

K

issue 11
JULY/AUGUST

Kodwo Eshun
Knightrider
Kults
Kenny
Kooking
Kristians
Kourgettes
plus all your
favourite krusty
regulars



Stunted Motion is a bi-annual screening of short films held at the Three Weeds Hotel in Darlinghurst. The evening is hosted by The College of Fine Arts, UNSW's Temporal Visual Arts Society.

The screening aims to expose new, short time based works, and welcomes all genres including experimental, narrative, home videos, music clips and student works and documentary. For this it's first screening, held on the 7th September 1999, applications are now open.

Conditions

The organiser's of Stunted Motion do not impose any selection process over works submitted. Length and subject are also unrestricted.

All works submitted must include a short blurb on paper that contains the title of the piece (if it has one), the artist's name and contact details.

Format must be VHS.

Works should be either be delivered in person or sent (attn: Stunted Motion) to:

Student Association - D Block
The College of Fine Arts, UNSW
Cnr of Greens Rd and Oxford St
Paddington, Sydney.

P.O. Box 269 Paddington
NSW, 2021, Australia

Videos to be returned to sender by mail should include a stamped, self addressed envelope, or be picked up from the Resource Center following the screening date.

Applications close 31st August. Student Association 9331 5902.

STUNTED
MOTION



edi... ..orial

mediocrity and props

About a month ago I went to what was supposed to be the grand finale of the Urban Xpressions festival. Blackalicious were appearing 'live' (if you can count one MC rhyming over some under-produced dubplates accompanied by a backing vocalist live). And all around The Metro everyone was giving each other massive props. Most of all to the sponsors of the event, without whom Sydney hip hop wouldn't be where it was today. Excuse me while I vomit.

Financed by record companies and jeans manufacturers trying to capture lost markets, Sydney hip hop, as it was portrayed that night, seemed like a small bunch of inward-looking naïve fools. Boxed in by stylistic demands to keep it real and the collective inability to represent the diverse geography of this city, Sydney hip hop barely registers as more than a corporate blip on the surface of the youth market. The real money lies, apparently, in the R&B market, with its designer sportswear fetishes and multicultural conspicuous consumption. The big joke is that by financing an underground hip hop scene, the big companies think Sydney hip hop is bigger than it

is. Of course, they conflate the whiter-than-white, thirty-something success of shoutie rappers—the Beastie Boys—with the underground.

Sydney hip hop is more accurately represented by the collective output of Blaze & Phibes' Parallax View label and Elephant Traks—two labels that get more airplay from non-hip hop radio shows than by the real hip hop shows. In Elephant Traks' case they don't even get respect from the real hip hop underground—no doubt because they don't have the street credentials and smalltown paranoia of those keepin' it real. Also, Parallax view and Elephant Traks are labels that get little assistance from any industry—music or fashion.

Anyway, we're here at issue 11 of Cyclic Defrost and we don't have to rely on adverts to stay alive, which is good because if we did we'd be fucked.

In this issue there are all the reviews that should have been in last month's issue, plus lineups right up until early August including our 3rd birthday special on August 1st and several international guests.

Also, by the time Cyclic #12 is out, two more in our series of limited edition 3 CDs will have been released, so keep an eye on the discography section at www.snarl.org to stay informed.

Yellow Peril

This issue of Cyclic Defrost brought to you by the fact that Sydney council are employing people to stand in Sydney because of the supposed danger of falling rubble, and yet we can have the streets blocked off to welcome home 15 sledging bigots (with at least two cheats) for winning a sporting competition. Nostradamus predicted the end of the world...I predict the end of taste and dignity come september 2000.

FUCK THE OLYMPICS

cover: is that an Argentinian Bible study pamphlet or an ad for tele cafe? Look out for the special anniversary edition next month...

If you move, or want to contribute, comment or advertise, please contact the editors:

subbass@snarl.org
or
daleha@cia.com.au

or, if you must
Sub Bass Snarl,
PO Box A2073
Sydney South, 1235

lookout for questionnaire/
subscription forms next issue

size matters...

Limited edition 3" cds are here. Released every month and 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. Hand made packaging (and hand made recording), each individually numbered. Collect the whole set...

frozen blueberries out soon

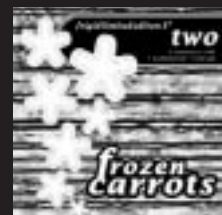
1

DDL
Tooth
Jonny Phive
uBin



2

vtek
overcast
spinwarp
brothelowner



frost free GO

film giveaway:

It's about time we had another giveaway, this time courtesy of the Verona. Inside this issue you'll find a pass to a preview on **Wednesday, July 14, 1999**. Below is a bit of a blurb about the fillum...

