

REFRIGERATOR

we publish the mail, rochester, new york



**THE
FOOD
ISSUE**



WonderBra • Golisano • Movies Vs. Life



There would be more people out walking around if there were more places to sit. You should be able to sit down whenever you want, and watch the other people walking around; as it is you become exhausted with the experience of being the one walking around, with the accumulated weight of random eyes that fall in your direction, from porches, from inside shop windows, etc. The city isn't set up for all the people in their houses (and we know there are plenty of them!) to come out and show their stuff a little. If they would just come out a fraction of the time, the streets would be immediately crowded with people.

I'm P.O.'d. I can't believe they took the cigarette out of Robert Johnson's mouth in the new Post Office stamp. The post office had an artist delete the cigarette from the famous photo "because they did not want to be perceived as promoting cigarettes." This guy lived the blues. He was the blues. He died at twenty seven and it wasn't from smoking cigarettes. The demons that possess some of our favorite artists are all part of the complicated chemistry that produces the work we admire. I perceive the Post Office as trying to whitewash our history. They are going ahead with plans to release a stamp honoring Nixon this Spring.



When I drive over to Writers & Books and see all the police cars parked in front of the Precinct building next door I realize I am not afraid of police cars in groups. I am always alarmed at the sight of single police cars that appear on the street, or in the rear-view mirror particularly; but the sight of a whole fleet of them is interesting, or I should say the sight of a whole hive of them. Single bees are threatening because they could suddenly turn on you and come after you (though you are told they won't if you just ignore them like a statue), just like police cars can suddenly pick you out of traffic even if you are unaware of what offense you have committed and come sweeping in for the sting. But, you see, whole beehives don't scare you because you know the bees are all busy at the hive, buzzing around it with no other assignment right then to go out in the world and make trouble or create fear in the rest of the animal kingdom. Of course, this is unless you disturb the whole hive. Then they all swarm on you at once—which is precisely why I don't throw rocks at the Police station, or for that matter, at Writers & Books,



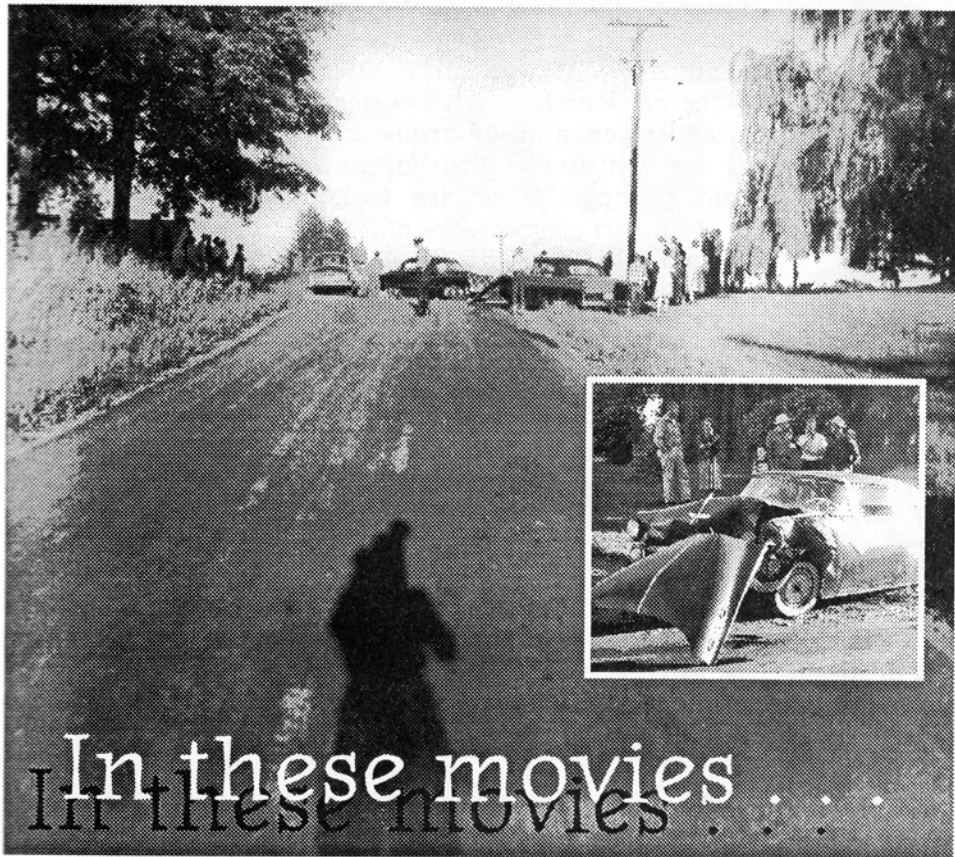
I like Father Aristide and wish him a lot of luck. He speaks in proverbs and riddles. He says his people "have been struggling nonviolently in this way since back before the devil was even a corporal" and "ever since way back when the ginger root was still fighting the eggplant." Clinton was afraid to inhale.

