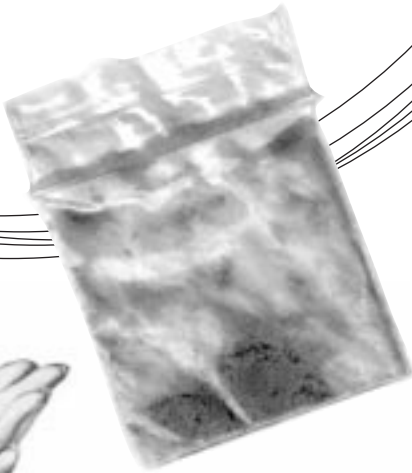


cyclic  
defrost



# DRUGS

issue 14 - december 99



frigid



## ACID INDIGESTION?

*Take my advice . . . . .*

"I'm often asked what I advise for indigestion and other tummy troubles. I always recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' . . . in fact it's what I use myself. It's ideal for all the family whenever there's a tummy upset. 'Milk of Magnesia' is a mild laxative as well as a most effective antacid, so it helps to keep the system both sweet and regular. And being so gentle in action, it's ideal for Baby's 'windigestion', too."



**'MILK of MAGNESIA'**

REGD. TRADE MARK

*The Family Standby  
for Acid Indigestion*

[ I ] p e c k y o u r p u n



**SYDNEY STOCKISTS: Pretty Dog, Newtown & YPV, Crown Street**

# edi...orial

Damn! This Cyclic has taken forever to get out, and issue 13 still isn't properly up on the Net as HTML, only as PDF. We managed to get out a mini-issue last week (13a) in an attempt to update what's been happening, but even that was so late we missed the mailout deadline! Rest assured the team has been working hard - Ross at getting out of trouble, Dale at getting into trouble, Seb at relaxing with the folks, Degrassi at turning 25, Luke learning how to be a 'team player' at Camp Lake, and Richard (and Cam) at designing the web site for those nifty Razor scooters you see everyone riding around on. During my R&R in the Blue Mountains and in Leura, I managed to pick up a nice copy of John Coltrane's Infinity on original vinyl, and this crazy Ash Ra Tempel with Timothy Leary album at a café in Blackheath. Nice, without the hassle of Ashwoods, and both demonstrating the long history that music has with the drug state.

So this issue is supposed to be about drugs, is it? Apart from the seemingly endless reams of music reviews there lies hidden the odd article. There's the not-so-definitive guide from the Frigid and Cyclic crews as to what music goes with what drugs. Had we done some proper field research it would have been a little more detailed, but at this time of year that might have been a little detrimental to our health. We've also got some fiction by Pauline Futeran, a touching story of smack addled confusion called Trainride, and Degrassi has her way with the Just Say No campaign and Corey Feldmans nose membrane. There's also the standard lineup info and some last minute stuff about the up and coming Cryogenesis, the last Cryogenesis before 2000.

Quite excitingly, Frigid will be having its final bash for a bit on Decmeber 19 as the Globe closes for two months of renovations. Its good because we get a holiday and the Globe desperately needs a makeover. Also, Frigid does one special appearance at . . . . the Opera House! Yes, that's right, as part of the Festival Of Sydney, Frigid will take over the Foreshore Bar at the Opera House on Monday January 24th (just before Australia/Invasion Day) and you will get live sets from Tooth, Sub Bass Snarl and Quark Kent in sumptuous surroundings and nice acoustics.

See you all at Cryogenesis. Don't miss it. Invites are still around so get in touch <subbass@snarl.org>.

Seb/Yellow Peril

[ I ] p e c k y o u r p u n

## frost free

This month's frost free is brought to you by I peck your pun, sydney's best clothing label (who also happen to be frigid regulars). They have kindly offered us some exclusive horse t-shirts and leather wristbands to be awarded to the first correct answer to this month's question.

Somewhere in the current issue is a quote from a poet/singer.

Tell us who wrote these lyrics and what song they come from.

send your answers to cyclicads@snarl.org stating your size (i.e 10, 12, 14 etc).

The first correct answer will win. Prizes can be picked up from Pretty Dog in Newtown.



**edited by**  
dale and yellow peril

**designed by**  
dale

**cyclic website**  
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**written by**  
yellow peril  
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lex luthor

**copying, folding,  
stapling and stuffing**  
the cryo crew with the  
long suffering monkey-boy  
at the helm

**thanks to**  
all the people that  
asked us when the  
next issue was coming  
out every week for the  
past six weeks.

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go there and prosper

lookout for cryo tickets and  
t-shirts.

# ICY POLES

little blocks of sweetness

## ROSE ST R.I.P.

by **pete strong**



On Friday 5th November 269 Rose Street was finally evicted, the residents forced out by University security as the roof was ripped off from over our heads. Saturday's amazing Reclaim The Streets in Newtown was followed by a retaking of the Rose street house for an after party and send off for the legendary residence.

