're going to surprise her. That's all you're sure of. Then what? You want to prolong the anticipation. There's a coffee shop on the corner. You go in. It's not busy. Early, on a Saturday. The business district. Why are you even open, you ask. The stringy-haired waitress looks up from the crossword. The newspaper, she says, down the block. A guy at the counter has black fingers.

You could stay in a place like this. Get a job here, or maybe at the paper. Share a loft. Not the way they are now. The way they used to be. Cheap, open, dirty, empty space. Build a bathroom in the corner. What else is around here, you ask. A bakery, she says, an office supply warehouse, importers, brokers, rug merchants, subway station.

Subway station. You think about that. You took the bus in from the airport and walked from the World Trade Center. You tell her you're from Rochester. Then you wonder why. What brings you to New York, she says.

The coffee swirls in your cup. It's beautiful to watch. You don't want to move. It reminds you of the perfect moments you had with Nicki, and sometimes on the road, in between. So fragile, you don't want to breathe or think. Black spinning water. What brings you to New York? Nothing brought you to New York. But something brought you to this counter stool you're sitting on, chrome and red vinyl, this perfect moment, this joy, this ending, this sorrow, this place.

Outside, newspaper trucks roar by. One after the other. A fleet of trucks. The man with the stained fingers drops a bill on the counter and leaves.

The waitress is figuring something with a pen.

You put a down a dollar and get up. She ignores you as you go. You want her to ask again what brought you to New York, now that you have an answer. You came to say good-bye. You button your coat against the chill and walk toward the noise. You decide to take a cab back to the airport, if you can find one. It's faster, and the kids are probably missing you.





## Ammunition For Violently Happy Annual Mall Walking Issue

The Raw McGillys, Rochester's best new band, wear farmer overalls, have an amazing wah-wah lead guitarist (former Antoinette), a goofy lead singer who communicates with the audience and a sound between hillbilly and Bowie.

I gave the new Nod single a whirl at 45 at first but then geared it down to "33 and a third" where it sounded sensational. "Chicago", the A side, moves into "Bitches Brew" territory and will rearrange your furniture.

"The whole world is one big Strip Joint. . . high on PCP and smack". All those drunken nights looking for a reckless bar band and "Antique Revolt" by Petes Rock Band wanders right into your living room. Pete LaBonne's monster of a cassette only, audio verité release is available exclusively at Godiva's.

I really don't think there is a genre for Mercury Rev. With lyrics like "waiting for your hair to grow," the subject matter on "Boces" is timeless and universal. There are noisy guitars, a trombone and a chevron fife in the swirling day dream of a mix. They even put the "I Love NY logo" on their package.

The Spinanes know how to package a cd. Rebecca has hairy arms and wears a dress on the cover of "Manos." Inside there are generic wedding photos and minimal credits. This guitar/drums duo appears to be in love and that is so nice to see.

Bjork's "Debut" album is beautiful. She really doesn't need those silly Sugarcubes. Her voice sounds even more unusual in the big league Soul To Soul setting.



There are three women and a set of identical twins in The Breeders and, in spite of this, they have a cute sound. They rock off center on "Last Splash" and toss off melodic hooks like some of their former selves, The Pixies.

Stereolab's "Transient Random Noise Bursts With Announcements" sounds exactly like the title. The Farfisa and Vox organs are the featured trance inducing high tech equipment. The European toy band equivalent of The Feelies.

As far as I can tell the Velvet Underground's "MCMXCIII" comes in three different packages. The collector's version single disc with a special booklet, the single cd regularly priced version and the twenty three song version that I bought in a jewel box that holds two cds in one standard size box. I don't have any of their music on cd and this live in Paris reunion thing is the way to go. They tear up their greatest should-have-been-hits. It is now clear that Maureen Tucker's drumming is the Underground's foundation and her harmonies on "I'm Stickin With You" are hilarious.

Julee Cruise will get you there. Her new album slows your pulse and completely spaces you out, like someone sent the master tapes through a bowl of Jello. "The Voice Of Love" approaches the dislocated virtual reality sensations and makes you wonder why you ever drink coffee.

Nick Cave's "Live Seeds" album is one of my favorites. It is so unlike rock and roll. There is no backbeat and that usually bothers me but in this case it propels the live performances of some very memorable songs further into the gothic theatre realm.

