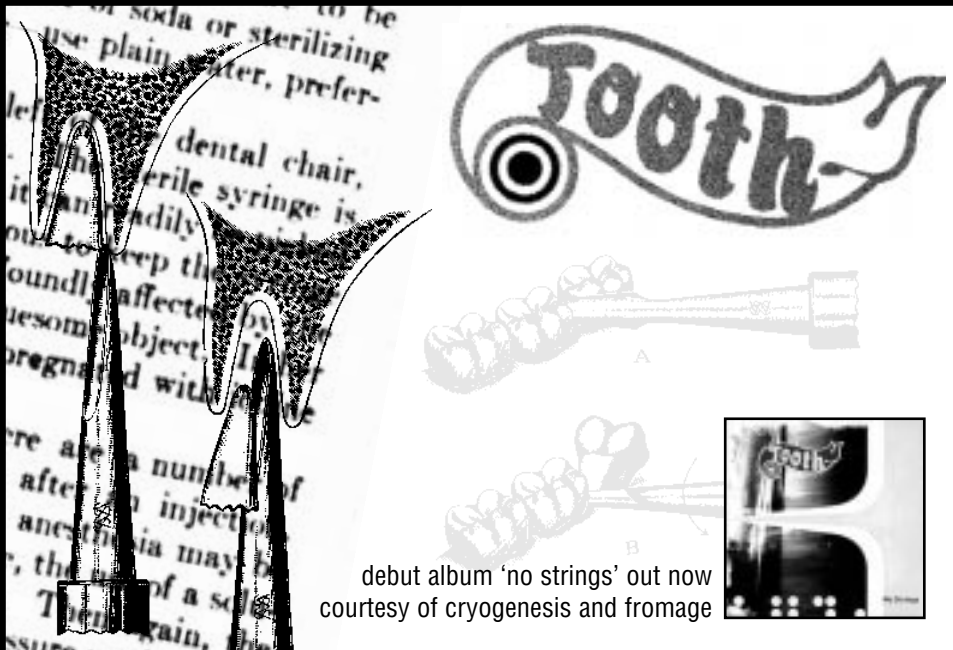


isn't it a beauty!

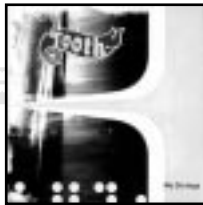


** * frigid*

issue
10
june 99



debut album 'no strings' out now
courtesy of cryogenesis and fromage



how much fun can you have
with only three inches?

especially when it's frigid...



Limited edition 3" cds are on their way. Releases every month. Only available through the Snarl Heavy Industries website (www.snarl.org) or from Frigid itself. Each \$10 gets split amongst the artists and goes back into pumping out the next one.

FROZEN PEAS 001
DDL—House Of Love (Chan/Parvenah)
Tooth—Untitled Dub live @ Frigid 6/6/99 (Tooth)
Jonny Phive—Oceanic Jazz 4M (Jonny Phive)
Ubin—The Man (Chang/Lamont)

Frozen Peas 001 also contains a data track with CYCLIC DEFROST issues 1 to 10 inclusive as Adobe Acrobat PDF files. For easy reference and reprinting on PC and MAC computers.

flatmates wanted

To share with 2 guys and one girl in Surry Hills. 2 mins walk to Taylor Square. 2 rooms are available in this enormous 6 bedroom house with backyard, shed, 2 bathrooms, large kitchen, large living area and study. Prices of rooms range between \$100 and \$115 per week plus monthly expenses which include 35 channels of Foxtel. We're looking for clean, financially secure, mentally stable people who enjoy going out too!

Available last
week of June

Call Jordan, Mark or
Ross on 9358 5720.

edi... ...orial

A change in jobs sure wrecks havoc on Cyclic Defrost. For a start this issue has, again, been delayed. There's a whole heap of stuff that just didn't get written in time for Issue Ten that should have been there but rest assured the one year anniversary Cyclic will be better than you can imagine (or at least that's what we say right now). It's not just been work, it's been the late night cricket and the flu. Anyway I've contributed virtually nothing to this issue; no music reviews, not even stuffing and folding, so I'll shut up now and go to bed. But before I go a little plug—we've got a little 3" surprise in store with the first of a series of very limited edition mini-cd compilations at Frigid this month...the frozen peas...oh and some really exciting lineups too.

Also worth noting is the fact that the website details have changed. Snarl Heavy Industries now have their very own domain name at www.snarl.org. Email addresses have also changed, both for myself and for the contact info in regards to advertising. Update your address books and/or bookmarks...

Yellow Peril

This issue of Cyclic Defrost brought to you by procrastination, lack of match fitness and 3 for 23 and the hopes of a Pakistan v Zimbabwe World Cup final.