Once in a while I'd get my wife to watch a Colombo movie with me, and talk about the resemblance, which she saw clearly, in fact even pointing out details I hadn't noticed yet. I've been identifying with Columbo since I was twenty-eight, and he's actually forty-seven in his show, so I guess I'm now in my prime, at forty-seven. But next year I'll be older than Columbo, since he never ages-- Peter Falk, who plays Colombo, doesn't look any older now than he did--or maybe I just don't remember a younger Colombo. Another thing is Colombo always refers to his wife, saying things like "my wife, you know, she likes these things," or "or my wife you know, she does the cooking." But never once has Colombo's wife appeared on the show. Similarly there are circuits where I have travelled, and talked in a Colombo like bumbling inquiring sort of way, where when I mention my wife people have said, "Oh, you are married, I didn't know that," as if this were a remarkable fact that should be stated right out front in all situations.



My niece had to carry a sack of sugar around for a few weeks and I understand there are "not me, not now" dolls out there that teenagers carry around to experience the burdensome side of motherhood. My in-laws retired and were kind enough to give us a lot of their old furniture. It mixed nicely with our mostly Salvation Army style decor. This one piece though, a buffet-like thing with grey-green wood, was just in the way. After living with it for a few years we took it out to the garage and our small dining room breathed a sigh of relief. We guessed that it was mahogany and put an ad in the Swap Sheet that ran all summer. The only people that came to look at it thought it was too light to be mahogany and didn't even want to make an offer. It is expensive furniture, I know, but I would just as soon put it out by the curb. I'm afraid we are going to have to bring it back into the house when the weather turns.

"Here, you drink it," I said, "I don't like to appear to be enjoying myself." This was to the clerk at Village Green who said, "ah, Soho, good stuff!", when I attempted to inconspicuously buy a 69¢ "all natural" fruit soda. I hate these new improved lifestyle options we have lately anyway.



In these movies

...entire nights are covered in one quick scene, one exchange. You really cannot imagine how these people could endure each other, and the story they are in, if they had to exist in real time. It would be way too long, and the tension would be unbearable, when they make remarks like: "What are you asking, am I sleeping with my business partner, is that what you are asking?" And then she, who definitely was making that accusation, decides not to even dignify his statement with any response. She just huffs and turns away, and the movie cuts to another scene, like nine hours later! Or someone says, "you're really impossible!", all you can think is "that's certainly true!"

Sometimes in life you get this feeling you're in a sped up movie, but, being life, it won't go fast enough to get to the next, resolving, scene; this happens when you do something stupidly dramatic, like yell at the kids. But enough of this comparing movies and life, I'm sick of it, it's endless because actually there are so many differences it makes you crazy and you want to say: "what are these movies supposed to be doing anyway, is it just because it is possible to make them that we have them, that we're surrounded by them and their pretentious imitation and editing of life, so much that they have invaded people's perception of life itself." Enough of this, I say. Stop comparing movies and life! It's too easy . . .



There was a lot of screaming going on outside so we stepped out to see what was happening. Disturbances like this often spill out of the bar on the corner but it was just this guy down the street having an another argument with his wife. Our next door neighbors were out listening too and pretty soon we started our own conversation while they shouted at each other. I was thinking how these sort of domestic violence events bring us all together.

We all know Hamlet dies, but it's effective every time another actor playing Hamlet dies on stage.

BODYCARE • KITCHENWARE • BODYWARE

GIFTS • TOYS • JEWELRY • BASKETS • BAGS • FUTONS

EVERYTHING
UNDER THE
SUN

GOOD
Company

715 MONROE AVE
244-5719

Advertising For Tomorrow

4D ADVERTISING DESIGN 288-0880

NORTH
COAST
RADIO

105.9
WJZR FM

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 ReadRefrig, America On Line

* * WE RENT * *
**PROFESSIONAL AUDIO VISUAL
 EQUIPMENT FOR**
 * * **HOLIDAY
 EVENTS** * *
HAMILTON A-V, INC.
232-8800

F I N E D I N I N G


**ROCHESTER CLUB
 RESTAURANT**

**120 EAST
 AVENUE
 423-1948**



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

WRITERS & BOOKS



*Rochester's Literary Center
 Since 1980*

740 University Ave. 473-2590

WALLY MOON MUSIC

The Agency for Live Music

Live Entertainment Placement Service

Specializing in: Corporate Functions •
 Private Parties • Festivals • Weddings

Enhance Your Holiday Party with Music...
 Magic... Table Side Clowns...
 Solo to Big Band... Classical to Pop...

Walter J. Narog Jr.
(716) 271-0910




Fusion got a bad rap with the slew of bands that came along in the early seventies in the wake of John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra. What started innocently enough with a jazz-trained psychedelic guitar player, ambidextrous drummer, rock theatrics and Sri Chinmoy philosophy quickly turned into steroid pumped Jazzercise calisthenic displays. *fu-sion n. The act or procedure of liquefying or melting by the application of heat.* This meltdown effectively ushered in the do-it-yourself, back-to-basics attitude of the mid seventies. But nasty anti-musical elements linger on in bands like the Aquarium Rescue Unit, Colonel Bruce Hampton's occasional back-up band. I sat through their sound check at Scorgies (just before he went under with the best room in town for music) and I was shocked to see the guitar player, bass player and drummer all playing furiously, at once but without paying any attention to each other. It was an Independence Fusion Party and it felt like the death of music.