We were two of only one hundred people in the empty Horizontal Boogie Bar a few months back for The Last Poets, sometimes billed as the first rap band. The drums, bass and beatnik poetry was a joyous mindful. Umar Bin Hassin (a Last Poet) has a Bill Laswell produced "Be Bop Or Be Dead" album out now with big, new, important versions of "Niggers Are Scared Of Revolution" and "This Is Madness."

Polygram released a National Coalition for the Homeless benefit cd with twenty versions of "Brother Can You Spare A Dime." Everyone from Bing Crosby to Odetta and Dr. John takes a crack at it but the opener by Tom Waits steals the show. Tom Waits has been honing this carnival side show character since "Swordfishtrombones" and on his newest release, "The Black Rider", the sound track to the theatrical performance of the same name, he nails it so well he will have to retire or move on.

Bill Laswell has produced some my favorite albums of late in his Greenpoint Studios including "Apocalypse Across The Sky" with the master musicians of Jajouka and "Too Much Sugar For A Dime" with Henry Threadgill. Material has always been his baby but Bill is a bass player so Material sounds different each time out. On "Hallucination Engine" he has Sly Dunbar on drums, Wayne Shorter on sax, Shankar on electric violin, a couple of tabla players and Bootsy Collins on Space bass and they manage to sound like the world's greatest band.

Copernicus like Moondog is a true eccentric in a sea of actors, salespeople and musicians in the music business. "No Borderline" is the fifth release from this notorious New York performance artist/philosopher who continually explores the nature of reality in his work. His 1985 release was titled "Nothing Exists." His press release does not exist. He claims he does not exist and neither do you. So there you go!

## Advertising For Tomorrow



4D ADVERTISING DESIGN 288-0880

## GODIVA'S RECORDS PRESENTS THE CASSETTE RELEASE OF DROP ME OFF IN VEGAS



## THE SONGS OF PAT LOWERY

PERFORMED BY  
AN ASSORTMENT OF  
ROCHESTER'S BEST

AT MILESTONES SATURDAY JANUARY 29

## Liquid Theater

It's time once again to get  
those submissions in for the  
Liquid Theater Festival!

For those of you interested in being on  
stage the first 3 weeks of May, submission  
forms are available from Pyramid  
Arts Center and Writers & Books.  
Submissions are due by January 15th.  
Call 461-2222 for more info!



146 Halsstead Street  
Rochester, NY 14610  
288-0050



### Dear Refrigerator,

Your comments on Rochester and "Smugtown USA" in your issue #26 were right on the mark. Rochester is still generally very uptight and conservative. Smugtown makes an excellent gift for convalescence and any other gift-giving occasions for friends, neighbors and relatives who have everything.

I look forward to your next issue, I hope I do not have to wait as long as I did for #26.

Warm Regards  
Bill Gerling, Plaza Publishers

### Dear Refrigerator,

These demons play theatre with my soul, spinal tap dancers with razor shoes. The phantoms claw and rake through the steel bars of my sanity slathering to slit my precious carcass!

I pray my neural transmitters keep the same shopping list and never decide to change stores.

Thanks for your time.  
El Diabolo

### Dear Refrigerator,

I am sitting here at work (boss out) having just finished # 26, and I am impressed. I can't believe this twisted gem of a publication has eluded my sight for so long. I am constantly looking for creative, alternative viewpoints in all media and Refrigerator is one of the coolest and best designed "magazines" I have seen sprout up from Rochester's chemically-tainted soil.

I have been so inspired by Refrigerator that I am starting an illustration on the violence theme, a theme that I find myself thinking about almost daily here in the murder capital of upstate NY. Hopefully I can fax a comp to y'all soon. I would also like to offer my services (you knew it was coming) which you probably don't need, but I'll offer 'em anyway. I can assist in production, design etc. and will work for FREE.

Keep it up, Rochester needs more eye-opening work like what you are producing.

David Card

### Dear Refrigerator,

Well here is our submission for your upcoming audio only issue. In case you were wondering, the song "March Of The Disney Robots" is the final song in our pretentious rock opera about the life of Walt Disney. This is where the Disney Robots are programmed for world domination.



Couple of quick questions, which you'll probably answer anyways in the upcoming issue: (if we make the cassette) 1) Where can we buy it? Or is it free? Godiva's, Record Time? 2) When will it come out?