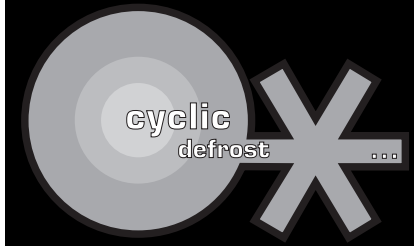
cover:
brought to you by this fantastic mag called pink that I found in a hobart vinnies. Trashy seventies teen zine with the hottest fashion tips.

**deadline for
submissions**
let's just say tomorrow

**If you move, or want to
contribute, comment or
advertise, please contact
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and stuffing**
the cryo crew

thanks to
everyone that keeps contribut-
ing and/or reading the zine.
The ILB for clashing yet again.
Spoofy for the company. shan-
non, uri, ruth, kerri and shane

Advertising
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WEBSITE
Snarl Heavy Industries
www.snarl.org
acrobat pdf versions of all issues are
kept at the site, just follow the link to
cyclic defrost...

ICY POLES

little blocks of sweetness

Millennium by Marcus *tension*

The Millennium, the year 2000, it often scares me and many others for numerous reasons, some good, some bad, many explained, some unexplained. As at the date I write these very words, there is less than 250 days to the last hours of what will be the old millennium. Some will have you believe that it's the coming apocalypse, doomsday or the rapture as the Bible calls it. Now you may well believe the end is nigh and so there will not be another thousand years as told in the gloriously overweight book of revelations. Why, just look around you and the signs are here, there, everywhere. Wars, riots, greed, hunger, murder, global warming and so on and on and on. So, when is the rapture, apocalypse, doomsday to arrive at this unforgivable world we known as earth? WHY, midnight new years eve, of course! Now, is that midnight Pacific time, or is it midnight Eastern



Standard time, or is it midnight Greenwich time? I'll get back to you on that one..... You may well be asking, how and why does a mild mannered hack writer like myself know the world is doomed? Well that's easy. It's because everything in this world has already been done, made or conceded, every kind of food has been tried and tested (with every kind of food one time or another been scientifically proven to be bad for you) every kind of government has been in power (and failed) every kind of music has developed and been dragged through the musical guillotine, every kind of hairstyle, ice cream, fucking, alcohol, breakfast cereal, low-fat everything has been tried and most likely proven to give you cancer. We've used it all up. Everything. It has been done before! But what really disappoints me more than anything, is that as a result of the coming millennium, doomsday aka the apocalypse, you and I and the world as we know it will miss the Sydney Olympics.

And that really shits me...



the millennium bug himself, bill gates, with Microsoft in 1978

North Sydney, Aliens, Telstra & Chewing Gum

by Quark Kent
giv@zip.com.au



How often do you drive through North Sydney? Everyday? Sometimes? Never? Either way I reckon you have no idea what's been going on 100 metres underground, right underneath Pacific highway and Northpoint Tavern. You see I do, and now I would like to share this secret with you.

About four years ago a friend told me this crazy story about NASA owning a lab in North Sydney where they investigate paranormal activities here in Australia. Apparently the office is located underneath the Telstra building (it was Telecom at the time) on the Pacific highway, and currently they have two aliens down there. Being young and bored we decided to investigate this bizarre story.

A few weeks after I grabbed my camera and we went to North Sydney to see what was going on (and yes, X-Files was still a pretty cool show back then). It was in the afternoon and we rocked up to the Telstra building with our eyes and ears open for any clues. There were two security guards in the foyer and they had their eyes glued on us. I guess we didn't realise it but we were very suspicious looking, walking around the foyer looking up and down with shifty eyes. One of the security guys asked us if he could help us. I felt like grabbing him by the collar and demanding for some answers but I politely asked him where the toilets were. We started walking towards the toilets when I noticed the elevator. Only one thing popped into my head: "you need elevators to go down 100 metres" so we pushed the button and waited for the doors to open, we were very nervous. Once we got in we noticed not one, not two but three keyholes situated on the panel near the alarm button, I took out my chewing gum and stuffed it into all three holes and we walked out, I gave the security guard a death-look and we left the building.

Later that evening around 8 PM we were back. All dressed in black with my camera ready to capture 'the truth', I started taking photos of the entrance, the security cameras and all the people who entered and left the building. After two hours I was almost through my first roll of film and we had nothing.

We were ready to throw in the towel until we saw two men leaving the building, lighting up their cigarettes, they were wearing strange blue overalls and they had American accents. We were hiding behind the bush. The first guy said "no we're still waiting for the QS-220 but I still think the 210 is fine" the second guy replied "sure, I'll ask the general".