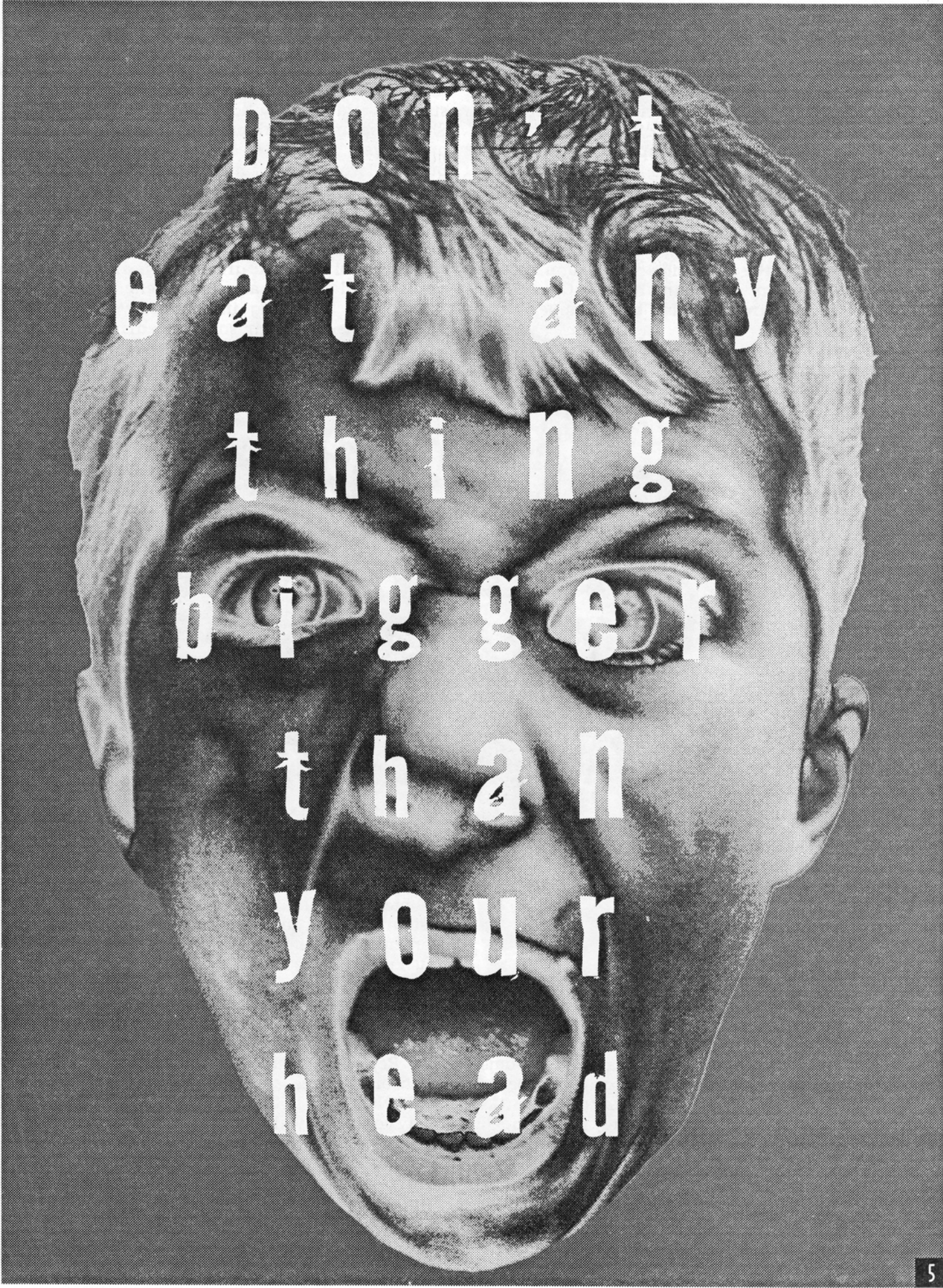
What then are we to think of our own Tom Golisano putting ten million of his own money where his mouth is and going for the highest public servant gig in the state? His sudden decision to run is a desperate last attempt to avoid moving his Paychex company to a less-hostile-to-the-corporate-citizen state. But is anybody really buying this anti-incumbent, term limiting, throw the bums out, the entire system is fucked so let's put business men in there instead of politicians stuff? Are we at the point where we need Brand X style elected officials to generate an explosion? *fu-sion n. A nuclear reaction in which nuclei combine to form more massive nuclei with the simultaneous release of energy.* Maybe. This guy owns \$150 million of stock in his own company and he wants to cut state spending per citizen by half. He pays enough taxes to want to talk seriously about decriminalizing drugs, teen pregnancy and replacing Medicaid with cheaper private insurance. I like Cuomo a lot but maybe for the wrong reasons. I like his wit and style. I like watching him attack when he gets rattled. With Pataki and Cuomo locked neck and neck a vote for Tom will only hurt the already sorry Pataki. We need more parties so I think I'll register my vote for Tom and rattle Mario



Then there's this Disabled Veterans Agency selling long-lasting light-bulbs, over the phone. It sounds too good to be true, these light bulbs last almost forever, they are guaranteed for some incredible number of hours, like more hours than you have left in your life, and so I say, "okay, I'll take half a dozen." It seems like the woman on the phone needs more information about me than she should, like my birthday!, and it takes ten minutes to complete this order. The light-bulbs were two dollars each, but . . . they last forever; it crossed my mind that I might regret this in an odd way, because maybe I kind of liked the way light bulbs ran out, just went out on you suddenly, usually several would go around the same time. But it was irresistible, and the woman said it was for a good cause so it was almost mandatory. Anyway, I tell my wife, "I just ordered some long-lasting light-bulbs," and it sounds like I am making up another one of those fictional products, like the little windshield wipers that mount on your eyeglasses, or the edible packages being introduced by fast-food restaurants.