From the director of Swingers, Doug Liman, Go is a smart and hilarious black comedy which takes a fresh look at lives spent getting cashed up, getting evicted, getting on it, getting out and getting going, starring Sarah Polley, Katie Holmes, Scott Wolf, Jay Mohr, Desmond Askew, Timothy Olyphant, Taye Diggs, Breckin Meyer and Nathan Bexton.

Go releases nationally on August 19, 1999.



edited by
dale and yellow peril

designed by
dale

cyclic website
flux & richard

written by
yellow peril
dale
flux
wasabi
degrassi

copying, folding, stapling and stuffing
the cryo crew with the long suffering monkeyboy at the helm

thanks to
Ozi Battla for keeping it real even in his absence, dave for the handshake and words of encouragement, r & s, kerrii for folding covers so wonderfully, seb for putting up with rambling conversations at 2am and to matty mat mat for hanging on.

Advertising
inquiries can be directed to the editors (see below) or to jordan spence at cyclicads@snarl.org

WEBSITE

Snarl Heavy Industries www.snarl.org. Lookout for the new cyclic defrost website up soon (probably this issue given any luck) courtesy of the two richards. No more downloading hefty PDFs (although they'll still be available...)

ICY POLES

little blocks of sweetness

culture or cult?

by Flux

The phrase "the truth is stranger than fiction" applies no stronger than to the Aum Supreme Truth (Aum Shrinrikyo). The cult believed responsible for the Sarin gas attack in Japanese subways four years ago are in the midst of a resurgence. Their Phoenix-like rise from the ashes has been made possible through discount computer sales. Approaching what they believe to be a big event (sometime around October this year) they are one of many modern cults (such as Scientology, the Raeliens, and Heaven's Gate) that take their lead from science fiction. Based on Isaac Asimov's Foundation trilogy they believe they will form a holy, pure group of technicians that will rebuild civilization after the impending apocalypse. They are reported to have misinterpreted religious traditions, practiced rape, torture and murder, and developed laser, chemical, biological and nuclear weapons (I kid you not).

Despite this evidence they are not far from some of the thinking in mass culture. A connection between spirituality and technology is becoming increasingly pervasive. Such abstract fundamentalism is rampant across discussions of the information superhighway. From the virtual ('virtuous') communities that distance themselves from their bodies to the promise of a better future (Heaven) there are parallels with Christianity in the middle ages. The 'pre-millennium tension' as referred to last issue mirrors the Church's updating of the calendar

by sixteen days followed by riots and accusations that they had stolen sixteen days of people lives. After all it's 2000 AD in the Christian calendar.

Unbeknownst to many, George Lucas collaborated with Joseph Campbell (a Theologian) for the development of the Star Wars screenplay, drawing on the mythology of many cultures. Lucas has consistently been at the forefront of the techno-evangelist movement ever since his dystopian film THX1138 which explored social control through interactive media. His THX sound systems, Industrial Light and Magic, and Lucas Arts computer games were joined in the mid 80's by his development of a graphical multi-user virtual environment called Habitat (which ran on Commodore 64's!).

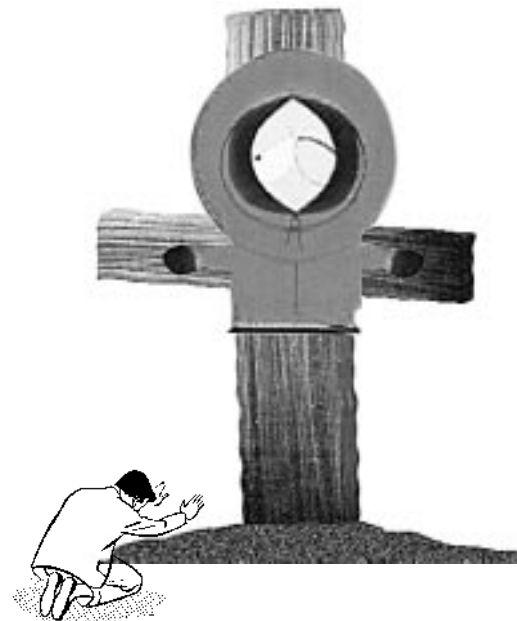
Interactive media has altered the meaning of the word Avatar (which came from the Hindu for a god's earthly presence in bodily form) to a manipulated simulation within a mediated virtual reality. 'Choice' (freedom?), the hallmark of consumerism now implemented in a controlled mediated environment that provides instant 'consumer profiles' for the provider of the 'service'. The parallels between religious dogma and the rhetoric driving the 'information economy' are uncanny. Indeed indoctrination and thought reform (previously termed mind control) surpass political propaganda and advertising in their manipulative power. George Orwell may not have been bleak enough!

oh my god, they
crucified kenny...
...you christians

SOUTH PARK—THE MOVIE

"Morality and God are completely vilified and dismissed in SOUTH PARK. Evil is extolled. The movie takes literally Marxist Professor Herbert Marcuse's statement that language is a weapon of the revolution, and the goal of the revolution is to tear down any semblance of morality, i.e., Christianity and the Bible. As Marx said, prostitutes are better than wives (whom he ridicules), families are bad and religion is the opiate of the people. SOUTH PARK captures all of Marx's lame-brained, immoral ideas on one piece of celluloid. Boycotting this movie might give it more of an audience, but the rational thing to do is to stay away from any theater playing it. Regrettably, curious children will see it and be corrupted. The future of our society looks very dim after thinking what those children will do and how they will behave after this powerful entertainment virus corrupts their hearts and minds."