The "general"?!! Why would a Telstra employee want to speak to a general? So I took several photos of the two and we stayed for another couple of hours but nothing happened. We left North Sydney around midnight.

I went back the next day during business hours to see what had happened to the three so called "alarm" keyholes. Luckily there was a new guard on duty and he directed me to the toilets and I was so mad I didn't even thank him! That'll learn 'em! I got in the lift and looked at the keyholes. I couldn't believe it! All three were taken out and they had tape stuck over the top saying 'DANGER'. Danger my ass!

I had a bit of a think first and then pushed the alarm button. Expecting to hear an annoying buzz as you do when you accidentally press those buttons, I heard nothing. absolutely nothing. I took a photo of the buttons and left the elevator. The security guard walked up to me and I nearly wet my pants! He asked me if I found the toilets and I replied by saying "No but I did find the QS-220, or was it the 210?" He tried to play dumb by pretending not to know what I was talking about and then I let him have it. I demanded to see the 'general' and I grinned as I said it. His face turned white and he walked away without saying a word. During this conversation with the guard I noticed a man in a three piece suit standing next to us waiting for the lift, he looked at me and said: "hey buddy, forget the 220, the 210 is fine".

He was an American.

This article is intentionally, and rather shamelessly directed at Arts students. I offer two reasons:

1. Arts students can generally afford to spend their Sundays watching kung-fu and blaxploitation movies and drinking Sangria to the death at Frigid; and
2. If you are pursuing a lifestyle that permits drunken debauchery on Sunday nights why aren't you picking up an Arts degree on the side?

Being a marker myself there are some ethical difficulties in writing something as blatant as this. Apart from a simple 'kiss my sweet chocolate derriere' I shall attempt a short justification:

Standards in Arts degrees have been allowed to slip so badly that the mark on your paper has little or no value or meaning. A little history may be useful.

The myriad of university departments that have been lumped under the rather arbitrary grouping called Arts have effectively become the 'dumping ground' of the university mass. Whereas Arts opened its doors, the old guard status groups jealously guarded the professional degrees during the expansion of tertiary education to underprivileged Australians in the 70s. You weren't all to be allowed

the prestige of being doctors and lawyers and hence universities gave you what they could. They expanded what were considered the less threatening domains of education (actually what were once the preserve of the leisured gentry), watering them down and washing standards down the tube. Although this process has been blown out of proportion by the anti-intellectual, neo-liberal Neanderthal, this process definitely led to the deterioration of the social sciences and the fine arts in the eyes of many Australians. 'Arts', a word once associated with the pinnacle of Western civilisation became a word valued for its brevity, an acrid syllable eking out of the corners of the mouth of those who had earned the appellation. Add the social rather than economic justification for most of these departments in the first place and we begin to see the difficulty of the situation. Whilst the quality of Australian research continues to exhibit a degree of subtlety and elegance rarely seen today in the academic world, the teaching process simply does not have the resources per student to provide the type of rigorous training necessary for quality 'produce' in the many 'Arts' disciplines. Hence, the marking farce and hence this:.

all my time at the university bar? Am I really cut out to be an academic?' Causing self-doubt in your marker completely throws them off and ensures they don't start getting righteous on your ass.

Value: 4-5 marks (if done well)

4. Sucking up

Your tutor gave you their phone number, contact hours and e-mail address didn't they? Use them! Tutors are very naive when you get down to it. So overjoyed to see students actually taking an interest in the subject and generally enthused to be on the other side of the pedagogical relationship. They're suckers for sucks. Short e-mails conveying a general state of interest-edness in the topic and posing penetrating questions will ensure that your name is high in his mind when he comes to mark it and will give him the impression that you've been hard at work all weekend. That glazed look in your eyes has nothing to do with the fact that you were popping pills with the Frigid door-bitch on the weekend but is the consequence of sleepless nights tossing and turning over issues of gender, ethnicity and constitutional change. You really need that extension poor thing! I really didn't want to say this, but if the tutor is attracted to your gender and you have a little savvy in that area, a few smiles in the corridor or across the room at strategic moments may do more for your performance than you think

Value: 3-4 marks

5. Write the fucking essay you slack-ass.

You've been sitting here for almost ten minutes pouring over this zine all the time with that gnawing sensation in the back of your head telling you that you've got to meet that deadline on Friday or you're not going to have any time to study for exams. Yeah, you've got problems, rent is due and your dickhead flatmate is banging her new boyfriend up against the bathroom door and you haven't had

any good sex in ages. And maybe you don't really want to do an Arts degree. You always wanted to get into social work but all those things that Tarot reader had said... Oh its all too hard. Fact is there is nothing at the same time so easy and difficult as an Arts degree. There is nothing so easy to get through yet so difficult to make a success of. Any duffa can get through an Arts degree with a little dedication, but actually making the bane of having a BA on the end of your name seem relevant to a society which sees education as a 'lifetime human resources project' rather than an end in and of itself is another story altogether. What the above information should make even more poignantly clear is that numbers on your mark sheet tells you almost nothing about the value of the learning process to a student. Ranking systems are arbitrary and inherently flawed so you might as well make them work for you rather than against you whatever else you manage get out of your degree is your responsibility. Credit, Distinction or High Distinction-the only people who are likely to give you any respect for your 'piece of paper' are your peers.