And now the media reports that the media is being questioned as to whether it, the media, is doing what the media should be doing. Get that snippy look off your face, Ted Koppel!





Don't
eat anything
bigger
than
your
head

Dinner in the mountains

Heaven is standing at the sink of a cabin in the Adirondacks peeling 55 half frozen shrimp. The shells and tails get tossed into a small pot of boiling water and the grub-like bodies lie in a large glass bowl, floating in a sludge composed of olive oil, lime juice, crushed garlic and jalapeño peppers chopped so crudely and brutally that they have become a fragrant fiery mush. The shrimp, extra large fresh water farm grown shrimp bought frozen at Kailil's in Inlet, are a startling blue green, a color you might find on the underside of a dragon's scale or deep in the iris of a Chinaman's eye. Over their limp muscles you throw a veil of black pepper and brown garam masala, an Indian spice blend containing cardamom, cinnamon, ginger and other seeds worth discovering new worlds for (while dying of spear wounds and syphilis.)

Once they are drenched in their marinade and put in the refrigerator, you can pause, pour a cup of strong two hour old coffee and go out onto the dock and smoke a Backwoods while contemplating the quiet. In spite of all this beauty, the kitchen, with its pot of steaming shrimp bouillon, is on your mind and you trudge up the path and chop onion and ripe tomato and dump it into the pink broth. With the propane at it's lowest, your bisque can sit simmering for an hour or two.

In this heaven, the angels tend woodfires and build a huge bed of coals so hot that a large green log bursts into flame almost instantly. Their wings are hidden but each is blessed with a glass funnel filled with olives, lemon peel and gin with a gasp of vermouth, all icy cold and shimmering in the late fall afternoon. They mutter amongst themselves as they lay peppers, onions and garlic into the coals' perimeter, place huge meaty mushrooms brushed with fragrant oils on the grill and settle back in their seats to poke and turn the offerings. As each reaches it's roasted moment, they are chopped (the vegetables not the angels) and thrown into a bowl along with olive oil and black balsamic vinegar. Finally the head of garlic is unfolded from its hot foil carapace and every clove is squeezed into the salad.

In the kitchen, the cook is into his second martini and things are flowing. The bisque is strained and the bouillon reduced over the flame. Shrimp saturated with citrus and chili are threaded on skewers. Rice is steaming away on the back-burner. Two bottles of merlot are breathing on the table. A pecan pie from the bakery awaits scoops of ice cream. With the completion of the hot salad, the cook stirs heavy cream into the bisque, heats it for a moment and distributes it between four bowls. A sprinkling of chopped green onion and black pepper is added and the angels convene, drinking and speaking in tongues while slurping their soup and drinking the red wine. The salad is passed as the shrimp skewers are put on the grill with a loud hiss. Almost as soon as they hit the fire's heat they are turned, revealing a pink cooked side with lashings of hot black where the metal sears them. We eat the shrimp with rice and eat and eat and there are always too many. Finally there is hot pecan pie and ice cream and cigars and cognac and a flaming woodfire under an old growth pine that climbs all the way up to a heaven so full of stars that you look away when first you gaze upwards. These pleasures are almost painful in their richness.

Heaven #2

I sometimes think that the way to get a perfect restaurant meal in this town would be to combine elements from a whole bunch of different places. You know, coffee from Java Joe's, a country greek salad (no lettuce) from Basha, two or three of Jay Cohen's tasting menu items from the Brasserie for appetizers (the whole soft shell crab in a giant ravioli on a bed of three colored sauces comes to mind). The Rochester Club Restaurant could supply a toothsome entree, perhaps a mixed grill, and you could slide over to Chapel's for a dessert and an old dusty cognac. A walk down the river would give you time to cut a cigar and enjoy the aroma of dry leaves rotting under the crabapple trees. My final stop? A martini on the outside patio at the Triphammer on a last warm indian summer night, listening to the roar of the upper falls.



Pixie Fruits



My friend C got her colon yanked out (or one of those organs, I get confused) in order to live. Her life has changed and she's beatific, in love with the mailMAN and no longer concerned about giving no mind to people with more than 3% body fat. We camped in a National Park, ate a lot of tofu, in the car (no food in the tent because of bears) or, back home, right out of the frig: Raw. Plain. Sometimes with pesto. It was yummy and easy cleanup, too. Now popcorn, it backs you up. If you don't

monitor your fiber and you have no intestine, be prepared for a mess on the trail.



