



- oms not bombs •
- bruce ruxton •
- detroit •
- more bloody cricket •
- ugg boots •
- cricketers arms •
- mr t •
- arcade games •
- pretty much all the all the usual stuff •

issue 5 of the
frigid/cryogenesis zine
january 98

ICY POLES

our first letter...

congrats on another great effort by the cyclic team fred nile is a real coup, raising the tone of the mag somewhat who'd have thought he'd be so cluey

to shed a little light on a possible source of the halucinogenic piss myth; i think it was g. wasson, preminent mycologist/linguist (what a combo), who first noted the practice amongst siberian shamen of munching on fly agaric (*amanita*) mushrooms (those red ones with the white dots that elves are said to chill out under), having a bit of a slash, then passing the results around amongst themselves before letting the rest of the tribe in on the action

apparently the shaman's livers acted as purifiers - filtering out the toxins but leaving the active constituents which took quite a few passes to break down

of course they were also continuing the time honoured tradition amongst those with the stash of hogging the goodies to themselves (don't try this @ home kids - fly agaric mushies have to be cured properly before they're safe for humans, as a rather hasty fellow experimental lifestylist who's been maintaining a fair approximation of sanity with the help of heavy duty psych drugs these last ten years can attest)

on the nutmeg recipe tip if you mix up your freshly ground nutmeg with about half an avocado + some pure sassafrass oil there's about a 50% chance of a mild extacy like high, though it goes all foul + black + tastes even worse than the straight nutmeg (fork out the \$45 on the real thing ya cheapskates) thanks to dan analogue for this recipe

lofi

THOUGHTS ON WEARING UGG BOOTS TO FRIGID

The wooly boots upon my feet
Make my walking life complete
They warm my toes and ankles too
So much better than a shoe
I shuffle sure along the street
Shock people with my hairy feet

Jumping, pumping, thumping rooms
Stripy pants and stripy tunes
Heavy beats with heavy sound
Keep furry feet right off the ground
Love the frantic rushing pace
The smile on hairy persons face

The thrum of bass beats to my sole
Makes the fur vibrate and take control
Smooth warm smother that I feel
Pulsing, jiving up my heel
Music cannot be complete
Unless you're wearing hairy feet.

Jono Schmatz 1998

(Frigid - we wish Jono all the best in his new Hong Kong home ...)



John Molnar's essential 1950s

John Molnar is one of the projectionists at the Dendy.

Unfortunately he is rather tardy and can't get around to writing a proper article so he's given Cyclic Defrost a list of films to look out for from several decades. This month we start with the 1950s. Some of these films we be in your local video shop, or screened as midday movies for you to watch when you are wagging work or school. For the others you might have to wait until the Encore Cinema decides to re-screen them.

1950 *The Asphalt Jungle* (a cool robbery film)

1951 *The Thing* (the original) *The Day The Earth Stood Still*, *When Worlds Collide* (the original Deep Impact), *The Enforcer* (very cool Bogart crime thriller)

1952 *High Noon*

1953 *War Of The Worlds*, *Robot Monster Invaders From Mars*, *House Of Wax*, *Beast From 20000 Fathoms*

1954 *Them!* (giant ants in the Nevada desert - made into a great Amiga computer game - eds) *Target Earth*, *This Island Earth*, *The Silver Chalice* (an epic with cardboard sets and Jack Palance) *Cat Women Of The Moon*, *Creature From The Black Lagoon*

1955 *The Killing* (a great Kubrick crime thriller) *Kiss Me Deadly* (brutal crime film) *Night Of The Hunter* (with Robert Mitchum as a nasty priest - excellent) *Tarantula*, *Revenge Of The Creature*, *It Came From Beneath The Sea*

1956 *Forbidden Planet*, *Earth vs The Flying Saucers*, *The Creature Walks Amongst Us*, *It Conquered*

The World, Invasion Of The Body Snatchers

1957 *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, *The Giant Claw* (with a giant monster turkey!) *The Monolith Monsters*, *The Amazing Colossal Man*, *20 Million Miles To Earth*



1958 *Queen Of Outer Space*, *Attack Of The 50 Foot Woman*, *The Seventh Voyage Of Sinbad* (the Cyclops and dragons galore!) *The Fly*, *The House On Haunted Hill*, *I Married A Monster From Outer Space*

1959 *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, *Invisible Invaders*, *Behemoth*, *The Sea Monster*, *The Four-D Man*, *Return Of The Fly*

Stay tuned for the 1960s in Cyclic Defrost Issue #6.

(from Schnews)
<http://www.cbuzz.co.uk/SchNEWS/>

BOYCOTT BACARDI - SUPPORT CUBA

Activists from the Cuba solidarity campaign have been subvertising Bacardi adverts around London as a boycott campaign against the drinks company. One activist told SchNEWS 'The adverts using the vibrancy of Cuba's music and culture to sell its rum hides the fact that although Bacardi promotes its Cuban roots vigorously, in reality it is a major opponent of the Cuban Revolution.' Before being booted out in 1959, the wealthy Bacardi family made huge profits out of the wretched poverty and hard labour of Cuban sugar workers. Today, based in the Bahamas and worth \$1.8 billion, Bacardi is a major backer of the illegal United States blockade of Cuba and its lawyers helped draft key sections of the Helms-Burton Act, which further tightens the blockade and demands the return of its lands and assets in Cuba seized by the Revolution. She continued 'Drinking Bacardi means supporting US aggression against Cuba. Drinking Havana Club rum, meanwhile, now produced in a joint venture between Cuba and the French company Pernod, actively helps supply hard currency to the Revolution. So avoid a hangover from the past - drink with a clear conscience and support the Cuban Revolution.'

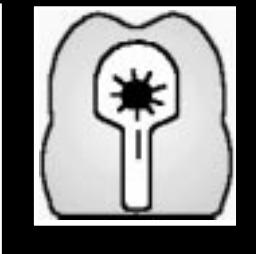
Rock around the Blockade,
c/o BCM Box 5909,
London WC1N 3XX tel
0171 837 1688.

**Reflections on a
program known as**

BACK ORIFICE

story by qpd011

The greatest security risk to the common internet user ever/
A new paradigm in computer communication/
Just another fucked up problem with Microsoft Windows



gram hinted at and sparingly previewed over the internet the few weeks prior. Perhaps not so anticipated was the effect the program would have on the greater personal computer using community.

In the main hall of the convention, its chief programmer 'Sir Dystic' held everyone's attention as he sat hunched up on stage over two laptops running Windows 98 and Back Orifice, their LCD displays projected onto huge screens behind him. Sir Dystic, a young dreadlocked cyberpunk wearing a feral-looking fractal green sweatshirt, then demonstrated how easy it was to secretly and remotely gain access and control over another Windows 95 or 98 computer. Excited whispering rippled through the crowd of crackers, hackers, warez d00dz, cypherpunks and security consultants. Strangely though, not a single Microsoft representative was there, though they had been told in advance of the program's release.

After the show Sir Dystic was swarmed by reporters. With more than a dozen microphones fighting for room close to his mouth, he was quoted as saying "The two main legitimate purposes for Back Orifice are remote tech support aid and employee monitoring and administering of a Windows network." He was guarded about saying anything else.

Well, seems harmless enough.