The house is/was situated in Darlington, between Redfern and Newtown. There were 4 people living there, founder of local record label called Zonar Recordings, members of Ohms Not Bombs plus others. Zonar has been based there for 4 years and the house has been passed on through the good hearted community music people since the mid-eighties, from the seminal Jellyheads collective and the Vibe Tribe years, on to the Ohms Not Bombs and The Rainbow Circus.

The Zonar record label, founded by Brendan Palmer, offers local electronic artists a chance to have their music, from Dub to wierd soundscapes to techno, heard by a wider audience. Both Zonar and Ohms Not Bombs have put on gigs supporting local audio and visual artists. Ohms Not Bombs, and its predecessor, Vibe Tribe, have been one of the most influential and motivated proactive groups to emerge out of Australia in the nineties, blending the boundaries of techno, trance and breakbeats with protest culture. Ohms Not Bombs have travelled all over Australia in a magic multi coloured sound system bus opposing Uranium mining and

giving hope to and encouraging creativity in youth all around.

The house was approximately 100 years old. It wasn't heritage listed but many people, including someone from the National Trust, said it was a fine and rare example of a Victorian style terrace. We were informed that the house was intended to be demolished in early October. We believe it should have been saved for its historical place in the cultural development of some of the crews that have made Sydney a more vibrant place and its heritage values.

The last fight for the house, "The Sound System vigil" started on Tuesday, when the University originally came to evict the house. A quick 'phone tree' lead to a large turnout of friends and supporters, the system was cranked up as the Bedlam crew from the U.K took to the dex. The University realised it was too hard and left mumbling about going back to the courts. The Vigil was kept goin night and day with DJs Dan Coy (Juju Space Jazz), Manson (Jungle punx), Steve Bedlam, Shannon (Bedlam UK) Jason (Black Cat, Reclaim The Streets, USA) plus Morphism (Ohms Not Bombs) and Mixim (Rainbow Circus). Music was kept going for three allnighters and some day sessions too. Unfortunately, by Friday morning the numbers were low and a large turn out of cops, rangers, and uni security forced us to leave. As they started taking the roof off we were packing our last things. Their original offers to rehouse us were not offered.

We turned up for the Reclaim The streets recovery on Saturday the 6th of November for one last dance, the University security and cops were accomodating as a couple of hundred people gathered in the street to pay last respects to the legendary house that meant so much to so many. This Monday and Tuesday I'm sure they will finally demolish it. Our neighbour Ricky, a resident of twenty years, was asked to leave on the following Monday. The house had belonged to his grandmother, who was taken to court and was only allowed to sell the place to the University.

Rose street r.i.p the spirit lives on.

# MUSIC

sounds better with you

## Frigid's Drug & Music Primer

We here at Cyclic Defrost understand that music, like drugs, is all about set and setting. Similar to the Indian classical system, in which certain rags are to be played at certain times of day, certain music just doesn't sound right unless accompanied by the right state of mind... You don't put your Napalm Death or Crass CDs on when you are having a dinner party, nor do you put on The Orb to thrash around the lounge room. The same goes for the drug experience; you wouldn't put Bon Scott era AC/DC on to wait for your e to come on, nor would you get pissed to Vivaldi... unless it was an unwooded Chardonnay (needless to say, anyone caught listening to Vivaldi or drinking unwooded chardonnay will be immediately struck off the mailing list...).

In order to guide you through the music/drugs interface we've collated some of the crew's favourite albums and tracks to listen to when taking different sorts of drugs. So if you're a puritans, the type of people who would say things like 'you shouldn't need drugs to get into music', flip to the next page. Or better still, get inspired.



### The Universal Trio

**KLF**  
*Chill Out*

'I took this E and nothing happened. I went home. All my friends and everyone went to sleep then the E came on. All I had was Chill Out so I listened to it on repeat for ages and it became an essential part of any Ecstasy experience' (Degrassi)

'This album is so tranquil and fits nicely into the background when you are on E. I like that because you end up in this weird space with Elvis, Fleetwood Mac and these nature sounds then all of a sudden familiar KLF tunes start poking through' (Peril on E)

'Essential for coming down off any drugs at any time in any year' (Sir Robbo)

**The Orb**  
*'Little Fluffy Clouds'*

'Where it all started for me' (Degrassi)

'Where it all started for most of us' (Peril)

**Ultramarine**  
*Every Man & Woman Is A Star*

'We were playing this Punos party near Kinselas back in 1992 or 3 before we new Sir Robbo and he was having a really bad trip. Our set probably wouldn't have helped him except we played a track from this and it brought him out of it' (Peril)

'There was this Punos party at this gallery near where the Sanctuary Café used to be opposite Kinselas. It was an intense chill party and I was having this really bad trip when Biz E was playing at that party making me feel really tense. Towards the end of the night you guys came on and dropped Saratoga (from Every Man) and the sun started coming out and the trip righted itself. (Sir Robbo)



# Degrassi's Triple

**Future Sound Of London**  
*Lifeforms*

'The first time I heard this I was on acid and I believed I was a little blob of mercury floating thru the music.'  
(Degrassi on acid and E)