One of the challenges of being a non-meateater is avoiding the bulghur wheat, tofu, spinach-in-everything mode of cooking. This left over hippie cuisine still predominates among much of the vegan community. One of the other really interesting experiences a new veggie can have is that of exploring the strange world of artificial meat. Bacon, burgers of every ilk, sausage, chicken and turkey, even bologna! This stuff is all extremely odd. Healthy wholesome ingredients are mashed and mixed with spices, colored various shades of brown and held together with wheat gluten or fermented soy protein to give it that gristley bite. In spite of their best efforts I think I would rather suffer the guilt and eat the real bacon when I have that powerful urge for flesh. On a cheerier note, the food at the Mission is none of these things. It is fresh, imaginative, and combines flavors like citrus, ginger, chili, basil, roasted red pepper, soy, sesame and garlic with tex mex, pasta, inspired soups and some extremely strange things like scrambled tofu. I'll never forget the look on Dave Ripton's face one morning when he took his first bite of scrambled tofu. To his credit he didn't spew it all over like it looked as though he wanted to. After a difficult swallow, he looked up and said, "That didn't taste anything like I thought it would." I ordered the Mission Breakfast and it was great.



Now, meet the neighbors, this week's centerpiece. Only two inches high but full bodied (think mini Wonderbra™), they sit laid back in fluorescent, webbed lawn chairs. Their deck, a 6x6 (inch) Italian tile, was garnered at a garage sale at the Lily estate, close to Butler U. Maybe they're slave-labor figures, but no mind. They look happy enough; he has socks, she doesn't, no sunglasses, but red bikini and red polo and drawn-on eyes. The real life they know is the saki cup of parsley that wafts greenery their way. The last dinner guest tried to shake salt out of Lady L (the female lounge), but Lady L isn't a salt shaker but a mere centerpiece, a micro center of the universe.



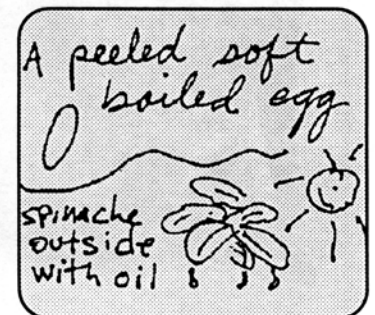
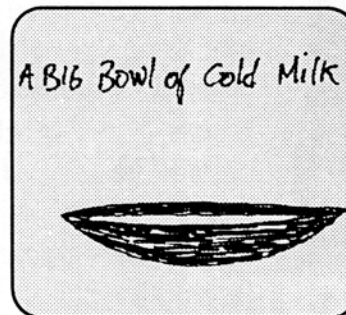
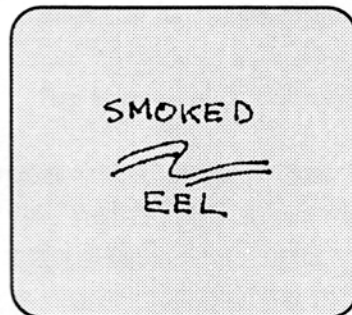
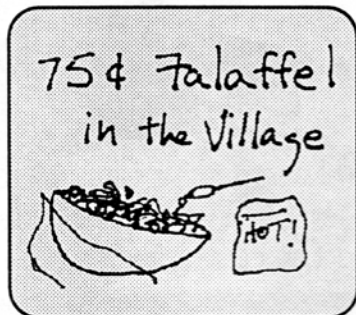
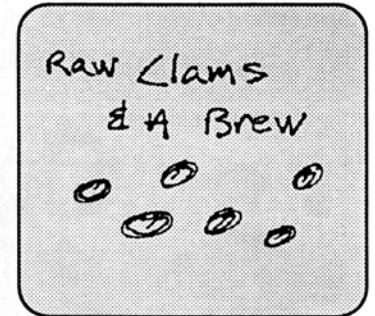
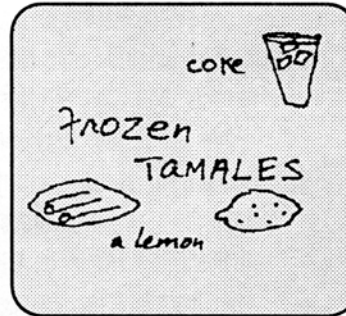
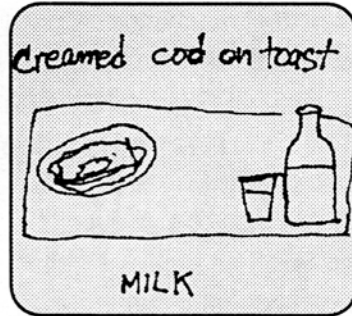
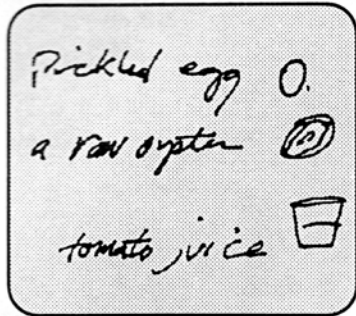
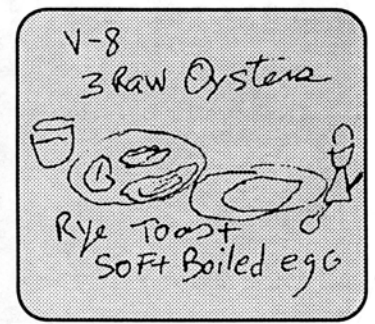
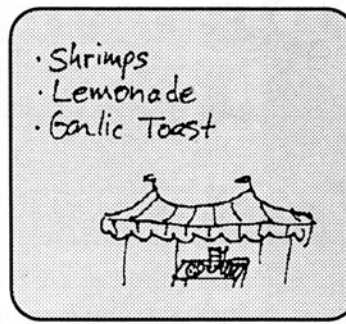
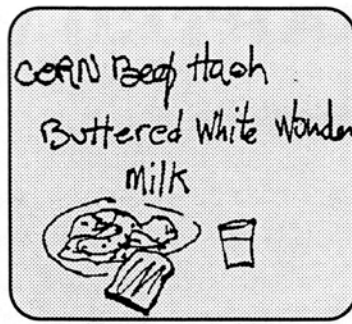
Was the time, two out of the top ten reasons to go on living I could think of: raspberries and chocolate. Years later, a friend adds: Men. Now I didn't think of that one, but she has a point (and a boyfriend, who goes to Japan and better bring a good present).