But if this is the case, why does the hackers group distributing the software (cDc) list its most recent member Sir Dystic as "Bill Gates No. 1 Enemy"?

Is he?

The events described were over five months ago now, and you could be forgiven for not noticing any effects its had in the press or on your own personal PC.

program on his/her computer by disguising it as a new game, or as a software upgrade for his/her word processor. It is already the case that hundreds of thousands of downloadable files on the internet have already been infected with Back Orifice, many of them unknowingly passed into legitimate distribution channels.

Back Orifice loads up as a groovy looking, simple to understand window. On one side you see the target's IP address (internet address) and on the other side you see a list of common commands like "Copy File" "View File" "Delete File" View Passwords (!)" and "System Lockup" among other more complicated commands that allow capture of streaming audio\video, re-direction of network communications and monitoring of attached peripherals (like your keyboard).

Ok. So now all you need to do is to find a computer infected with the server file. Well, if you work in a small business, you could always run it on your boss's computer, check out his files, surreptitiously give yourself a payrise and then blackmail him. But perhaps more innocent fun can be had simply by scanning your local portion of the internet. What's going on in the neighbourhood?

Within a few minutes of running Back Orifice myself (for review purposes only of course), I had found a target: a computer containing the required 'server' file and registered to someone by the name of 'Mary'. I had no idea who she is or where she lives, but I had access to the entire contents of her computer. By setting up a keylog command, I soon found out her internet access username and password as well as her ICQ username and password. Delving deeper into her hard disk I could read her CV and peep at the photos she took with her digital camera. Then, scanning through her hard disk, I, by chance, found another keylog file, set up by another (previous) hacker,

who turned out to be her 'boyfriend'. The boyfriend had essentially 'eavesdropped' on her icq conversations by recording all of her keystrokes over a certain time period. Check this out. This could be you.

[Send Online Message [User Is Away]] i've had my shower, still had to scrub my legs hard to get the blasted wax off ...

[RETURN] hey honey are you able to get into my stuff ?? if you can ... it really doesn't bother me as i have nothing to hide .. so tell me how has your day been ?? [par ->[Send Online Message]] [par oh i get it,,some someone has hacked

into my pc .. i have a message from someone .. just don't leave a virus will you ralph,, [par ->[Send Online Message]] [par ralph,, thank you for leaving the message ,,"fear not i am just looking", [RETURN] [RETURN] what a clever man you are .. boy i wish i could read your stuff,, ,that would interesting [par ->[Send Online Message]] [par hi richard,, i left my pc on while i slept and have had a message from someone i chat to that was on my task bar.. they have hacked into my computer .. is that possible and how ??? [par ->[Send Online Message]] [par honey are you there ?? please answer me if you are not busy as i

environment
amphibian
pfish

visuals
pulseblue
eyebite

Patrick HAF
Kazu Kimura
Stephan
Anthony Miller (bris)
Gabatron
DEMTEL
dj funkenstein
the scientist

Siren (bris)

16 . 01 . 1999

1900 922 746
INNER CITY VENUE
\$10 COVER - \$15 AFTER 11PM



want to give you a quick call.. i am facinated by all of this .. nope i'm not even mad .. can you read my emails also ? lpar ->["Send Multiple Recipients Message"] lpar [RETURN]by hacking into this,, can you see that i have not been playing up ?

You bet your boyfriend can read your emails. And because your boyfriend is one dumb-fuck, so can I.

I found this fairly frightening stuff. Which lead me to the question: Just who is the sick person here? The boyfriend, who copies the Back Orifice 'server' file onto her computer (maybe wrapped up as I Love You.exe?) so that he can eavesdrop on all her communication to find out if she's been cheating on him? Or is it actually me? The third party who eavesdrops again and then broadcasts the sad story of how 'Ralph Hacked Mary's Computer' to the public via this review? Well, I toyed with that thought for a few seconds, but soon realised god-dammit! I am a professional here, I have a duty, no, an obligation to share this information with you.

Well... the strange coupling of power and ease of use in Back Orifice is a mindtwisting high.....

Next on my list was a local university computer, a public access terminal used by a dozens of students everyday. No doubt the server file was either run accidentally on it by a wannabe hacker student playing with the program, or maybe by a more experienced user who wanted to use it the same way I used it: to obtain the usernames and passwords of students dial-ups. Free internet access for the both of us, including a shell account!

And then I found Ken, a sick pervert who had the addresses of kiddie porn web sites in his internet browser history, and a long list of alt.binaries.sicko on his hard disk. In the case of Ken, I decided to have a bit of fun: I sent him rude messages and threatened to arrest him (of course the police have a right to access your pc). Then I automatically opened up his browser at the site www.plannedparent-hood.com, before deleting a few

important system files and crashing his computer. No more internet for him.

You too can use Back Orifice. Believe me, its not complicated: learning how to create a simple spreadsheet in Excel is harder. I mean, have you ever used Microsoft Word 7? Doesn't that dancing paperclip piss you off? Back Orifice is a joy to use in comparison, and while it comes with limited documentation, the increasing popularity of the program has meant websites and usenet groups filled with tips and tricks are popping up everywhere. And besides, Back Orifice looks cool: the background textures to its main window are made up of fractals and 3D bitmaps and strange 'alternative' photos (I even saw one with a frame of Mr T from the A-Team) and they cycle around every few minutes. This really is a very 'kool' and '/<rad' program. The hacker group distributing it, "The Cult of the Dead Cow" are media whores who have left nothing to chance.

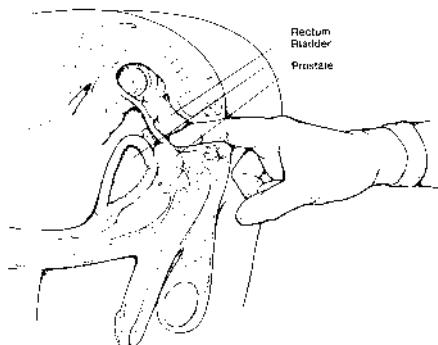
My bet is that Back Orifice will be around for at least a couple of years, a long time in the computer world. Already copycat programs are popping up everywhere. The most obvious, "NetBus", seems to be made for playing games with your victim: special buttons allow you to open and close the CD-Rom drive, swap the mouse buttons, take over the mouse yourself, and make your victim answer stupid yes/no questions before they can resume their work. I have a lot of fun with this at work, let me tell you.

Microsoft isn't nearly ready to plug up all the security holes discovered by that maverick hacker Sir Dystic, nor have they even acknowledged them yet, and even if patches and upgrades are made available to the general public, it is unlikely that many people outside of the computer industry will think to use them. And preventing any heightened awareness will be the Microsoft

publicity machine: avoiding the serious questions and re-assuring the concerned with slick tv commercials and million dollar corporate lunches.

So while hacking into Nestlé or BHP for a bit of public spirited eco-terrorism is still out of the question for the average high school student, hacking into your teacher's computer to find out tomorrow's exam questions isn't. In fact its pretty fucking easy. And don't think you're safe from it either (though if you use a mac I bet you're laughing your fucking head off right now). Check out some of the following websites for more information - I'm not gonna make it too easy for you.

And remember: Information wants to be free, and toys mould societies.



links

links to 'respectable' Back Orifice press reactions, and information on Cult of the Dead Cow can be found at

www.cultdeadcow.com

Tips and tricks, latest versions, copycat programs and protectors....