Chocolate Jesus'

5

GOLDEN RULES

for passage without plagiarism:

1. Choosing a tutor

bit late now, but worth mentioning nonetheless. Don't choose the lecturer, or anyone that the lecturer is supervising. A sessional tutor is much more pliant. Pliant? She has little or no interest in the actual subject and probably has some serious ideas as to how the course should be changed. She is not intimate with all the set readings and is not so used to having her ideas carefully reworded and thrown back at her. Think of this point in terms of the equation sessional tutor = more leeway

Value: 2 marks

2. Picking a question

You first have to come to accept the fact that there are no 'hard' or 'easy' questions. Questions that are more difficult to resolve allow for you to be more equivocal, you can end your essay essentially implying well you don't know do you? Questions that seem more simply resolved usually have an extensive literature that will require more research. Choice is simple: the question no-one else wants to do. Your essay will be the first the marker has read on that topic and will already stand out. Markers do not start off as all-knowing gurus; they learn as they go. So give them something

they're not familiar with.

Value: 1-2 marks

3. Research quantity

This is essential. Don't listen to anyone who tries to tell you different. A marker generally starts out by looking at your bibliography and footnotes. Take this far enough and you may even manage to 'scare' your marker. They look at the long list and the heavy referencing and, budding academics and paranoid PhD students that they are, get a little nervous: 'Shit, I never did this much research when I was an undergraduate. Why did I spend

frigid

acts & films

JUNE

Frigid happens at the Globe Venue, 379 King Street Newtown every Sunday night, rain hail or shine

SUNDAY JUNE 13th

LONG WEEKEND

Elefant Traks & Frigid co-production

[DJs]

Sub Bass Snarl
Yug Yug

[live]

uBin
Artificial (Melbourne)
Explanetary
Sulo vs Areito
Earwax
Bass Elefant

[vision]

Headcleaner



For the long weekend we've got a massive lineup co-produced by Elefant Traks and a double headed CD launch. Elefant Traks are launching the debut album from **uBin** whose two members Joe Lamont and Ollie Chang

each had tracks on the Freaky Loops compilation. Also Frigid will be launching the first of several limited edition 3" CDs, Frozen Peas, featuring tracks by **Tooth**, **Jonny Phive**, **DDL** and **uBin**. On the lineup we have **uBin** playing their South-East Asian influenced drum'n'bass live; **B(if)tek** solo-member **Artificial** up from Melbourne and fresh from the release of her second EP **Stoner Tracks 2** and tracks on the recent clan Disco compilation; Blue Mountains hip hop crew **Explanetary** fresh from a **Blackalicious** support; Epping-based drum'n'bass youngsters **Sulo** and **Areito**; and regular Elefant Traks people **Earwax** and **Bass Elefant** (which we hear is a tribute band and/or pisstake of the other Elefant Traks group **Trace Element**...). Also there will be the monthly set of activist videos supplied by the hard working **Headcleaner** crew. It's a monster lineup so get in early.

SUNDAY JUNE 20th

NEWCASTLE'S FINEST

[DJs]

Sir Robbo
Vaughan and guest MCs
Mark N
Subsonic

[live]

Fraughman
Hedonist

[vision]

The Hills Have Eyes
remixed by **Sub Bass Snarl**

It's about time we invited **Mark N** back down to Sydney to play and this time he's bringing his flatmate **Subsonic** and fellow Novocastrian terrorists **Fraughman** and **Hedonist** with him. The long drive from the Steel City will have made them all angry in Mark's tiny car so expect a night of manic hip hop cut-ups, extreme noise and ridiculously fast breakbeats. Mark will have copies of the long-awaited Bloody Fist CD compilation **NCL TRAX v1.0** available on the night plus a swag of other local and imported goodies. Also its **Vaughan's** birthday and so there will be much birthday cheer amongst the splatter-core sounds. Film-wise, tonight it's **The Hills Have Eyes**—John Carpenter's 1977 tale of a suburban family who get stranded in the desert and preyed upon by the creepy locals (who don't look dissimilar from our guests). **The Hills Have Eyes** will be accompanied by a live, improvised soundtrack by those city-slickers **Sub Bass Snarl**. Its a great film; very low on gore and violence but high on tension and suspense.