Sincerely,  
Jack DiNietzsche

### Dear Refrigerator,

The Montage Issue was great. The color execution was super. Too much Remedy; Remedy everywhere; but Frank Heine would be pleased.

Keep up the good work. What happened to Ted? Please send me your submission guidelines. Thanks.

From jlam@shw.optics.rochester.edu  
by jlev.hp.aol.net with SMTP  
Return-Path: "jlam@shw.optics.rochester.edu"

Received: by shw.optics.rochester.edu  
(NX5.67c/2.5ee) id

AA08425; Message-Id:  
"9308110413.AA08425@shw.optics."

### Dear Refrigerator,

Enclosed is a check for my subscription to the Refrigerator. It's the best reading around, keep up the good work. Can't wait for more color issues.

Your Ugly Productions  
c/o Jim Milella

P.S. consider doing the Refrigerator on video-for a one time only issue.

### Dear Refrigerator,

The hypertridimensional nature of your condition makes it disconcerting to discover who you really are.

Anonymous

**\$10 ADS**  
THURSDAY NIGHT  
288-0880

**The SOUTH WEDGE**  
BARBER SHOP  
720 South Avenue  
473-5570

**Frank Petronio**  
Photography  
461-5583

**YOUR BUSINESS ADDRESS**  
MAILBOXES, ETC.  
620 PARK AVENUE  
442-3060

**SIGNS TODAY!**  
243-4680

**SAMURAI**  
SKATE SHOP  
271-6060  
2240 Monroe Ave

**@ THE BOOGIE BAR**  
**MAX CREEK WEEKEND**  
Fri & Sat  
Jan 7 & 8

**THE RABBIT HOLE**  
107 EAST AVENUE  
262-3333

**THE RABBIT HOLE**  
MENTION THIS AD & GET  
1ST DRINK FOR 1/2 PRICE

**WRITERS** Readings **WRITERS**  
Workshops  
Small Press  
Books

**SUNDANCE**  
SUNDANCE BOOKS 106 MAIN ST.

**ANCE**  
GENESEO NY 14454 243-2250

**YOU COULD BE LESS VIOLENT**

**@ THE BOOGIE BAR**  
**RIVAL SUN**  
Thur, Jan 13  
**DARKSIDE OF THE MOON**  
Fri, Jan 14

**THE RABBIT HOLE**  
LIVE JAZZ THURSDAY NITES

**THE RABBIT HOLE**  
107 EAST AVENUE  
262-3333

**& BOOKS** 740 **& BOOKS**  
University Avenue  
473-2590

**GREENS**  
The Great Outdoors Under Glass!  
1122 Monroe Ave

461-0540  
**N' THINGS**

288-117  
**CHESTERS MUSIC**  
Tuning • Lessons  
1115 East Main St.

**@ THE BOOGIE BAR**  
**BIM SKALA BIM**  
Sat, Jan 15  
**JOHN HIATT**  
Sat, Jan 22

**MATCHBOOK**  
♥♥ FOR SINGLES ♥♥  
1-900-448-4880  
(\$1.49/per min. 18+)  
**Meet Local Singles!**  
Place Your Own Print Ad!  
or Join Our Mailing List!  
(716) 264-0129 24Hrs.

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

**WYNN'S**  
669 Monroe Ave.  
244-5044  
There's seven days in a week and we're open all of them!

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

**CAGED**  
JANUARY  
15  
8PM

**Mostly Clay**

**@ THE BOOGIE BAR**  
**KOKO TAYLOR**  
Wed, Jan 26  
**HAWKWIND**  
Mon, Jan 31

**VILLAGE GREEN**  
OPEN 365 DAYS A YEAR

**IMAGE**  
543 South Avenue  
454-3220

**PRINTER**  
• 3¢ Copies  
• Flyer Specials  
• Raffle Tickets  
• Business Cards

**the New Voyage Bookstore**  
**BOOKS & GIFTS FOR THE NEW AGE**  
1712 Monroe Ave.  
(near 12 Corners)

**MUSIC**  
PYRAMID ARTS CENTER  
461-2222

FINE  
POTTERY & JEWELRY BY  
LOCAL ARTISTS  
VILLAGE GATE SQUARE  
271-1850

**HELLFIRE CLUB**