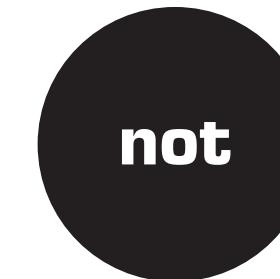
www.multimania.com/cdc/

For the security conscious, how to locate and remove Back Orifice from your computer

http://www.digifriends.com/dffocus/trojan_horses.shtml

qpd011

qpd011@usa.net



**updates and info
from the crew
via john jacobs
and pete strong**



Graffiti Hall of Fame threatened by new development

Graffiti hall of Fame is an inner city space in Sydney's industrial Alexandria that house several businesses as well as a place for Sydney's youth to gather. Whether it be a chance for promoters to stage events, DJs and musicians to play or graffiti artists to gather and create art the space has been important in the development of Sydney's diverse youth culture in the nineties.

Tony Spanos made the space available in 1990 and brought hope to local youth when he invited them to paint the courtyard with an amazing display of murals. This reduced gang tensions in the area by channelling youth energy into something positive. He has recently been taken to court over the usage of the world famous graffiti covered courtyard for dance parties. The draconian court action was prompted by pressure from non local developers whose only plan for Alexandria is to build hundreds of new housing units as they attempt to cash in on re-adjusting inner city land zoning to residential. The suburb will be adversely affected with the area lacking the infrastructure for this style of high-density housing. With its homegrown youth facilities, Graffiti Hall Of Fame stands in the way of these short sighted developer plans. High-density units cropping up all over Sydney have already lead to the loss of venues due to noise complaints. Do we really want to live in a city devoid of culture and community space? High density housing with no wider vision of interactive lifestyle is a recipe for disaster. While the battle for free space continues the wider campaign for a safe clean environment continues to grow.

Jabiluka - Catalyst for change

The government finally gave the green light for the controversial Jabiluka Uranium mine in Kakadu last year. With dollar signs in their eyes they pushed the proposal through quickly, ignoring environmental impact statements and strong opposition from the the Mirrar people, the local traditional owners. The Mirrar, whose land is

already been compromised by the existing Ranger mine, invited the public to join in opposition to the mine and a blockade was set up. The campaign that has consequently evolved has united people with a common vision, saying that enough is enough, this nuclear madness must be stopped. As well as the huge number of Jabiluka Action Groups that sprung up a number of other grass roots groups activated in opposition.

Oms Not Bombs

Oms not Bombs are a collective dedicated to raising awareness and people power energy towards a society liberated from the threat of violence and war to one that is in harmony with the universal energy and love. The collective has been active since 1995 and emerged from the creative explosion of the Vibe Tribe who brought a new consciousness to dance floors in the early nineties. Oms Not Bombs and the closely affiliated group, Organarchy Sound Systems, have continued to present liberationist ideas, and grass roots and environmental issues in the underground dance arena.

The Dig The Sound Not Uranium tour to Jabiluka in 1998 took a mobile sound system across the land to the mine site where Energy Resources Australia plan to build another earth-and-future-destroying Uranium mine against a united and majority opposition. The traditional owners have stated a resounding 'No' to the greed motivated proposal that threatens to poison Kakadu's pristine wetlands with radioactive waste for over 20,000 years.

The 4-month tour was made possible by the purchase of an old Wollongong State transit bus. This housed the mobile protest party equipment. The tour went from Sydney to Darwin via Canberra, Goolongook, Melbourne, Adelaide, Uluru and finally Jabiluka, connecting with many people along the way. The message that we don't want uranium mining was stated loud and clear. This and other liberationist and environmental messages were transmitted through voice

samples in the music and photocopied literature. We have collected hours of digital video footage, some of which was shown on the SBS Television show, alchemy . A larger portion will be edited for a documentary soon to be released.

From City to Kakadu- Dig the sounds not uranium

As the Jabiluka campaign gained momentum the Graffiti Hall crew helped keep a protest vigil going outside the Sydney offices of the company responsible for the mine



proposal. Dance protests featuring loud sound systems became frequent in the middle of Sydney's central business district.

Meanwhile, Oms Not Bombs were busily preparing to take the message to the road early in 1998. The crew travelled the country protesting and putting on anti-Uranium mine dance parties. As the Oms Not Bombs crew assisted actions at Darwin and Jabiluka the concept of Graffiti Hall of Fame was taken to the road as the Peace bus was reactivated and taken on its second mission to Jabiluka in early September 1998 . Now a ready to go mobile party machine the bus equipped with inbuilt DJ control centre and speakers in the luggage doors was hard to ignore as it wound its way up north. The huge Stop Jabiluka Mine letters that adorned the side of the Peace bus made it a billboard promoting a nuclear future for all.

The Peace bus briefly came together with the Oms Not Bombs Earth Defender bus in the

top end before the Oms bus was grounded due to engine difficulties. The peace bus continued the awareness-raising mission back to Sydney allowing the Oms Not Bombs crew to put on the remainder of events of the tour. The Peace bus has continued to assist and stage community events in Sydney and up and down the East Coast drumming up support for the next major project this summer.

Reclaim the beaches 99 - Yarndi Creation

Whist continuing to speak out against Jabiluka mine the Graffiti and Oms crew are planning a series of unifying beach parties starting off with a new years eve event at Avoca beach about one hour north of Sydney. These events are designed to bring youth together in solidarity with Indigenous folk in a free and healthy environment. Working closely with Aboriginal groups, the events will offer support where needed as money hungry developers threaten to consume coastal Aboriginal land. Under the name Yarndi Creation, the interactive multi-media events

will bring peoples energy together as a website documents the events and showcase home-grown products.

A surf board range featuring and crediting local Aboriginal artists has already been activated and a clothing label is in the pipeline. This will offer international recognition for local talent as well as giving people an outlet for developing their creativity. The beach events will encourage creativity and recreation; two proven healing pursuits. As our young folk become increasingly alienated in a society that puts profit before people,

an interactive and inclusive travelling festival is needed to draw people away from the self sabotaging excesses of drug abuse, violence and despair. It is becoming increasingly evident that our government and its predecessors have lost touch with the people. Over the years of colonisation an unworkable hierarchical system of government has raped the land and committed genocide on the Indigenous people. Lets now face the future and take a stand, live again in the Dreamtime and not this nightmare. As we approach the millennium we need a new attitude to the earth. We have the opportunity to forge a new set of values that are people and planet friendly and can act as a model for this world trapped in conflict and turmoil.

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Snail mail P.O. Box 998
Darlinghurst NSW 2010
Recorded info 1900 922746

The next best thing to a pipeline of rich country milk is a tin of Sunshine

PASTEURISED HOMOGENISED MADE BY NESTLE'S

SUNSHINE BRAND DAIRY FRESH FULL CREAM MILK

the case of the missing venue

by shannon kennedy

What great timing. On Saturday 27th of December, licensing police entered the Cricketer's Arms Hotel in Surry Hills and asked to see an entertainment license. As this was not forthcoming, they were ordered to turn off the music, and it now seems unlikely that anyone will take their place behind the decks in the near future.