People in nursing homes eat really well. This is a basic pleasure.

*Living alone, you can graze, flat out, or have a dinner party.
But a love might gripe about lipstick on the milk carton.*

ODE TO A DONUT

Donut in my hand.
You are soft, and round,
delicious.
No beginning
and no end.
Circular, tubular, infinite
simple, sweet.
Not mere food,
surely?
In substance,
you, the stuff of life.
In form,
nothing more
than zero.
What is it
that you are trying
to tell us?



the music of your favorite stars!

PIETZCHEE
NIETZCHEEZ
OCT 26TH

THE
QUITTERS,
SHOP CLASS
SQUARES
MULER
SAT
OCT 29TH

BIG HAIR
NOV 2TH

3 OVER THE
KUCKOOS NEST
NOV 9TH

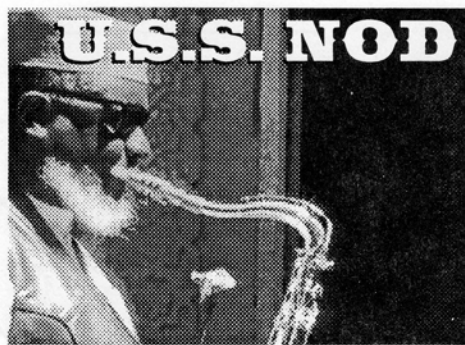
M.K.
ULTRA
NOV
16TH

NOD
NOV.
23RD

219 MONROE AVE ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14607 PH: 716-454-2966
BUG BAR
YOUR BAR ON EARTH

This Fall Come Out!
Ghoulish Hell All
Halloween Weekend

TUES. \$3.75 ROLLING ROCK
PITCHERS
WED. \$1.50 16OZ. POUNDERS
BAND STARTS AT 11PM...\$1 COVER
THUR. \$2.00 MOLSON, SHEAS,
GUINNESS PINTS
FRI. \$1 ROLLING ROCKS FOR
THE HAPPY HOUR STING
FROM 4:30-9PM



U.S.S. NOD & UNCHARTED WATERS

I woke up with a melody in my head and I couldn't quite place it until I was fully awake. It turned out to be "The Essentials Go To Richmond's" by Nod from their Tubular Bells looking white vinyl single. More sensational, mind expanding music from Love World's finest. They have four singles out there now in addition to their nice price cd and I'm told they are recording a new cd in Arpad's studio as you read this. Hey baby, let's get fucked up. "Slip on nocturnal shades. Head down to amateur night. Do some purple haze. Ah, probably lose



some fight." The Cramps' "Flame Job" on The Medicine Label and the first single "Let's Get Fucked Up" is not as menacing as "Drug Train" and the early Bryan Gregory era Cramps but it is just as much fun. In fact this band has shaped punkabilly into high art. They are America's

premier show band. Look for this single on the juke box at Marge's. Public Enemy says "Fuck the forty once" on their "Muse Sick N Hour Mess Age" cd and raps so responsibly they probably won't chart. Their hardcore soul, cinematic sound is still as rich an urban soundtrack you're gonna get for \$12.98. Latin Playboys self-titled debut on Slash/Warner Bros and Material's "Hallucination Engine" on Axiom are two cds that should be in everyone's lunch box. They are musical journeys through uncharted waters. The Latin Playboys are the surprisingly experimental wing of Los Lobos. Material is the experimental platform of Bill Laswell and invited guests like Bootsy Collins, Wayne Shorter, Sly Dunbar and William Burroughs. The music on both these records defy genres like Traffic used to and still did at the Finger Lakes this summer. They hold up to repeated listenings and spend days in our cd carousel. As does the Ginger Baker Trio on "Going Back Home," Atlantic Records. Cream's drummer with Ornette Coleman's standup bassplayer, Charlie Haden, and Bill Frisell on eclectic, electric guitar doing an Ornette song even. This is clearly a jazz record by three guys coming from somewhere



else. C.C. Adcock's first album on Island is next generation swamp rock. Rootsy, simple and hip. He's been at the Red Creek twice in the last year in support of this record and should not be missed if he dares to show his face here again. Marianne Faithfull's "Faithfull", is a collection of her best recordings on Island Records and a soundtrack to her new autobiography. Trouser Press called her "a singer for the ages, a Billie Holiday for a generation too confused for the blues." And this is the proof. There's a new song included, a cover of Patti Smith's "Ghost Dance" with Keith Richards and a song from her forthcoming Angelo Badalamenti produced album, "A Secret Life." That should be interesting! R. Crumb And His Cheap Suit Serenaders' "Chasin' Rainbows" on Shanachie is the record to reach for when you're not sure what kind of mood you're in.