SUNDAY JUNE 27th

Vita Beats Sunday Session

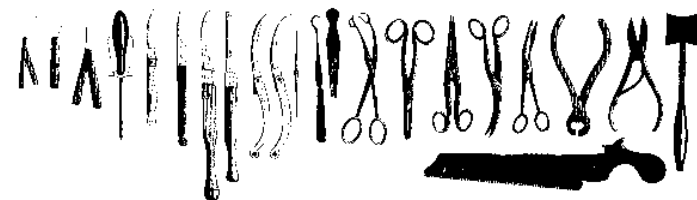
[DJs]

Sub Bass Snarl
Sir Robbo
Vaughan
Dj Mechwarrior
Dj Crucial

[live]

Spinwarp
Ronin System
V-tek

There's another weekly club night which takes its name from a breakfast cereal but that has nothing to do with **Spinwarp's** choice of name for this new monthly Frigid double header does it? Anyway, **Spinwarp** has brought in three live acts; himself, responsible for the excellent **Unofficial Channels** compilation earlier this year, high-flying and serious **Ronin System**, and **V-tek** who rocked the **Tracking For The Masses** compilation. Alongside them there will be DJ sets from **Dj Crucial**, Junglepunks regular **Dj Mechwarrior** and **Vaughan**. There'll also be live video mixing all night so your eyes won't get tired. Tonight will also see the release of the second Frigid 3" compilation with tracks from artists who have played over the month. Again it'll be a limited edition so send your pre-orders through to subbass@snarl.org.

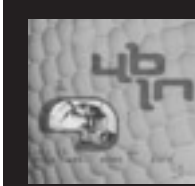


uBin... ...terview

Email is a wonderful thing innit? Not only does it allow you to conduct interviews in the dead of the night it also means that you don't have to write them up later...I recently wrote to Joe Lamont, one half of local electronic/pointillist drum n bass crew uBin (the other is Ollie Chang) and we exchanged thoughts on the eve of their cd launch at frigid...

dale: *If one was to divide drum n bass into the two camps of the dance oriented, dionysian excess of the originators/traditionalists and the head oriented, apollinian rigidity/formality/experimentalists which would you align yourself with? Tracks such as suck my mobile seem to tread the fine edge between danceability, with its loping jump up bassline, and head music, with the exhilarating virtuosity of its pointillised break.*

joel: Stylistic classification is inadequate to describe music that isn't blatantly copying other music, people have called our music "post/drum and bass/jungle", but as far as we are concerned there are only two types of electronic music. The first is music to forget your life with, the second is music to remember your life with. The first category is fundamentally providing a generic backdrop for people to pick up and take drugs in order to manufacture intense feelings or emotions (of love and happiness ie "god you are beautiful", "wow I just feel so oooaaahhhawgrrrr"). The music written for this purpose is generally devoid of the composers emotion, he/she wants the audience to superimpose their newly purchased emotions (\$50 retail) over the top of these generic



dale of cyclic defrost talks to joe lamont of uBin

sounds and beats. This as we all know is a fun thing to do, but after a while if you are desperate enough and go hardcore for this "happiness on a stick", you may find it harder to feel that homegrown happiness, a friend of ours lost the ability to produce serotonin without ecstasy and so he topped himself.

The second category is music that is brimming with the emotions and personality of the composer. This music is like a diary or a window into the composers emotional life, which you may find you can relate to personal experiences in your own life.

So basically we like to load up on e's, pump the bass, and suck the DJ off under the mixing desk.

dale: *You pay a great deal of attention to both the movement within the break (vis a vis the 2, 4, 16 etc bar loop) but also the movement within the tracks over the whole span of the track. It seems quite narrative in its realisation in as much that, not only are there peaks and troughs, break downs (and break ups), different sections but they seem to be put together poetically. Example would be the first track with the introduction of strings leading to a crescendo then break down that then introduces the cut up voices...there seems to be a*

certain melancholy added to the voices by their association with a trough in the energy levels... (sheesh, that may be just pushing it a little far...)

joel: We like utilising the concept of synaesthesia (one sense crossing into another eg sight to sound) when we are composing. We like to think of a song as a painting of shapes and forms in time, overlapping to create more complex structures but maintaining a sense of balance and unity. Cyclic structures are also interesting to work with. We like to play with break downs and breakups (nicely put) and small explosives for that crazy cat on the dancefloor who trusts the downbeat rather than having it relentlessly pummelled into his body (which should be over it by now—the nineties are over baby).