For those unaware, the Cricketer's Arms is one of the few places in Sydney that you can hear progressive electronic music every night, 7 days a week. In the weeks leading up to the visit, DJs upstairs and down had been abused by an irate middle aged man gesticulating wildly about "turning off the music". It turns out that this man moved in behind the beer garden about 1 month beforehand, and had been agitating ever since.

The licensing police were brought into the picture when the man found 8 local residents willing to sign their names to a letter which the man then passed on to the authorities. The main point of concern was noise, of course, caused by music from inside and also by punters leaving the venue at midnight.

It is by no means the first time the Cricketer's has faced these problems. It was the pub's close proximity to homes that led to its 12am curfew and it was resident's complaints that led to comprehensive soundproofing of the pub and the employment of a security guard on busy nights to move punters from the area after close. These arrangements were reached as a result of consultation between the owners and residents.

The issue at hand is fucked up on a number of levels. Firstly, there was no consultation between the

residents and the pub, leading me to think that the angry resident was more interested in shutting the place down than reaching a compromise. Rather than running into the pub and shouting abuse, as he did on Christmas eve, perhaps the courteous thing to do would be ring the owners during the day and arrange a meeting. He is, after all, the newest kid on the block, and the Cricketer's Arms is one of the oldest.

Secondly, his actions are essentially futile. Licensing police made no reference to noise, only ordering that no live people were to make it. What this means is that a CD player or jukebox could still run through the house PA at the same volume. All this angry man has succeeded in doing is deteriorating the quality of the noise he's going to be "assaulted" with.

Thirdly, the whole situation brings into question the nature of entertainment licences. I mean, what the fuck is an entertainment license anyway? There's no cabaret, there's no show girls and dancehall orchestras, only DJs playing records. I don't know of any of those DJs being paid to do so, the ones I know of do it because they love the music and there's no other venue like the Cricketer's.

So, we wait anxiously to see what kind of stance the new owners will take on all this. Unfortunately they don't share the same passion for the music that the previous owners did, and no-one knows if they'll fork out the thousands of dollars needed to buy a



current clientele getting blind with bert newton while groovin to the state-of-the-art jukebox

license. Who could blame them, really. Music is such an intangible thing (how many people would be here without it? Is it just aural wallpaper?), whereas coin trays in pool tables and poker machines are full of real, hard currency.

I for one am not willing to watch such a vibrant place go the way of so many pubs in this city - turned into neon and pine "bars" without respect for the original inhabitants of the place (see the Crown Hotel) or converted into pseudo-seedy pokie palaces full of tobacco-stained middle Australian zombies. Fuck that! If it means a massive fundraising effort to buy a license, then so be it. I don't believe I'm the only one who goes there for the music.

If you feel the same way about this debacle, or if you have ideas on how to save a bastion of beats, call Shannon on 9369 5964.



Frigid @ The Newtown Globe

Frigid starts at the Globe this Sunday (that's 379 King Street kids) so here's a rundown of what's coming up and what's new.

WHAT'S NEW?

Frigid now runs from 7PM to MIDNIGHT. This means that the film will normally start screening at 7pm and the first act will play at 9pm. Frigid still costs \$3 to get in. We have no intention of raising the cover charge and all revenue is channelled into either Cyclic Defrost or other events for you people like Cryogenesis and any future Dung events. Frigid is using the downstairs section of The Globe. There is a full bar with a proper coffee machine as well as a movie screen, video projector and most crucially - \$2 pool. There are comfy chairs and maybe even cushions too but get in early to secure the best ones. The Globe has a rather unique arrangement with the Newtown gourmet pizza kitchen as well as Café 381 which means that you can all manner of reasonably priced delicacies for dinner. Further, dinner is available right up until the bar closes. Frigid will be having several double-floor nights where Frigid will be located downstairs and a complementary event will happen upstairs. If you are interested in running one of these then get in touch.

TRANSPORT?

The Globe is conveniently located about 50 metres down King St from Newtown Station. This means you can either catch a train to Newtown and walk down King St a little, or catch a bus from the city to Newtown Station. Buses that run from Castlereagh St in the city to Newtown are the 422, 423, 426, and 428.

**see back cover for bus
and train timetables.**

January Lineups

SUNDAY JANUARY 17

FILM - **The Tai Chi Master** (Jet Li)

The Tai Chi Master is one of the slightly lesser known films featuring the incredible acrobatics of Jet Li. Widely respected for his roles in Tsui Hark's Once Upon A Time In China series, Jet Li plays another of his 'historical' roles in the Tai Chi Master. Done in 1993 after Once Upon A Time it features fierce kung-fu scenes where Jet Li uses Tai Chi to counter the Iron Palm technique

SPECIAL GUEST - **The Telemetry Orchestra**

The Telemetry Orchestra are fresh from the release of their debut album Live Better Electrically put out through Clan Analogue. They will be looking to rock the place with their blend of cinematic breakbeats and rolling basslines so expect a set full of action to complement the film.

SUNDAY JANUARY 24

'UNOFFICIAL CHANNELS' CD LAUNCH

FILM - Point Blank

A 1967 classic, not to be confused with Point Break, starring Lee Marvin and Angie

'Policewoman' Dickenson. Lee Marvin gets double-crossed by his wife and best friend and what follows is a nightmare ride into the psyche of late-60s America.

SPECIAL GUEST - **The Grey Area**

This week we have The Grey Area playing live as part of the launch of the excellent local drum & bass compilation Unofficial Channels put together by Paradigms Lost. Apart from releasing a full length album on Psy Harmonics in 1997, The Grey Area have contributed tracks to several local and overseas compilations including the Freaky Loops CD. Now experimenting with drum & bass their set, their second at Frigid, should be most exciting. Unofficial Channels will be available for \$10 on the night.

SUNDAY JANUARY 31

FILM - **The Long Good Friday**

Featuring Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren, this 1981 classic is the first in our double-week special of British gangster movies. With an IRA theme running throughout this is an excellent look into the seedy London underworld of gang wars and political intrigue.

SPECIAL GUEST - **Crucial**

A favourite and semi-regular Frigid and Cryogenesis DJ, Crucial steps up to the plate for us at the Globe. One of Sydney's original junglists and member of Wicked Beats, Crucial has been at the forefront of local releases emanating from East Sydney. Now running his own label I-Rate Recordings Crucial is sure to let

loose some top tunes.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 7

FILM - **Get Carter**

Part two in our gangster double-header . . . Michael Caine in his 1971 role in the very best British gangster film. Complete with Roy Budd soundtrack that has coincidentally just been re-released. When Caine goes to the grim wasteland of Newcastle to avenge the death of his brother he encounters a lot more than he bargained for . . . much like going to Newcastle over here, really. A must-see classic.

SPECIAL GUEST - **Blaze**

Blaze is one of Sydney's most respected in the hip hop fraternity although his musical tastes stretch broadly across many genres. One of the instigators behind the Circa 88 parties, Blaze not only has one of the best record collections in the business but is never caught following trends. Expect a diverse genre-defying set tonight that shows that hip hop should be about creativity not boundaries.

COMING SOON - Kayla, Kai Green (In The Gingeroid) and Mark N

January/February

welcome

*to Techno City,
we hope you enjoy
your stay*

by Patrick H.A.F.
(haf@nitro.com.au)



On the 1st of October 1998, James Bond and I set off on a sabbatical to the 'Motor City' - Detroit, searching for inspiration, records and booty clubs.