Yep, its not often that Cyclic would mention a mainstream Hollywood release, but after being directed to read a web review of the film by the American Fundamentalist Christian Childcare Action Project, I can't resist. Here's the review reprinted direct from the website. Make up your own mind whether this film must



be on your must-see list...
<http://www.capalert.com/capreports/southpark.htm>

And check this plot summary—

"Satan is portrayed as the homosexual lover of Saddam Hussein and is portrayed as a sensitive, loving and caring being. Hussein waves his disembodied male member around. And it was not a cardboard drawing like most other images of the movie — it was of photographic resolution. The most foul of the foul words was clearly spoken *by the children* at least 131 times and many other times in a muffled or garbled way. The three/four letter word vocabulary was used at least 119 times. God's name in vain was used 11 times without the four letter expletive and 6 times with it. And many times the child characters were saying things like "What's the big deal" (about the foul language). "Suck my —", "Let's ([homosexual intercourse])", and repeated questions about a female private organ were but a very few of the vulgar expressions used by the kids.

Angels were portrayed as females—nude, very nude. God was called many vulgar and hateful names. Satan was glorified. Jesus was equated with sexual anatomy. A child was graphically incinerated by igniting his anal wind, then another kid tried to beat out the flames with a stick and was concerned about the stick catching fire. Body parts dripping with blood were ripped from a child by a surgeon who expressed shallow concern. The dead child was then seen with an exploded chest. The dead child, after being rejected from Heaven (by nude female angels) and cast into Hell, was then presented as a ghost trying to influence the other kids. An all-male chorus line wore pink bikini briefs. Homosexual acts were described. Decomposing burned bodies were cast as live occupants of Hell. "Big brother" electronic shock control of a child was used to prevent his use of foul language (each time he cussed he was shocked—he used this shock later to defeat Hussein by shouting every known and several unknown foul words). A man committed suicide by jumping out of a window. And throughout the movie was script to promote licentious belittlement of wholesome life and entertainment: rationale to lessen even further the threshold of acceptance.

These are but a very few of the examples of ignominy in this celluloid developed in the fiery pits of Hell. And the kids in the audience loved it, almost as much as the adults with them. May God have mercy on us."

Hallelujah!

Yellow Peril

cookin with wasabi

That, folks, doesn't mean you're cookin' with that stinky, sharp, green paste. Allow me to clarify: a little bird tof' me that Frigid's flavour of the month is that most uncourgettable of vegetables (allow me the indiscretion of that pun), the humble zucchini. Also known as the courgette, the zucchini proudly flaunts its culinary flexibility. It can be both a savoury and a sweet vegetable, and it can be cooked in myriad delicious manners; you could even create a three course meal based on the zucchini. Who would have thought that you could have so much fun with the one vegetable?

Here is a simple recipe for zucchini soup, it's an old favourite I learned from my mother. If you can overcome the fact that it has the colour and consistency of mucus, it's a delicious, hearty winter warmer. Happy cookin', kiddies!

Zucchini Soup

Ingredients

- 1 kilo zucchinis
- a splash of olive oil
- 1 large onion
- hot water
- a pinch of salt and pepper
- fresh herbs to taste
- a dash of white wine
- garlic
- 2 chicken or vegetable stock cubes

Method

It's dead easy, chop and brown the onions and garlic in the oil in the bottom of a large pot. Add the roughly chopped zucchinis. When they're nicely browned, add the stock cubes, and other ingredients, and cover the lot with hot water. Boil the hell out of it. If it boils down too much, add more water. When the lot is nice and mushy, puree the mix. Swirl through some sour cream, or garnish with cheese, and serve with crusty bread.



tamarillo

strange fruit and radio show all in one

Wednesday Breakfast FBI (96.9 FM) 6-9am

with yer sleep-deprived hosts Vaughan & Yellow Peril



When I was a young raver I used to scamper home at 7am from a big one to find my folks had tamarillos sitting in the fridge. Just the right balance of sourness and a sweet syrup, the tamarillos were a great morning refresher ensuring a tranquil comedown and sleep.