dale: *You mentioned in the bio that you have just returned from Bali studying gamelan. Do you feel the 'impurity' of tone (as distinct from western notions of harmony) and emphasis on improvisation and free forms parallels and actually precedes the development of electronic music? Is Gamelan suffering from a popularity problem with the increasing emphasis among Indonesian/Balinese youth on western pop music?*

joel: I love the way that alot of

people think that electronic music has no history before electronic instruments were invented, it cracks me up. uBin draws on a very wide range of musics some from a very long time ago. I myself saw a parallel between the psyco rhythms of Balinese gamelan and our music, Balinese Gong Kebyar music is not at all improvised it is meticulously composed (with a similar effort we spend sequencing) with the most complex and beautiful interlocking melodies and rhythms imaginable. All the young Balinese guys we met love rock and reggae, but all love Gamelan music and dance as well, its so ingrained into their religion. It is so amazing once you get over the shock of how different it is that you cant help but fall in love with it

dale: *You also state that while in Bali your partner Ollie was involved in coaxing 'unsuspecting locals and tourists into recording their voice'. How do you feel ethically about being a tourist yourself and the potential of being criticised for perhaps violating the customs and practices of the Balinese people by using their voices without permission. Do you feel that the very recording process of Indigenous and non western musics and cultures as witnessed in such projects as Deep Forest and Single Gun Theory but also by people such as MuslimGauze and TransGlobal Underground is justified, given that the original artists are rarely named nor even repatriated and have their culture used as filigree to pop songs, sometimes quite inappropriately...? Is there an ethical difference apparent for you between the recording of the local voices and the voices of the tourists?*

joel: Well the guys that we recorded were singers in the local reggae band, so its not like we stole into their temple in the dead of night to pilfer their golden melodies. The unsuspecting tourists were usually a little drunk or stoned and thought they were Japanese pop queens (the one with nodules actually was). As far as Deep Forest and all that plundering the natives goes, we don't take phrases or melodies of

the voices we record, we take the actual sound of the voice. We always make sure it's cool to use, mostly people are falling over themselves to get on the mic and strut their stuff, we like to have alot of fun with the people we record and don't feel like we are shafting them. In answer to the last part of the question, if a voice is good and interesting timbrally we will use it, other languages have different phonetic structures and cooler inflections. We are always on the lookout for new sounds.

dale: *You seem to have quite an affinity with the human voice, with many of the tracks featuring either vocal samples or more frequently, the use of voices as cut up and abstracted melody lines. Do you feel that this lends an air of human-ness to the music, the 'grain' of the voice (to paraphrase Barthes) still being present even though the concrete meaning is lost?*

joel: Yes alot of the tracks of the album use the voice as a sonic rather than lyrical instrument, and the stuff we have been writing lately has been all vocal sources for the melodic and harmonic instruments. Human voice is an amazing instrument and I think sonically it connects with everyone, we all heard the sound of our mother's voice in her belly, we didn't know what she was saying but the sound of her voice communicated things to us. Same as when we talk to dogs. A lot of the sounds are overtly "voxy" and others are far more subtle, I think what the sound of a voice implies rather than what it says (in any language) really hits people. The human voice is the most personal and physical of all instruments and we are working hard to carve that niche for ourselves in the world of electronic music.

dale: *Two overseas gigs that you've recently performed have been in New York (1998 at Context and The Cooler), and in Tokyo (1999 at Ebisu Milk and XP). How did they come about and what was the support like. Do you feel that you communicate aspects of Australianess (in its broadest, most*

unmatured terms) and does this perhaps become more salient when you're overseas?

joel: The gigs overseas came about through the usual legwork, contacting promoters, taking large chunks of steaming flesh off their ankles and giving them copies of our latest release uBin.02 (available in all good record stores). The support and response to our live performances was overwhelming, we collaborated with various dancers, performers, video artists and even an erotic magician (god I love Tokyo). As far as the "Australianess" goes, alot of people were surprised at the lack of standard electronic genericisms in our music, and one woman said the soundworld we created had an Australian quality, I think Australians pick up on it more than the Japanese or Americans.

d: *Umm...couple of standard questions now. What equipment do you use? What's the nature of the creative relationship between you and Ollie? What other projects have you been involved in? What are your musical backgrounds?*

joel: K2000, ASRX, Cubase. Two samplers and the truth. Ollie and I have alot of fun writing together and making cool stories up for pieces. We both whistle really cool tunes too. We'll get shirty if you dont check out the uBin.02 CD, its worth it. Bye.

uBin play at frigid this sunday night, where they will be launching uBin.02 through eLefant tracks.