Being the infrequent traveller that I am, the thought of jetlag was a foreign concept and for the mentally weak. I must now admit that I was beat into submission by shaolin style jetlag, and I hang my head in shame. I saw 3 sunrises before I passed out, but not before staying a sleepless night in Inglewood, L.A. (scene of the LA Riots), experiencing the great service of TWA *cough*, the madhouse that was St. Louis airport and to top it off seeing AUX 88 play live in Detroit for their album launch.

Looking out the airplane window whilst descending into Detroit reminded me of what Dresden looked liked after the allied WWII bombing raid. Grey, run-down, barren, desolate. I was speechless. This image will be burnt into my memory for the rest of my life. It replicated itself constantly whilst I was in Detroit. From downtown Detroit to the surrounding expanse of ghetto, the price of the decline in the automobile industry and the aftermath of the 1968 riots was prevalent.

Downtown Detroit is like an industrial ghost town. Even though the majority of big businesses are

located in downtown, it was quiet. Workers never seemed to stray too far from their work places. In between modern office blocks and exquisite turn of the century buildings, it wasn't uncommon to see burnt out, disused buildings littered throughout the city. It seems that no one has the money to demolish these buildings and erect new ones and even if they did, who would occupy them?

I could now start to understand the reasoning behind the moody strings and the hard industrial rhythms of Detroit techno. But I was just about to get a first hand experience of the 'real' Detroit.

We were lucky enough to be able to hang out with Mike Banks from Underground Resistance for a week. Mike is truly the most amazing person I have ever met. He has unrivaled devotion to his family, his music and the community. He seemed flattered that someone had travelled so far to visit Detroit and to meet him. I travelled so far to thank him for the inspiration that he has given me throughout the years, and for the music he so proudly repre-

sents.

After showing us around Submerge (his distribution company) and after I bought way too many records, we headed off to experience the 'real' Detroit. We drove through the seemingly endless sprawl of suburban ghetto. Along the way he shared many stories and experiences that has shaped himself and on a bigger scale Detroit. What he shared with me will never be repeated, but it has changed the way I think about absolutely everything.

Social segregation is very distinct in Detroit. It's amazing that the only thing separating the ruins of the ghetto and the mansions with Bentley's in the driveway is one road. It's like an invisible force-field. Whites don't go to the predominantly black areas and the blacks don't dare go to the rich suburbs (especially after dark.. take a second to think about that). In a city with 85% black population, I now know what it felt like to be a minority.

Many days and nights were spent driving through different parts of Detroit with Mike and various members of UR, seeing, learning

and hearing many new things. Two things that I saw that evoked emotion were the 'Heidelberg Project' and the Malice Green memorial. The Heidelberg Project is a street that has been transformed by artist Tyree Guyton into the most amazing outdoor art



environment. Coloured dots are painted on the roads, houses, trees and cars. Old tv's are transformed into robotic statues, trees are covered in old shoes and toys. It has to be seen to be believed. But maybe for not too much longer. The Mayor is keen to demolish the whole street, he argues that all the 'junk' attracts rodents and vermin. Check out <http://www.heidelberg.org> to experience the project and to voice your support.

Malice Green was beaten to death by white two police officers in 1993. A mural was painted at the scene of his death, and there is never a day that goes by that there aren't flowers and people paying their respects to a man that had suffered the injustice and the abuse of power by the boys in blue.

With Detroit being labelled as 'Techno City', it is amazing that it's virtually impossible to hear any Detroit techno being played in clubs or on the radio. It became very apparent that the sound that Detroit pioneered has been totally overlooked by its hometown and the USA as a whole. The true sound that really represents Detroit is booty music, also known as Ghetto Bass or Techno Bass. Ghetto/Techno Bass is funky and fast electro, often with

nasty vocals and samples played mostly at +8... FAST!. At the clubs and over the airwaves, it's mixed in with hip hop and R&B. Possibly you're wondering why it's also called Booty music, well, if you ever get to see how the ladies dance to the music you'll fully understand. I've NEVER seen an ass shake that fast in my life! It's a mind expanding experience, i assure you!:) Bass is big business in Detroit, with many labels that are unheard of in

Australia (or elsewhere). Labels like Databass, Twilight 76, Electrofunk, just to name a few. Some of the artists on these labels get regular airplay on local commercial radio stations alongside Madonna and Michael Jackson records.

beyond belief. Almost every back catalogue, hard to find record was available. A trainspotters wet dream. With most records costing around \$5US, I had a box of new records in about 2 days with lots of money left to burn!

With 10 days in Detroit, eating lots of fast food and meeting most of the pioneers of the Detroit scene, it was sad to leave the many new friends and the city that has influenced me musically for so many years. It's safe to say that I'll be back in the Motor City in the not to distant future.

PS: The most memorable moment in Detroit was visiting a synth store and watching Mike Banks belt out a few tracks off UR's Nation2Nation, Red Planet 2 and then gliding across into the most amazing and soulful gospel music I've heard on a Korg Synth. Needless to say I was a dribbling mess.



above left and right: two of the painted houses in the heidelberg project

With the record stores in Detroit being few and far between, it was a mission getting to each of them. Public transport is virtually non existent, as the motor car reigns supreme. When we did finally manage to get to the record stores, the selection was

Agent Patrick H.A.F.
"The Sentinel"
Southern Outpost.
<http://www.so.nitro.com.au>

the cricket tragic rides again

by miguel d'souza
cricket correspondent



Isn't cricket the best? Just a month's worth of watching since the last net session for the cricket tragedies and look at all the juicy stories that this sport, one of the few bright spots the British Imperials bestowed on the world, can cough up. Mark Waugh and Shane Warne, hang those empty heads in shame, how could you betray the believers of this world and let Salim Malik, (still terrorising test attacks, last seen hammering Lahore to victory with 149 against Zimbabwe) stand alone as the bookies' best friend. Similarly, the South African test establishment are finally being called to account by the United Cricket Board of South Africa for racial inequities in first-class and test level teams. Predictably, the issue of players being picked on merit rather than colour is being brought up.

The Ashes, the Ashes, the Ashes. And plenty more from the sport that takes a slab-sided bat to the ridiculous merging of sport and entertainment effected by the cable-imperialists of this era of digital-colonialism. Like the wicked editorial by Elmo Rodrigopulle in the Sri-Lankan daily news of Wednesday December 9th, who wrote that 'In this ugly episode

the simple question that is asked is: why do only the Australian umpires see the villain in Muralitharan's action? The world's number one off-spinner has never been called in all other Test playing countries. So why are the Aussie umpires hounding him?'. Elmo must've read the last edition of Cyclic Defrost, and agreed that in both the Muralitharan issue and the betting scandals, the ACB has applied a distinctly racist approach. Refusing to send Australians who we now know have dealt with bookmakers to Pakistan on the grounds that it wouldn't be safe was enough of an insult to the Pakistani people and their judicial system. They sent those same players there six months later to contest the World Cup, but the irony of that one seemed lost on the ACB.

What with Ricky Ponting admitting he told his manager and no-one else that he had been offered a bribe a few weeks later, it was no wonder they launched an inquiry into gambling in cricket in the last days of 1998.