But what the hell are they? Tamarillos are a tasty fruit from New Zealand which are a bit like a tomato crossed with a lemon. Aparently they grow in the Andes and are a big South American delicacy; in New Zealand they are commercially farmed. In Australia they appear in supermarkets and fruit barns for about 6 weeks during winter and will cost between \$0.80 and \$2.00 each. They aren't a cheap fruit to try but being a New Zealander I know the secret recipe to make the tasty...

you'll need;

- 4 to 6 tamarillos (they should be uniform in colour and firm)
- the juice of at least 4 lemons
- 8 tablespoons of sugar

Put a pin prick in the skin of each tamarillo. Blanche the tamarillos quickly in boiling water. Don't leave them in the boiling water too long—just long enough to be able to easily peel them. Cut into quarters and spread out in a casserole or other covered dish. Cover in lemon juice—the tamarillos should be totally submerged in the juice. Sprinkle the sugar liberally over the submerged tamarillos, put the lid on, and ram them in the fridge overnight.

In the morning you'll find the tamarillos have gone a darker burgundy colour and their juice has mind-melded with the lemon juice...serve up, sit back and remember the night before.

kodwo eshun

written by
angina dentata

[T]he next step is to listen to what these aspects of the body are saying and to realise that these different sensory levels have been really misunderstood. The DJ goes into a journey of the hands. The whole scratch is like this manual perception. I figure in the future that the DJs will have extremely developed fingertips, because they're super-sensitive, like lily pads, like frogs. Their heads will be fused to their necks, and I think in about twenty years time their legs may well have withered away, cause they never dance.

Kodwo Eshun, from an interview with convextv
<<http://www.art-bag.net/convextv>>

Love or hate his style of musical analysis, Kodwo Eshun always manages to be entertaining. His work for such publications as *the Wire* and *iD* has constantly verged between the typically sycophantic approach of music journalism and the rarefied air of the academy. Fortunately he has avoided the pitfalls of both disciplines, expressing a voice that is at once credible in its street knowledge and also studied in its innovative use of the work directly preceding him. His first book, *More Brilliant than the Sun*, is simultaneously an attempt to reclaim music journalism/music writing from its uncritical compilations of supposed facts and an analysis of the history of what he terms Black Sonic Fiction.

His approach is indicative of the fact that, although black music from negro spirituals through to jazz and to hip-hop has long been a legitimate course of study, very rarely has there been an attempt to go beyond the surface detail and actually engage in the grain of the music. Even Tricia Rose, in her groundbreaking study of HipHop (*Black Noise*) only touched on sonics in one chapter, preferring to rely on a study of the rhymes to find reason, rather than on the rhythms. Though much can be learnt from this approach it does tend to miss what is perhaps the most significant development in music in the twentieth century; the loop, and more importantly, the Breakbeat. The reliance on rhymes is a reliance on the word. Deemed the only way to express meaning, it ignores the politics of sonics. Significantly, it was a jazz drummer (Max Roach) who pointed out that even though LL Cool J's lyrics were not political, his sonics were. Black Sonic Fiction is a resistance movement made up of disparate individuals as far flung as Sun Ra, Tricky, Underground Resistance and Dr. Octagon who have as their uniting force the recontextualisation of an ostensibly oppressive late twentieth century technology, both through utilising the technology to shake booty (rather than to lock it down) and by creating new myths surrounding technology's use and functions.

The fact much of this music is non-lyrical only makes Eshun's abstract scientific approach more necessary. In *More Brilliant than the Sun* we are taken on a ride of neologisms, word plays and sly references, like an mc in full flow, and like an mc he tends to approach topics like a guerrilla soldier; striking in short bursts and then leaving the scene smouldering.

Eshun's project is inherently political. He is attempting to reclaim music as a medium that is capable of meaning beyond its function on the dancefloor, and by doing that he is also reclaiming the dancefloor as a site of resistance, and reconfiguring the body as a distributed brain;

'There's a psychoacoustics of rhythm: the big brain anticipates the cycle, gets into the groove, lives inside the tense present of the loop. The Breakbeat becomes a mnemonic [...]. As your ambushed by beats charging breaks dock at your joints, tug at the muscles of your mind. Treacherous underfoot, they build a new psychomotor from the old you.'

More Brilliant than the Sun p24

Kodwo Eshun is presenting a paper and also playing some tunes at Frigid on July 18. His book is called *More Brilliant than the Sun: Adventures in Sonic Fiction* and is published by Quartet.



frigid

acts & films

JULY

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

SUNDAY JULY 11th

[special guest]
La Gonda (UK)

[DJs]
Sub Bass Snarl
Sir Robbo

[vision]
The Last Wave

Tonight we start off with Peter Weir's 1979 film about an ancient Dreamtime legend and impending apocalypse. Set in the Rocks when they were largely working class housing, this is an excellent insight into what at the time were progressive portrayals of Aboriginal culture. The story is about a Sydney lawyer who has strange premonitions and takes up a case defending a group of Aboriginal people charged with murder. Hail falls in the desert, black rain in the city, and as the lawyer gets closer to the 'truth' the Apocalypse looms. It could have done with better special effects, and now in 1999, the portrayal of ancient/Indigenous/natural versus modern/Western/technological is a bit hokey, but still it's the kind of film that you might have seen on ABC in the early 1980s.