Ohms Not Bombs update

EarthDream 99

After the success of the Ohm shelter gig the Oms Not Bombs crew are ready to head west to make it in time for the winter Solstice gathering in the heart of the South Australian outback. Thanks to all who played at the doof, cleaned, set up, did door shifts, promo etc. for the fantastic night at 61 Regent street that raised over \$2500 for the mission. The Earthdream concept was borne from Melbourne's wing of the Mutoid Waste co, who have had a dream to put on an event in the red centre for many years. Rumours have been around that there was to be a major millenium New Year's Eve gig at Uluru. The conditions at this time of year would be too harsh, but the centre in the winter months can be excellent. The Mutoid Waste co, started their brand of anarcho-mad mix remixing of waste objects into sculptures and post apocalyptic vehicles in the mid eighties in the U.K., such objects are

now part of the equation in Melbourne's underground dance culture.

This Winter Solstice June 21st sees the Mutoids link up with Keepers of the Lake, Lab Rats United, Humps Not Dumps and a solar sound system from Melbourne and Ohms Not Bombs from Sydney to create a gathering that will bring people from all over Australia to co-ordinate future anti-uranium campaigning in the area and talk about the Earthdream 2000 convoy up the length of the Stuart

Ohms Not Bombs : Dig the Sounds Not Uranium highway next year.

There will be a dance on the longest night, and a chance to meet the Arabunna traditional owners and support them in the fight to stop the Beverly uranium mine, prevent the outback global nuclear dump and close down the Roxby mine.

Ohms Not Bombs will be leaving before and just after the J18 gig (a reclaim the streets style carnival against corporate tyranny on friday June 18th, globally—see below). If anyone wants or is able to make the Earthdream 99 trip, its over 3500 kilometres to get there from Sydney, the last 800 or so on dirt road. To attempt the trip you must be organised with petrol, water and directions and allow three of four days to get there, it is just possible to do J18 and then go. If you go, make sure you drive carefully and check outback conditions before you go.

Full directions will be up on <http://omsnotbombs.cia.com.au> soon

Look out for Ohms Not Bombs events in Broken Hill, Adelaide, Melbourne and a return party in Sydney when the crew returns.

J18



ADVERTISING AND PUBLIC RELATIONS: The perks vary and at times are unlimited. But we know of one new Public Service PR who, thinking he was getting an immense expense account, took all kinds of expensive people out to lunch only to find he was paying for it out of his own pocket!



BANK CLERK: Reductions on interest paid on home loans, though scales vary and the scene is complicated. At present the rate hovers around 1 per cent reduction. There are no bank charges for cheque accounts, but the account must be at the bank where the clerk works. Generous sick pay, health benefits at a much-reduced rate as the bank also contributes, and superannuation.



SECRETARY: Very low. As one employment agency manageress put it, "We're still not totally liberated, I'm afraid." Occasional injections of free petrol if your car is used to drive the boss around, perhaps an infrequent luncheon (she'd heard of one in the last year), and travelling with the boss — when he goes and if he needs a secretary en route. Very hard to swing a park here unless you work for a retail outlet and have the usual staff discounts. Coffee from the coffee machine perhaps?



COMPANY DIRECTOR: Traditionally the classic area for perks, but many company directors say they have such a surplus of entertaining (expense account, all counts) they'd really much rather go home, put their feet up and suck into pen and past.

Friday June Eighteen has been declared as an international day of "Carnival against Corporate Tyranny". People in centres across the world will be protesting destructive globalisation and partying to celebrate diversity, resistance and survival. Cat@lyst, a community activist website in Sydney, will be webcasting at <j18.cat.org.au> and will cover as much as possible of the day's activities from a grass roots media perspective. This kind of free falling composite of actions is hard to predict, but the c@t crew of media geek activists are preparing a flexible, DIY, upload-all-formats solution. You can expect to see, hear and read of the subversive hijinks as they happen, starting with stunts in the morning office rush, the noon events in Martin Place through to the city stopping critical mass at 5:30 PM. If you're planning to do some community media out on the streets with a camcorder or cassette recorder please plan to drop in to our CBD TAZ to upload some stuff, contact cat@cat.org.au for details. If you're trapped in your work place on the day, but have web access do check out <j18.cat.org.au> Or best of all get out there and carnival against corporate tyranny!



I'm afraid Degrassi is far too overcome with her own grief to answer any of your questions this month and I'm sure you all understand why. The death of Dana Plato, one of America's greatest child stars, has meant that the usual Dear Degrassi column is dedicated to her memory this issue. To think it was only a few months ago I briefly recounted her exploits and now she's added a new chapter to her sordid story!

May 8th 1999 was a dark day for many people, including me, when it was revealed that Dana Plato had died of what was at first thought to be an accidental drug overdose. We would all remember her as Kimberley Drummond, the rich adoptive white sister of Arnold and Willis in *Different Strokes* which she starred in from 1978 to 1984. Dana was written out of the show when she was 18 after falling pregnant with her son Tyler (now 14). The show continued another two years without her, as the writers did not feel that they could justifiably write her pregnancy into the series. Let's be honest: how many nice white girls living in penthouses with their philanthropic fathers would be allowed to get pregnant in early 1980's US sit-com world? It's close to the end of the 1990's and they

cancelled the only show with a lesbian as the star and you, that could just be because Ellen isn't very funny!