It was given to me as a gift and was recommended to the gift giver by Andy from Fun Factory. I had no idea the cartoonist sounded like this. This is the next best thing to Fun Factory's recent cassette-only release on Godiva Records. My absolute favorite record (and this only because George Jones' album of duets is not out yet) is Maleem Mahmoud Ghania With Pharoah Sanders "The Trance of Seven Colors" on Axiom. It is incredibly deep music like Coltrane in heaven, it's bigger than world music. Maleem Mahmoud Ghania, a Moroccan Guimbri master, plays strictly for healing purposes and Pharoah Sanders, a devout Muslim, plays to get off. This is as a religious experience. Sir Douglas Quintet's "Day Dreamin At Midnight" is pure rock and roll done so well it sounds brand new like NRBQ. These guys get back together and knock this thing off like they're sleepwalking. These are memorable songs. No mean feat. They're fun too, like Sir Doug has been since "She's About A Mover." The subject matter has not changed but the perspective has in songs like "Romance Is All Screwed Up." Hard Rain are local but as good as the pros. Rudy Valentino is as good a guitar player as his incredible name. Rudy says "John Akers sings like a bird" and I agree. They have a song on Since Melvin Left Memphis called Prudy that is as good as anything John Cougar ever wrote. Mark Gage is a pro and has been all around the world with Vapourspace. He gets paid to play with himself, like the old joke goes. This is beautiful music. Its ambient techno properties affect you like I imagine Prozac would. "Themes From Vapourspace" was created in his studio/apartment in the South Wedge. Mayor Johnson should put up a monument to Mark like the one they have there for Cab Calloway. On Van Morrison's live, double cd "A Night In San Francisco" all of popular music, ballads, blues, soul, funk and jazz are manhandled by the master. Three, sometimes four, songs are strung together from Sly And The Family Stone to Rodgers and Hart, not as irreverently as Paul Schaffer but like the ultimate lounge performer he is. Lightnin' Hopkins' "The Complete Alladin Recordings" should be checked out. Checked out of the library that is. I found this double cd at the downtown branch and taped it. I had the tape in the garage and played it all summer. The 100 minute cassette and auto reverse feature worked well together. I saw the cd package again and felt compelled to buy it to pay my respect to this awesome masterpiece. These are Lightnin's first recordings made in the late forties when he was 35 and in his prime. Deep Texas blues with a monstrous dose of personality.





**BOP SHOP
RECORD SHOW**
Fall '94
Largest In Upstate New York!
Sunday, Nov. 6th, 10am-5pm
FREE TO THE PUBLIC
**Albums • 78s • 45s
CDs • Tapes • Videos
and more!!!**
VILLAGE GATE SQUARE MALL
274 N. GOODMAN STREET
ROCHESTER, NY • 271-3354
JAZZ GUITARIST JOE MORRIS TRIO FRI. NOV 11TH 8PM FREE

**CADILLAC
HOTEL
BAR**
45 CHESTNUT ST.
DOWNTOWN
JUST OFF
EAST AVENUE
OPEN TILL 2 AM
454-4340

YOU'RE LATE! YOU'RE LATE!
for a very important date at...

LIVE BLUES MUSIC
5 NIGHTS A WEEK

THE RABBIT HOLE

MON: Billy Joe's Gypsies 9:30-1:30
TUES: The Tin Man 9:30-1:30
WED: Red Line 9:30-1:30
THURS: Steve Grillo & the Woodmasters 9:30-1:30
FRI: Rabbit Hole Jazz Quintet 10:00-1:00

An UPSCALE downtown bar where you can bring your friends for a game of darts, backgammon, chess or checkers, and listen to some GREAT music.

OVER 40 DIFFERENT BEERS • FOOD 'TIL 2AM
Never a cover charge...the Mad Hatter wouldn't approve!
107 EAST AVENUE • 262-3333

ISSUE 29
**HOW TO
SAVE
OUR CITY**
SUBMIT

The new Record Archive opened on East Avenue and three bands played on the showroom floor for their grand opening. Steve Green's acoustic jazz guitar trio was there. They are putting the finishing touches on their first cd and are so good you may not notice they're improvising. Phil Marshall's band did many versions of the Record Archive theme and Stillmotion was good enough to get us out of the house that Wednesday night to catch them again at the Bug Jar. A friend of ours described their sound as "grunge new age." He meant it as a compliment and I concur. The indecipherable lyrics and sonically overdriven music drowns out the little stress and nurtures the big one. The new store is so comfortable they might have a problem with bums hanging out over there. You can actually lie down and listen to cds in the running at the listening bar. Good thing they serve coffee. The cd racks were acquired from McCurdys close-out sale and were all formerly used as pantyhose racks so check your purchases for cooties.