This evening's guest is **La Gonda** (Hillegonda Rietveld). I met Gonnie in Leeds last year at a dance music conference and she took me clubbing in Manchester. Gonnie was a member of Quando Quango, an early 80s band signed to New Order's Factory Records label. With very strong links with Manchester, she worked at the Hacienda and has built up an enormous knowledge of the British dance music scene and the changes over the last two decades. She published a book last year called *This Is Our House* (Arena/Ashgate) which laid out histories of house music in Manchester, London, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Chicago, and theorised about its changing form. In Sydney to give a paper at UTS (9am Sunday 11th July) on new house music in London, her set tonight will be packed with some of her favourite tunes and some tuff new sounds from London. Free entry to anyone who can bring along one of her Quando Quango releases on Factory Records...

SUNDAY JULY 18th

[special guest]
Kodwo Eshun (UK)
Dougie Dimensional (Gentle People, UK)
Quark Kent (live)

[DJs]
Buggin'
Sub Bass Snarl
Sir Robbo



Tonight is another double floor biggie. We have two guests from the UK—first up is **Kodwo Eshun**, thinker, music critic and author of *More Brilliant Than The Sun: Adventures In Sonic Fiction* (Quartet Books). Kodwo will be taking you on a two hour journey of spoken word, record and video through some of the central themes of his work—utopian tropes in Black music from Sun Ra, Miles Davis, Coltrane, Jamaican dub to Detroit techno, drum'n'bass, RZA and Dr Octagon. Kodwo's work tries to bridge the gap between the written word and sound, and his multimedia performance tonight will make you think about music in new ways. Also tonight sees the return of **Dougie Dimensional** from **The Gentle People** (Rephlex Records UK). Dougie will be playing some of the new **Gentle People** material and also some more of his favourite tunes. Local guests will be **Buggin'** and **Quark Kent**, who will be playing material from his new album due out in August.

SUNDAY JULY 25th

FRIGID/ELEFANT TRAKS DOUBLE HEADER

[special guest]
Bass Elefant (live)
Mainstream (live)
Pilfernators (live)
Arieto (live)

[DJs]
Sub Bass Snarl
Sir Robbo

[vision]
News Unlimited

It's another **Elefant Traks** double, this time with two of the harder Elefant acts—**Mainstream** and **The Pilfernators**, alongside two more eclectic outfits **Arieto** and **Bass Elefant**. **The Pilfernators** of course are fresh from their already legendary appearance at First Fleet park on the evening of J18, where, VB throwdowns in hand, they played an Ozzie version of Fuck tha Police (with home made vocal sample) to the united mass (and a fair smattering of leather outfitted (and rather bored) Police. **News Unlimited** will be in the mix early on with 90 minutes of locally made short films and activist news. The regular **Elefant Traks** merchandising stand will be up and running all night so you'll be able to grab any purchases that you should have made before without any hassles.



getchya hand off it grandpa

AUGUST

**SUNDAY
AUGUST 1st**

FRIGID'S THIRD BIRTHDAY!!!

[guests]

**Seymour Butz
Gemma
DJ Crucial
and friends**

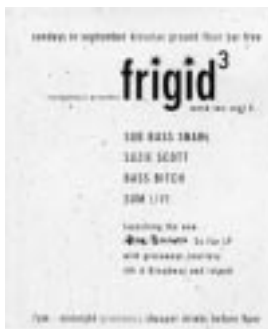
[DJs]

**Sub Bass Snarl
Sir Robbo**

[vision]

We'll see...

Three years it has been since Frigid first opened back in 1996 at Kinselas. The first six months of Frigid's life were as a single floor free Sunday nighter with guests ranging from a very young **Metabass & Breath** to **Willow**, one of our early **Atomic Hi-Fi** collaborators. There were collectable fliers themed by movie stars, great revolutionaries, great psychedelic scientists, and some other memorable occasions like the Lounge room night where everyone DJed in their dressing gowns while guests watched telly and played Atari 2600s. Then came the two years at The Dendy which saw Frigid grow into a larger and more diverse club with us properly incorporating the film element. The Dendy years also played host to a short series of parties with Club Kooky called **Dung**. The first **Dung** was NYE 1997/8 and was a cheap alternative to the preposterously priced other parties. Anyway, the Dendy changed management and the bar deteriorated to its present state where it hosts dodgy house parties so we left. This year we moved into our present home at the Globe where we reunited with the soundman (and sound man) from Kinselas; Richard Austin. Things started slowly at the Globe but have now picked up and all is good. Tonight there'll be guests who have been most closely tied with Frigid over the years, plus all the regular birthday goodness; the legendary cake, and probably a Jackie Chan film or a movie remix.



above: flyer from the third month of Frigid.