None of this should have distracted the earnest cricket follower from the fact that the month of December was one of those erot-

ic times of year when no less than four test series were being fought (though that's stretching the definition of the intensity of the cricket involved in some cases). As well as the flaccid defence the English offered the thorough, rampaging Australians, cricket was being played in Pakistan, where the disintegration of top-line Pakistani cricket is continuing, with Zimbabwe winning the only test out of the scheduled three to make the distance; New Zealand, where the lowly rated local side are playing host to India; and South Africa, where the West Indies are continuing their downward spiral against the seemingly yet to be reformed from apartheid South African cricket board.

Picture this for a series win, Zimbabwe score a shock win over the traumatised, infighting Pakistani team, only to sit out the second and third matches due to fog. In the second match, after captain Aamer Sohail didn't start the match due to a 'fever', which in Pakistani-cricket-speak this time meant he had a row with one of the selectors and walked out on the team. Despite local meteorologists insisting this was bad time of year to hold tests in Lahore, the

Pakistani team were disappointed when after bowling out the Zimbabweans for 183 and reaching 5 for 211 by the morning of the third day fog rolled in and blanketed the Gaddafi stadium in Lahore (yes, it is named after Muammar, Lion of Libya) for the next three days. Finally, in Rawalpindi, with the Pakistani team surely having nightmares about the headlines when Zimbabwe won their first ever test series away from home, fog snuffed out all five days, with the match called off on the fourth day. How many times in history has a team won a series after securing a win in the first match, before kicking back to let the fog do the work? Or more appropriately, and considering this is a cricket article, what are the odds of that?

Meanwhile, in South Africa, the West Indies' situation is getting worse. For all of us that saw cricket in the 80's, the West Indies team have a special place. It didn't mean shit that Australia could invite, and usually beat, almost everyone else here, the West Indies cricket teams of the 1980s were so packed with talented cricketers and so well led that they became the modern era's 'invincibles'. In a white country like this one, tall, powerful, striding black men conjured up so much out of an Australian populace so unused to black people of any kind. These cricketers hammered Australia's best without apparent effort; fielding was elevated many levels higher than it had ever been, while chief strategist Clive Lloyd, alongside lieutenants like Malcolm Marshall, Andy Roberts and Joel Garner and batting's greatest, Viv Richards, were simply too capable of winning matches on their own. Sadly for 1998's variant, discipline has proved lax, and many people around the world realise exactly how much hard work went on behind the scenes to compliment the talent and brains of the 80's version.

The Caribbean still produces awesome cricketers with character and ability that seems missing from entire teams (like England, for instance); the current team includes players like the fast-bowler Nixon McLean, whom Australians haven't seen the best of, as well as Shivnarine Chanderpaul, of whom they have. But the current team also features some interesting names, like Junior Murray, now re-born as an opening batsman, as well as Philo Wallace, whose career could simply be described as 'reborn'. Philo Wallace made his one-day international debut in 1991-2 in Pakistan, returning there only in the 1997-8 season for his test debut - five years milling about in the Caribbean waiting for a test debut! He's since played four tests, for an average of 34, and is yet to make his debut century. It is arguable that Philo Alphonso Wallace's example could show that there isn't a shortage of depth in West Indian cricket. It's just that there seems to be a generation that has deserted cricket in the Caribbean, and cricket has to attract many back. The domestic first-class competition, the Busta Cup (yes, that's its name) features three-day matches between the Windward Islands, the Leeward Islands, Trinidad and Tobago, Guyana, Barbados and Jamaica. The West Indies have turned to one-day cricket to bring the fans back in recent years and the Red Stripe Bowl also fea-

tures Bermuda and the United States of America in a round-robin tournament. The problems for Caribbean cricket appears to be money, or the lack thereof, in domestic cricket, which means fewer youngsters choose cricket over competing sports like basketball and football. Hopefully having a one-day tournament when small, cash-strapped but imaginative and inventive nations can hammer the USA in a sport will attract the kiddies back, and give us nostalgics a return to the days when order in the cricket world was maintained by the coolest cricketers to walk the planet. It's easy to forget in this current era of Oakley blades and multicolour tracksuits with baseball caps for training that the West Indies introduced the world to what professionalism could do for cricket, raising fielding, batting and bowling standards to new levels. Not to mention such great names as Ellis Edgar Achong, better known as 'Puss' Achong, who



The big man Philo Wallace hits out in his innings of 103 in the final of the 1998/99 Wills International Cup against South Africa.

played six tests for the West Indies in the 1930s, as well as umpiring one in 1953. When Achong had the English player RWV Robins stumped by wicketkeeper Barrow at Old Trafford in 1933 with one of his slow left-arm googlies, the batsman said to the West Indian player Learie Constantine as he walked back to the pavilion, 'fancy being out to a bloody Chinaman', to which Constantine replied, 'you mean the ball or the bowler?'. History has recorded the ball, but has cleaned up the bit about the bowler. For Puss Achong's former team over in South Africa, trailing a three test series by 2-0 (at the time of writing) means they await an Australian tour

after a poor few months of cricket.

No predictions yet, there's plenty of data to analyse in between.

But we were talking about series currently being played. In New Zealand, the first test was washed out after three days' rain at Carisbrook in freezing Dunedin [matches shouldn't be played at this site as

cricket is usually accepted as being a summer sport]. Australian-born New Zealand coach and former Australian and New South Wales wicketkeeper Steve Rixon appeared to be accusing the Indians of something when he said of the Indians refusing the match referees' offer of an extra day's play, 'I just don't understand why they wouldn't want to play. We're supposedly the under-dogs. I would have thought they would have been keen to get out there and prove it. You can't wing games of cricket sitting in the dress-

ing room.' Don't you just love a good cricket whinge? Touring cricket teams, by international regulations, have a right to turn down such requests. After the first test in Brisbane, a big deal was made about the fact that the English team had refused to allow lights to be used when light is bad. English players don't have any experience domestically with a red ball under lights, so it's understandable (though still a shame) they won't give it a go here. Similarly, Indian team management exercised its right to alleviate the stresses of restarting a match that would finish three days before the start of the next one. Suffice to say, Rixon's bit of sledging got forgotten by the time the first ball got bowled. In other news in New Zealand, Chris Pringle retired from international cricket.

And Sachin Tendulkar is so close you can almost feel his presence.

But first, the first test review, and further to the idea that the 'killer pitch' is back, thank you to the WACA for its venomous track of green that turned 156 grams of leather and string into a bullet fired by fast bowlers enthusiastically sending down off-cutters for hapless batsmen to chase. Huge scores are great and all that, but once in a while why not let some 21 year-old with zip to I'm referring to Alex Tudor, England's star debutant, who apparently took his first test wicket at 5am English time, just in time for his mother to see when she rose. His father, his life-long cricket coach, who works as a security guard at Surrey's cricket ground where Tudor plays, was quietly confident his son would show out. Hopefully Tudor will be spared the sort of treatment that befell Devon Malcolm, a hugely under-rated fast bowler who once walked out on the English team during and tour of South Africa because of excessively critical comments by coach Ray Illingworth about his action, as well as other 'special treatment' dished out only to Malcolm. Malcolm always maintained Illingworth had encouraged a racist atmosphere, which made it difficult for him to perform.