Since the end of her child-acting career, she has not exactly starred in any of the Bard's finer works. In fact, she hasn't even appeared in a *Spelling* production since a guest appearance on the *Love Boat* where she finds out that her over-protective sister was really her mother. In 1992 she starred in "Bikini Beach Race", in 1995 as a near naked victim in the video game "Night Trap" and in 1997 starred in a soft core porno film called "Different Stokes: The Story of Jack and Jilland Jill". Of course there was always the *Playboy* spread of 1989 and the more recent spread in the *Lesbian* magazine *Girlfriends* last year. Perhaps this could all have been avoided if her mother had allowed her to accept the lead role in "The Exorcist" which she originally won over Linda Blair. Maybe then she could have led a life similarly plagued with drug and alcohol problems, but at least she would have also dated Rick Springfield! Hold me back from the chorus of *Jesse's Girl*!

Dana's was not a happy life. She struggled for

years with alcoholism and addiction to pain killers both of which she's blamed for her crimes which landed her a total of 10 years probation, 1 month in jail and possibly sex with Vegas showman Wayne Newton. Dana performed possibly the most famous petty crime of all time robbing a Las Vegas video store for a total of \$164.00 because she could not pay her rent. A year later she spent a month at the state's expense for forging Valium prescriptions for 1000 pills. That sounds like a lot for one person, doesn't it? I would have thought it as well unless I hadn't heard her heartfelt testimony, "Yknow, they really helped. They really, really, really did." It's good to see that all those chemicals didn't affect her ability to be articulate! Wayne Newton, who had never met Dana, posted her the necessary \$13,000 bail. Now, call me cynical and lock me in a room with a crooner, but I think that Wayne's bedroom might have been having a bit of a dry spell at the time.

Dana was planning to get her career in order again by hosting the "Expo of the Extreme", something that her fiancé/manager Robert Menchaca had organised for her. After her death she was replaced by "Adult Film Star" Vixxen. If you want any further details about the event, you can visit this charmingly named web site: <www.mikehuntsonfire.com>. In fact it seems that Robert's enthusiasm to get Dana's life back on track may be the very thing that killed her! He had also organised an on air interview for Dana on the megalomaniac and porn preoccupied Howard Stern radio show so that she could formally respond to allegations made by a former flatmate that she was a lesbian with a drug and alcohol problem. Dana claimed to have been sober for the past 10 years but was still using painkillers for medicinal purposes after having some dental work carried out four months earlier. Now I've had some killer dental work done myself, and as much as I enjoyed my Fiorinol Dental Strengths, I could not have justified their usage for over 16 weeks. Regardless of this admission, Dana offered to go for a drug test several times during the interview and Stern even took a sample of her hair for diagnosis, but lost interest when he found out that they could not obtain instant results. Dana bravely faced being called an "ex-druggie, ex-con lesbian with mental health problems" but was reduced to tears when two fans rang up to support her.

This was all too much for Dana who took a fatal dose of painkillers and muscle relaxants (which had not been prescribed for her dental condition, but rather for back pain she claimed to have acquired in a car accident) the following day. She was found by her fiancé in their mobile home,

which was parked out the front of his parents house. It was ruled to be a suicide rather than an accidental drug overdose given that Dana had a history of suicide attempts and the level of drugs found in her body was astronomically high. However, I'm convinced that there's a conspiracy behind all of this! I believe her fiancé was taking advantage of the poor woman and trying to cash in on her any way he could. When he couldn't make any money out of her alive, he killed her, making it look as if she had committed suicide.



dana in better days, though the colonel sanders tie leaves a bit to be desired...

He is believed to have taken photographs of Dana while she was snoring. It was revealed later that this sound was actually her lungs filling up with fluid. That's just plain creepy. He has also attempted to contest her will which left the mobile home to her son Tyler, claiming that although the vehicle was in Dana's name, he had actually paid for it. Oh Robert! Didn't you know that possession is nine tenths of the law?

If you want to make yourself completely and utterly nauseous, visit <http://www.sitcomsonline.com/danaplato.html> for the Dana Plato Memorial web page complete with a sickly computer rendition of Celine Dion's "My Heart Will Go On" and that it does: on and on and on and on...

Then again you can always live in denial and check out the (now rather redundant) Dana Plato Birthday Countdown Page <http://www.fansites.com/countdown.cgi?1964,11,7,,,Dana%20Plato%20Birthday>

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