SUNDAY AUGUST 8th

[guests]

**Blaze
Koolism (Canberra)
Levelheads
Explanetary with F.Inj
Guro/Emesyve
Trey
Fathom
DJ ALF**

[DJs]

**Sub Bass Snarl
Sir Robbo**

Tonight is a hip hop double header with Tim from **Explanetary** bringing together some of Sydney's underground heads together for some akshun. Canberra's finest, **Koolism**, will be on hand alongside **MC Trey** who has a debut album coming on Creative Vibes, plus former Adelaide head **Guro**, plus **Fathom & Levelheads** and DJs **Blaze** and **ALF** (from **Joined at the Bass** and **Trace Element**). With a minimum of hype the evening should provide for some high quality beats and rhymes. There'll also be a stall with tapes and local vinyl for those who don't go record shopping that often.

july picks

with your host Yellow Peril



**Kid Loco/Various
Jesus Life for
Children Under 12 Inches**
(Yellow Productions)

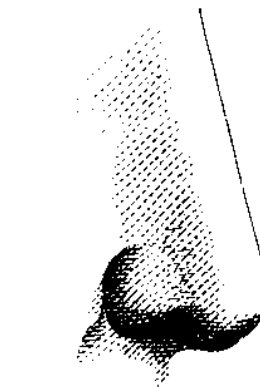
Source: Juno UK

Kid Loco's solo work for Yellow Productions has been bubbling under for ages. With elements of psychedelic pop and hip hop beats, Kid Loco fits between the soft focus output of Pork Recordings (Fila Brazillia et al) and the French hip hop of labelmate DJ Cam. Here on Jesus Life, Kid Loco presents a selection of remixes done for other crews. I surmise that Kid Loco's prolific remix work for British pop bands may indeed be a result of the close associations developed with both St Etienne and Pulp. Anyway, what is presented are twelve remixes of tracks from the aforementioned St Etienne and Pulp plus Talvin Singh, High Llamas, Mogwai, Badmarsh & Shri, The Pastels, Uriel and Tommy Hools. At its best, the remix of Mogwai's Tracy, Talvin Singh's Traveller, Tommy Hools' Les Reprouves, The Pastels' Viaduct and St Etienne's 4:35 In The Morning, Kid Loco puts the original track through the blender and, whilst often keeping the vocals intact, turns the tracks not so much on their heads, but more into a languid horizontal position.

**Andy Weatherall &
Richard Fearless/Various
Live At The Social Volume 3**
(React)

Source: MDS

The last two Live At The Social CDs by the Chemical Brothers and Jon



Carter, were, when they originally came out, eclectic mish-mashes of tracks new and old which characterised the nature of big beat at a time before it was called big beat. Since then big beat has narrowed into a form of whiter-than-white rock'n'roll for kids who think the Prodigy is the real shit and Fatboy Slim 'rocks'. Anyway, enough of my diatribe. Live At The Social Three is a different kettle of fish altogether. Disc one is mixed by the great Andy Weatherall, perhaps the original dance-rock crossover man with his early 90s remixes of My Bloody Valentine and Primal Scream and then the Sabres Of paradise and Two Lone Swordsmen. Weatherall shows his current penchant for deep house on disc one which is about as far away as you can get from big beat. It opens with several excellent semi-vocal cuts including the excellent Marshall Jefferson/Noosa Heads track Mushrooms before dropping into some more percussive house with Lionrock's alter-ego Gentlemen Thief, Nick Holder, The Cartridge Family and then smoothing out to end with Ashley Beedle's mix of Sakamoto and Steve Rachmad. Weatherall's mix is not as interesting as it should have been and after the first five or so tracks it becomes a bit dull a bad sign for someone as innovative as he has shown to be in the past. Disc two is mixed by Death In Vegas' Richard Fearless and is full of electro and techno tracks and a couple of classics along the way ending with a three Detroit classics in a row—Ron Trent's Altered States, E-Dancer's (Kevin Saunderson) Warp, and 69's (Carl Craig) Ladies & Gentlemen. In between there are tracks from Model 500, Slam, Mike Dred plus Germans Third Electric, Kit Builders, DJ Hell and IF's classic Space Invaders Are Smoking Grass. It's a solid mix and quite diverse but, the whole package lacks the diversity and ingenuity of the earlier Live At The Social mixes.