Tendulkar smashing Australian bowling around the park. The most beautiful man in Australian cricket looks on. Just off screen Waugh and Warne are placing bets.

why I hate drum 'n' bass

by bruce ruxton



bruce in better times
twiddling knobs at
the 94' RSL
annual dinner

I hate d'n'b coz it is so mid 90's. I could tell from miles away it was going to be just another passing fad like hula-hoops and such (you know - for kids!).

I mean, what's wrong with military bands and oompah music, heh? There's nothing quite so stirring, arousing even, as seeing a man play bagpipe, pipe in mouth, whilst gently squeezing the sack.

Talk about jungle, it's more like Deep Forest it's so light-weight. You guys wouldn't last 5 minutes on the Kokoda trail. And you'd burn to a crisp in Desert Storm with your pasty faced monitor tans gained from all night headphone composition sessions.

At least military bands get some exercise and discipline when making music. All those mouse clicks will get you is RSI. And don't get me started on the detrimental effects to eyesight from excessive knob twiddling.

All that sophisticated computer hardware should be put to better use than bloody running Cubase. We could use the extra processing time for battle simulations or missile targeting. God knows we need ed it in Desert Fox.

Now you may think I'm being narrow minded, but I can assure you I'm not. Now there, how's that for a compelling argument?

Oh, we tried electronic music to

inspire the troops, we did. At Gallipoli, we used the communications equipment to play music, and hired runners to carry urgent messages instead. Our advisors led us to believe that Oxygene by Jean-Michel Jarre would help, but it only made them run in slow motion. Carnage! I blame it all on timestretching.

Another problem I have with d'n'b is MC's. Where do these guys get off? Personally I'd rather be run through with a bayonet than be subject to their egotistical rantings for more than a femtosecond. I've started a new scheme, it's called VC's for dead MC's.

Two words: The Prodigy. These guys represent a lot of things that are wrong with d'n'b. First of all, drugs. Too much fucks with your aesthetic. I mean there's nothing wrong with dabbling on special occasions, I confess to smoking a bit of grass to calm the nerves after the heat of battle, but they generally make you worse, to quote the Verve. We tried some admittedly dodgy experiments to instill bloodlust in 'Nam, but the results (as seen in the Jacob's ladder doco) were catastrophic. Musical taste dropped to an all time low. In a scientific trial, drug affected vets were 11.6 times more likely to enjoy the music of the Grateful Dead than the control group. I'm sure the results could be duplicated with d'n'b. And it's two faced of the Prodigy to exoticize drug use with tracks like "Charly" and all their psychotic antics and then turn

it around and make it seem like intelligent social commentary by saying how "jilted" we have become as a result.

And secondly, raves. The only positive influence raves have had on dance music is to bring it to a wider audience. OK, so many of us had an embarrassing trial period at raves, I still fondly remember the old RSL raves. But the point was to see how quickly you realised it was totally vapid. In fact, IQ has been shown to be in inverse proportion to how many raves it takes to leave the scene.

At least hip-hop, electro, techno and house had formative periods that preceded raves. And in those big outdoor fields, you're sitting ducks to air attacks. Far better to party in dark basements with a minimum of lighting.

But really kids, myself, like Wilfred Owen, we're pacifists at heart. War is a whole lot of chaos and fury and may look exciting at the time, but signifies nothing. A bit like d'n'b, a whole lot of sounds in search of a meaning, filling our lives with emptiness. The aesthetic of bright lights and flashing colours.

The most beautiful piece of music I know is The Last Post. Its profundity lies in making us aware of that tragedy, so that we may not make the mistake of returning. Lest We Forget.

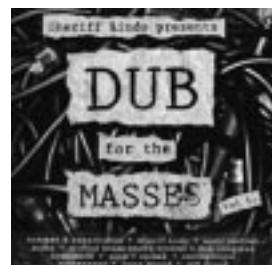
january picks

with your host
Yellow Peril



ARCHITECHTRONIC

STUDIO 1



Low Key Operations Architechtronic

(Zonar Recordings/MDS)

Some of you may remember that LKO played a set at Frigid mid last year and in the months subsequent he's been working flat out on this, his 2nd album, Architechtronic. A furious slew of sharp metal beats crash head-on into floating melodies and rolling swells of bass resulting in a sound that is part Beaumont Hannant and part Autechre. Top quality stuff from north of the border.

Mike Ink Studio 1

[Studio1/Profan]

Throughout 1997 Cologne's Mike Ink started working on a minimalist project outside of his orchestral drone project Gas. Titled Studio 1, he released a series of colour-coded 12"s which were conveniently compiled onto one CD. Using 4/4 beats run through delays and effects the Studio 1 project is similar in minimal style to Plastikman and Thomas Brinkmann (who incidentally released a remix disc of these very tracks). Not a lot happens in the tracks apart from some swinging rhythms and basslines, but that's exactly the point. Top stuff.

East Flatbush Project Tried By 12 Remixes

(Chocolate Industries/Ninja Tune)

Apparently one of the best hip hop tunes of 1997, Tried By 12 has been completely overhauled by a swag of remixers. There are two versions of this out and about and they look nearly identical. The original Chocolate Industries release has 12 mixes whilst the Ninja Tune version only has 8. Amongst the remixers are Autechre, Funkstörung, Bisk, Phonica, Freeform and best of all, Squarepusher, who ups the tempo on the rhyme by cutting the gaps between words resulting some rather odd phrasing in the .

Various Dub For The Masses Volume 1

(Creative Vibes)

Compiled by Sheriff Lindo, Dub For The Masses is one of the best local comps around at the moment with excellent digital dub action from Atone, Hypnoblob, Jeff Dread and the Sheriff himself amongst others. Deep bass lines and a variety of rhythms make this an essential lounge room pick and no doubt one to be heavily played at Frigid.

Having trouble obtaining these? If its a local release then ask your local store to order a copy even if they are reluctant to. If its on import then try Good Groove or Reachn or Synesthesia in Melbourne whose prompt delivery and good pricing make it worth the effort of visiting their website - www.synsound.base.org

Yellow Peril

more arcade classics

Moon Patrol

(Williams 1982)

This was in my local Balmain laundromat for about two years and I couldn't count the number of coins I pumped into the machine over that time. It was such a simple concept, with the combination of moving, shooting and jumping all at once a bit like patting your head while rubbing your tummy, and with the laundromat owners setting the machine at maximum difficulty it tended to prove quite a task. The simple single colour graphics and the rather pathetic end sequence hardly make the game worth 'clocking' but the theme music is annoyingly catchy.

Phoenix

(Taito 1980)

Moon Patrol was eventually replaced by Phoenix, which must have meant that the laundromat had gotten a Phoenix machine at a really cheap price given that it was a much older game. Phoenix was one of the pretty crappy Space Invaders clones that came out in the golden years of arcades. There were lots of aliens to kill and a big mothership which had a rotating ring you had to blast through to reach its inner core and the rest of the aliens.

Alien Syndrome

(Sega 1987)

A multiplayer classic based loosely on the Aliens movie, Alien Syndrome had this awesome three player mode which never got properly done in any of the 'home computer' versions of the game (on the C64 and Amiga). In the arcades, though, it was great with

some cool weapons like the laser that passes through your enemies allowing for multiple kills, and the flamethrower for a kind of radial death spray.