Dear Refrigerator,
 You guys still publishing? Last cover was a little grim, I thought. Liked the articles though. Any theme for the next issue? I look for it every time at Java Joe's. (There must be a way to make it pay!) Come on, help me out. I'm not one of those "I can't help it if it's in my BLOOD" kind of writers. I need an assignment and a deadline or WHY BOTHER? Just thought I'd mention that to you. In case you needed a reason to continue the struggle.
Rob

Dear Refrigerator,
 I liked your "parting shot" of the cat hangin' out. You good people always amaze me with the quality & good spelling of print & ads. The dopes over at the D&C should try harder huh?! Here are 2 neat CMF photos. I saw Raw McGillys at Milestones, then again at the East End festival. Heidi McGilly is cool! Be happy, Stay cool. And thank you for using my photos in the past. Makes me feel tingly all over. Yes it do!

Mr. Manx

P.S. Saw John Hyatt at HBB. They wouldn't allow anyone to keep 1/2 a ticket stub. So how could I ever show proof that I went in future years? That really pissed me off! So...Dear Mr. Hyatt- No matter what your promoters' motives were for being pinheads and not allowing me & my 7 friends to keep the ticket stubs, I now think you over rate yourself! You're such a hot shot, wanted to leave so bad - couldn't you have even left the ladies with ONE encore song? Nooooo. Had to run. Well - in this town we got a saying that fits you pal...See Yaas!

Dear Refrigerator,
 You maybe aren't ready to consider your next issue, and believe me, all you'd have to do is dump it on me, you know, because I have some audio equipment. Then it would be MINE and I could go quite mad. The Refrigerator...mine all mine. What are you looking at?
Dr. Lugubrious

Dear Refrigerator,

Still enjoying the Refrigerator. I have been dismissed from AOL (awol from aol) for using a Veiled Sexual Reference. I no longer have an account with them...the neo-nazi, pitiable excuses for hominids that they are. "entropy isn't what it used to be." I saw my letters in your (well, one of your...) latest issues... they were aptly extracted. It was interesting which phrases you decided to use from the sententious storms that I had sent to you. "Life is a petty thing unless it is moved by the indomitable urge to extend its boundaries." -Jose Gasset "Life is a sexually transmitted disease that is 100% fatal!" Looking forward to see what you will come up with next. "Conscious is when you are aware of something... conscience is when you wished you weren't." Well, I didn't mean to take up this much of your time, so I will let you go with... Well, shall I pull out my biggest Dictum... (no, I'll save it for later) Let me just leave you with this: "A friend is someone who will help you move... A GOOD friend is someone who will help you move a body." "Those are my principles, if you don't like them... I have others." "Sign on Pavlov's door: PLEASE knock!" "One planet is all you get."
El Diabolo

Dear Refrigerator,

My friend Bob passed Refrigerator #22 on to me, actually earning himself the title friend, since I really don't know him that well outside of the fact that he flipped burgers last summer in Rochester. Refrigerator is a pretty literate, hip culture newsletter that seems thematic. Headed "My Funeral," most of this issue's writing deals with death and how people react when they gather to commemorate it. The art is excellent, the bits of media reaction are interesting, the piece on lower lake levels and Armand Schaubroeck makes me want his records, the center spread about funerals was darkly cool, and it's awesome that the people who do this pass on information about new jazz records. I like this.
HR, Karma Lapel

Dear Refrigerator,

Issue #27 was right off-the-wall in your grand tradition. Please keep up the good work. We need this kind of work to keep the Gannetts on their toes. Loved photo on page 3.
 Warm regards, Bill Gerling,
 President, Plaza Publishers
 (Publishers of "Smugtown USA")

720 South Avenue
 473-5570

Dear Doctor,
 Yeah, we announced the audio cassette issue and kept putting it on the back burner.. We were sort of overwhelmed at the thought of recklessly editing the many three to five minute demos of bands' songs. So, sure, its all yours.

**Winnie,
I
Miss
You.**

ALL SAINTS' EVE BALL
 THE PYRAMID ARTS CENTER
 Sat Oct 29 8:30-1am
 \$7 Single/\$12.50 Couples

SUNDANCE
 SUNDANCE BOOKS 106 MAIN ST. GENESEE NY 14454 243-2250

FARE GAME FOOD CO.
 Order Your Free Range Poultry For Thanksgiving PUBLIC MARKET SATURDAYS

SKAL
 STARTING IN NOV. WEDNESDAYS 5-8 PM 'ABYSS' 240 SOUTH AVE.

POSTER ART
 654 MONROE AVE. 271-3690

SIGNS TODAY!
 243-4680

\$10 ADS
 MAKE GOOD THINGS HAPPEN
 288-0880

GREENS
 A TRUE CORNUCOPIA!
 1122 Monroe Ave

461-0540
 N' THINGS

Little THEATRES
 240 East Ave 232-4699

The Original! CHESTER LAB PIZZA
 707 Park Ave. 244-8211

Frank Petronio Photography
 377-9783

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

Tea House Art Gallery
 ART WITH HUMAN PERFORMANCE
 20 Windsor St. Rochester, NY 14604 (716) 232-8130

new cafe
 same great movies

VILLAGE GREEN
 OPEN 365 DAYS A YEAR

GRAND OPENING! GRAND OPENING! GRAND OPENING! GRAND OPENING! GRAND OPENING!

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE

ANOTHER RECORD ARCHIVE