**Fridge
EPH**

(Go Beat)

Source: Juno UK

This is Fridge's third album and first for Polydor subsidiary Go Beat and it seems as if all the extra major label money has gone into production. EPH sounds superb and sees Fridge realise their subtle blend of electronics with their live guitars, bass and drums with a clarity and richness lacking on some of the early releases. With loose drums, slow moody basslines and fragile electronics bubbling away each of the eight tracks are excellent. The album is also cleverly structured with each track from the opener Ark becoming more edgy. The outstanding combination of scattered drums and increasingly dense patterns and saxophone on Bad Ischl is a perfect precursor to the soft electronic Yttrium and the violins of the nine minute closer Aphelion. An excellent album and a welcome respite from repetitive beats.

**Live Human
Monosterosis: The New
Victrola Method**

(Fat Cat)

**Various
Across Uneven Terrain:
1997-1999**

(Fat Cat)

Source: Juno UK

Fat Cat used to a renowned record shop in London until the bubble burst and it closed. Rather than shut up shop permanently, Fat Cat became a record label releasing some of the best and most eclectic 12"s of the last two years; from Autechre to Funkstörung, Various Artists to Mice Parade. On their official label compilation Across Uneven Terrain, several of the best Fat Cat tracks are compiled onto CD for the first time. There's weird deconstructed electronics from Process and Fonn, Funkstörung's reconstruction of Björk's All Is Full Of Love and Autechre's remix of Various

Artists' 9. Also there is Mice Parade's live drum loop and xylophone construction Organic reproduction Attempt, Live Human's loping We Walk On All Fours, the New Order circa 1983 Spontaneous Combustion from Immense and the wall-of-sound My Bloody Valentine styled Paradise from Transient Waves. The best thing about Fat Cat is their ability to transcend the latest sounds and work out on a limb in several, if you would believe the music press, conflicting genres. The other Fat Cat release is the full length album from Live Human. With DJ Quest on turntables, a drummer and a cellist, Live Human reminds me of Peril. Sometimes the tracks work and other times they are loose cacophonies of rather dull hip hop turntablism and predictable drums. Especially at the start of Monstereosis it is almost as if you are listening to a rockin' big beat record crossed with outtakes from Q-Bert. Better to stick with the compilation.

**Various
Mission Control**

(Trouble On Vinyl)

As the techstep end of drum'n'bass gets ever more caught up in apocalyptic science fiction visions it makes you wonder whether they've been smoking a little too much pot and the paranoia combined with pre-millennial vibes has taken over. What was once nihilistic urban gangsterism has gone into outerspace via the Alien movies and X-Files. Here on Trouble On Vinyl's latest compile Mission Control, the kids in the oversized puffa jackets pull together relentless rolling beats and searing synthesizer scrapes and shears. Unfortunately the RAM people are doing this too, as is everyone else in the scene, and new ideas are hard to find, but nevertheless Mission Control is an easy way to get a slab of latest tracks together plus a bonus mix CD for accompanying your power-walks around Centennial Park.



Well, no one of Dana Plato's calibre died in the past month, so I don't really have any excuse for not getting it together and writing something prior to 2 days before deadline. Maybe it's the fact that the Cyclic crew all piled into a car and battled peak hour traffic to drive out to Parramatta in order to have a zucchini feast, only to find out that the "Zucchini Eatery" is only open during working hours on week days! It took us a long time to get over that!...but fortunately it's a very long trip back to the city and we were over it by the time Parramatta Road turns into Broadway. Still, there's always the Zucchini Bros in the food court below Grace Bros in the city if you really need that zucchini fix! Why the zucchini fixation? It's just a fantastically versatile vegetable, second only to the eggplant!

I do have something to rejoice about though, because Family Ties is starting up again on Foxtel as of 5th July! I've missed those funky tan three-piece suits Alex used to wear, Malory's bimbotic banter—and in a weird, sick kind of way I also kind of miss Jennifer—I just don't know why!

I've been a huge Baywatch fan ever since it started! I've even endured years of Pamela. The real reason I watch it though is that I'm an enormous David Hasslehoff fan! But the red swimsuits are really starting to get to me and the plots are starting to get just a little bit more contrived and tedious. As far as I know, David Hasslehoff was unheard of before this show. I thought if anyone could tell me that he's appeared in anything else, it would be you! Please help...I'm starting to get the urge to have silicon breasts implants!

Muffy Implode

Girl, I don't know where to start picking your faults! Have you forgotten to take that special medication that's been prescribed to you? I can only offer advice and I just hope for your sake (and possibly the sake of those around you) that you take it! To get started though, you really have to give your parents a good talking to and possibly even divorce them for giving you such a terrible name! Sure, there's always Mitzzi Capture, but she was also in Silk Stalkings as well as Baywatch so it's her god given right to have such a name.



above: three different faces of KITT... yes, Virginia, that is two more than David Hasselhoff.