Hyper Sports & Hyper Olympics

(Konami 1984 & 1983)

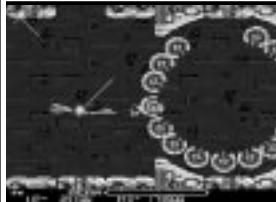
Remember those velcro wallets that you used to own? Well quite a number of us also ripped them up playing these games (or developed pre-teen RSI). Also one of the first proper multi-player games it raised an unhealthy competitive spirit in many of us too. With only three buttons as controls (two for running and one for jumping/throwing) it is a wonder that the machines lasted more than a few days in the arcades. People would furiously bash the buttons to make their little athlete run fast, faster, faster competing in everything from 100m dash, hurdles, long jump and javelin (Hyper Olympics) to swimming, skeet shooting, gymnastics and archery (Hyper Sports).

R-Type

(Konami 1988)

Probably the best ever shoot-em up alongside Nemesis, R-Type had everything from incredible power-ups to the craziest end of level baddies. Not only that it ate coins like nothing else because every level had to be carefully planned in order to get through, especially on the level which required you to navigate an enormous spaceship blowing up little bits of it here and there. R-Type had a sequel but it was never as good as the original.

Yellow Peril



from top: phoenix, moon patrol, hyper olympics, alien syndrome and r-type.

dear degrassi.

Well, my little dears, Degrassi is back to answer any troubling questions you may have about being a troubled teeny bopper, Simon Le Bon's hair products or trashy sit coms from the 80's! I hope you were all good and Santa brought you all the Magic Sand you could possibly want and your very own game of Hungry Hippos (so you don't have to share it with your snotty nosed little brother who keeps mistaking the balls for Cool Mints). I can tell you I'm very happy with my Disco Mat (it

plays a different note depending on which part of the mat you step on) and my inflatable Incredible Hulk doll that bursts out of its cage and its velcro shirt! Oh why don't they make toys like that any more? Nintendo 64 and Play Station just can't compete with a Barbie Fashion face or a pole with a tennis ball attached to the top with a piece of string!

Don't forget to leave you questions for me with the door bitch at Frigid each week or email them to:
degrassi@unsw.edu.au

Dear Degrassi,

I was going through my big brother's old clothes the other day and I found a T-Shirt with some guy called BA Baracus on the front and the words 'The A-Team' on the back. What does it all mean?

Dazed and Confused

Where have you been, fool? A person as ignorant as you does not deserve such a fine article of clothing! Drop it off to me at Frigid immediately! You were obviously born after 1st January, 1980 and have never seen cable television in your life (you poor deprived little thing!). Well, for your information BA Baracus (the B A stands for 'Bad Attitude') is played by Mr T and is a character from the show The A Team.

We'll start with a little background information about Mr T then, shall we? Born in Chicago in 1952, Mr T was originally called Laurence Tureaud but he later changed it by deed poll Mr T so that people would have to address him as 'Mr'. He had many jobs before becoming an actor, including being a military policeman and a

professional footballer with the Green Bay Packers. He later became a body guard for the likes of Muhammed Ali (like he needed one?), Michael Jackson, Diana Ross [aren't they one and the same?] and Steve McQueen. With a business card boasting 'Next to God, there is no better protector than I', how could you hire anyone else? Of his clothing style at the time, he was quoted as saying "I was a very dapper dresser; I shaved my head, wore derby hats, white gloves, 3-piece suits, carried a cane. I never went any place without a fresh carnation or a rosebud in my lapel." Mmmm, stop it Mr T, you're turning me on! He later changed his style dramatically after reading National Geographic and seeing the Mandinka warrior that was the inspiration for his now famous hair cut!

He was finally discovered by Sylvester Stallone in 1982 whilst competing in the 'World's Toughest Bouncer Contest'. Sly created a part in Rocky III for him which proved to be a spring board for a number of mediocre acting appearances, including BA Baracus in The A Team.

Fame cannot last forever, and now Mr T has been re-baptised, was diagnosed with Lymphoma about a year ago and is now bankrupt. It is hard to believe that a man whose gold jewellery alone was estimated to be worth \$300,000 and who earned \$80,000 per episode and \$15,000 for a public appearance while shooting The A Team, could get into so much financial trouble. Maybe he ate too much of his favourite food - triple decker hamburgers (mmmmmm did somebody say Elvis?)

I will let Mr T sum up life with a couple of quotes: "Any man who don't love his momma can't be no friend of mine." And who can forget his famous self esteem building line to Arnold Drummond in his special appearance on Diff'rent Strokes: "You gotta be your own original."

Do the Mr T Toughness Test at: <http://www.uidaho.edu/~kowa9693/MrT/tough.htm>

Check out the Mr T Shopping Extravaganza at: <http://www.uidaho.edu/~kowa9693/MrT/shop.htm>

Join the Mr T Fan Club at: <http://www.geocities.com/TimesSquare/Alley/6026/MrT.html>

I'm afraid you'll just have to wait until the next edition of Cyclic Defrost to find out more about The A Team. It simply wouldn't be fair on Hannibal, Face Man or Murdoch if I started to tell their stories now.



mr t. shows his many faces;
from top: tough guy;
tough guy with chains
and no shirt; tough
guy with gun; and
really tough guy with
tough hair and tough
smile (or is that just
him squinting into the
sun?)

frigid

**THE GLOBE VENUE
NIGHTCLUB
379 KING STREET
NEWTOWN
Phone - 9519 0220**

BUSES

422 To Frigid -
Circular Quay 18:20;
Railway Square 18:32;
Frigid 18:42
then hourly
Last bus back to city 22:07

423 To Frigid -
Circular Quay 18:40;
Railway Square 18:52;
Frigid 19:02
then every 30 mins
Last bus back to city 23:17

426 To Frigid -
Circular Quay 18:30;
Railway Square 18:42;
Frigid 18:52
then every 30 mins
Last bus back to city 22:57

428 To Frigid -
Circular Quay 18:30;
Railway Square 18:42;
Frigid 19:52
then every 30 mins
Last bus back to city 22:37

TRAINS

TRAINS TO NEWTOWN

Town Hall - 6:29
Central - 6:32
Newtown/Frigid 6:39

Town Hall - 6:59
Central - 7:02
Newtown/Frigid 7:09
[then every 30 minutes]

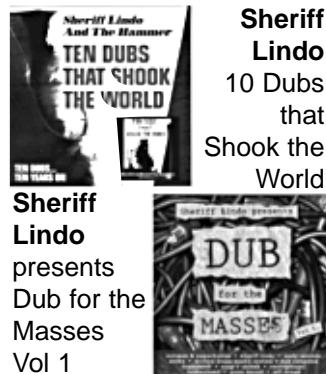
TRAINS FROM NEWTOWN

Newtown/Frigid - 11:15
Central - 11:23
Town Hall - 11:26

Newtown/Frigid - 11:45
Central - 11:53
Town Hall - 11:56
Newtown/Frigid - 12:15
Central - 12:23
Town Hall - 12:26

Newtown/Frigid - 12:45
Central - 12:53
Town Hall - 12:56

eskies



Sheriff
Lindo
10 Dubs
that
Shook the
World

Sheriff
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