The fact that you think that Baywatch was David Hasselhoff's springboard to global stardom does suggest that you were born some time after the seventies ended. I think we're definitely going to have to have the bouncer at Frigid start checking ID more ferociously, or at the very least, I.Q. Well, Muffy, you have missed out on one of the greatest television shows known to western civilisation. Knight Rider—84 episodes of pure entertainment that first aired in 1982. I was only in the 2nd grade, but because my parents saw that this was an important show both technologically and culturally, I was allowed to

stay up just that little bit later to watch it. Actually, David had appeared in The Young and the Restless before this, but it was Knight Rider that made him a star and 80's icon.

David Hasselhoff plays Michael Knight, who was originally Michael Long (not to be confused with the brilliant Essendon footballer [ed])—an undercover policeman who is shot in the face and left for dead. Lucky for him, a businessman/philanthropist, Wilton Knight, just happens to find and rehabilitate him, giving him a new identity and surgically recreate his face in the image of his long lost son, Garth. Garth appears later in the series and attempts to bring down Michael Knight and KITT, viewing his father's misguided plastic surgery as an insult. This little plot twist also allows for some very shonky special effects and stand-ins as David Hasselhoff has to play both characters. Now there's something too good for a fan like you to miss!

Unfortunately, Wilton is not far from death himself and eventually dies leaving the future of Knight Industries in the hands of his trusted friend and business partner, Devon Miles. Now Muffy, I know you'd have no idea, but some of the more ancient Cyclic Defrost readers may remember him as the actor who played the ghostly ghost in the television series of "The Ghost and Mrs Muir".

Michael is set to work for a division of Knight Industries called the Foundation for Law and Government or FLAG. This division developed KARR (Knight Automated Roving Robot) before it reached perfection with KITT (Knight Industries Two Thousand). KARR was to KITT what Cousin Sabrina was to Samantha Stevens in Bewitched. It had all the same powers as KITT and looked pretty similar, but it had one major flaw that was that its primary directive was its own self-preservation with no regard for human life. KITT, on the other hand, was programmed to protect the innocent, accept voice commands and make its own decisions. KITT's artificial intelligence was so advanced that he was able to form close relationships with the FLAG team, and especially his partner Michael Knight.

KITT could reach speeds of 480kph and had a whole host of nifty gadgets and weapons such as a grappling hook, a flame thrower, smoke bombs, turbo boosts (making KITT increase speed dramatically or jump up to 150 meters vertically), infrared sensing systems and a remote communications system that Michael could use to summon him. Michael did this by

using his Dick Tracey style watch-like Comlink what was also a video camera and had the power to open locks. KITT also didn't have seat belts as these were replaced by the Passive Laser Restraint System. And to think that KITT was able to run all this on a 5000KB memory housed within the frame of a black, customised Pontiac Trans-Am.

As KITT was obviously on the road a lot, the FLAG Mobile Command Centre that was contained within in a semi-trailer, was a necessity. Here KITT was maintained by the likes of mechanics Reginald Cornelliuss III (aka RC3), Dr Bonnie Barstow and by Dr April Curtis.

Your average Knight Rider episode would include:

- Michael joking around with KITT while working undercover to solve crimes almost in the style of a vigilante team under the instruction of FLAG, headed by Devon;
- an invariably long driving/musical sequence;
- turbo boosts;
- the development and installation of new gadgets for KITT;
- Michael flirting with the female mechanics;
- Devon thinking Michael is somewhat uncooth; and
- Michael and KITT beating the bad guys and Michael flirting outrageously the female guest star (who was generally a victim).

Since Knight Rider was axed in 1986, the show has taken on cult status. The creators tried to cash in on this in 1991 by producing the big budget film Knight Rider 2000 that was supposed to be pilot for a new series, but it lacked the flair of the original. This was a major flop mainly due to the fact, I feel, that KITT was replaced with a red Firebird called KIFT (Knight Industries Four Thousand). More recently, Team Knight Rider was more successful, but it pales in comparison to the original. Their characters aren't as well defined and the fact that there are a fleet of cars with personalities makes it seem more ridiculously far-fetched, as opposed to Knight Rider which was completely believable. Also, steer well clear of the cheap and deceptively titled Knight Rider 2010 that is in no way associated with the Knight Rider phenomenon. It is the story of a woman whose mind is implanted in a home made car and that is where any similarity ends.

If only there were space for me to include the rules of the Knight Rider drinking game. For those of you who like to mix their cult television viewing with severe liver damage, please e-mail me: degrassi@snarl.org and I'll send you a copy.

below: The man is big in Germany apparently; David Hasselhoff, All American good looks and a swish car to boot, what more could a girl want? A personality, perhaps? Below that is the interior of the softly spoken KITT, distant cousin of HAL and the bastard child of a one night stand between Davros and a shopping trolley (drinking Frigid Pis apparently). Below that even further (if you can actually make out the lo-res jpeg downloaded from the net and then twice photocopied) is the FLAG semi-trailer. Amazingly enough, it looks just like a black semi-trailer...



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23.15
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21.12 Dendy



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