**Primal Scream**  
*Screamadelica*

'An album made under the influence of every chemical, inorganic and organic, and one best listened to under similar circumstances' (Degrassi)

**Bassheads**  
*Is There Anybody Out There*

'I heard this when I had my first 'good' E. At the time I was thinking that I didn't know Pink Floyd could sound so good. Except it was only a sample. But I was only sixteen' (Degrassi on E)

# Sir Robbo's Mashed Up Trio

**Happy Mondays**  
*Pills, Thrills & Bellyaches*

'Madchester was dead and buried but from Kinky Afro to the Closing Harmony it was the best gurning soundtrack I've ever had the pleasure to experience. At one stage I had an iron wrapped around my head and I scared all my friends with my facial expressions.'  
(Sir Robbo on MDMA Classic 'back in the dayz')

# Dale's Sonic Snapshots

of the aftermath of an all-nighter laying-out Cyclic Defrost (on various (nefarious) substances) OR How to survive the comedown

**Labradford**  
*A stable reference*

Your body feels like wet tissue paper, treat it to a sonic radox bath. Drifting pieces of plucked reverb guitar and synth with deeply buried poetry.

**Aube**  
*Aqua Syndrome*

A new meaning to the term 'wash', Aqua Syndrome is made up entirely of sounds sourced from water. Strangely comforting drips and drops.

# Quark Kent's Five for any Occasion

**the orb** "assassins" (*live 93*) on pot  
**teenage fanclub** "december" (*bandwagonesque*) on e

**coil** "things happen" (*love's secret domain*) on acid

**chumbawamba** "tubthumping" (*tubthumper*) on beer

# Yellow Peril's Five

**Boards Of Canada**  
*Music Has Rights To Children*

This is one that's good because it sounds so bleak but also strangely warm. I've already said that the experience of listening to Music Has The Rights is a bit like coming to terms with your regrets but on Ecstasy, being the sometimes therapeutic pill that it is, the album becomes like a a snug blanket to wrap up inside. That track with the counting and the 'orange' sample are worth every moment for their reassuring ludicrousness. It makes everyone laugh and not know why.

**The Beach Boys**  
*Smiley Smile*

'It was after stumbling across a (magic) mushroom patch this album promptly found its way onto my stereo. It brought on such an intense psychedelic experience that I haven't had the guts to play it since. Beware the track Vegetables. You might become one.'  
(Sir Robbo on mushrooms)

**Love**  
*Forever Changes*

'1992, at the height of an LSD experience someone put this album on and I've never been the same since'

**Tortoise/Springheel Jack**  
*Galapagos*

This came out on a limited 12" and then was released on a Japanese CD compilation. I don't know why it didn't get a wider release as it is one of the best drum'n'bass tunes ever, even if it's not an upfront stepper. There is this beautiful place in this track where the guitar chimes in and it feels as if it is setting this massive wave of bass to rise up and sweep you away. An extremely giddy track on Ecstasy where the room seems to twist and tumble on the waves of bass.

**The Irresistible Force**  
*Flying High*

I don't know how Mixmaster Morris does it but all the way through this record, and several others done by him, he manages to capture a sonic version of stumbling down a hallway, peaking on Ecstasy when those little black dots appear in your vision. It's like this incredibly teatery but exhilarating feeling of teetering on the brink of a total loss of control. It came out at the peak of the chill scene in the early days of rave when everyone was loved up and whilst some of the record sounds dated, the almost kinaesthetic nature of some the tracks is quite disturbing.

**Peter Namlook**  
*Air II*

I've raved about this album before but it really does sound incredible on any psychedelic drug. Already a pretty journey-like album, it is one of the few records which you can listen to indefinitely on repeat throughout a trip, shroom or E experience and follow the albums peaks and troughs, and incredible sonic detail properly. It was with this album that I started to see the carpet ripple as I walked across it and the light forming swirling patterns on the ceiling.

# THE TRAIN RIDE

by pauline futeran

It wasn't so bad when Tanya used to come with him, having someone to talk to. Made the whole journey less agonisingly boring. Bloody Tanya. He tried to wish her luck, tried to feel good about what she was doing. He knew he was supposed to be supportive. She'd gone up the coast, gone away to give it one last try. He'd tried that himself. It was all right, although it hadn't really worked out the way he thought it would. He tried not to miss her. She wouldn't see him when he came back, said she would but she wouldn't. You couldn't do that, be with someone who was still using if you were serious. It was better, better for her, better for him. They could both get on with it.

He remembered when he met her, an evening at the Town Hall before they did it up. No, that's not true, he didn't really remember. He did remember being about as drunk as he had ever been. He remembered putting his hands on the small of her back, under her T-shirt. He couldn't remember if that was the first thing he did when he met her, but he remembered peeling away his palm and feeling that she was stuck to his hands.

She'd had that look, a bit ratty but not too far gone. He'd thought she was beautiful then. He'd tried to impress her as they staggered out of Central Station toward her house, by leaping over the ticket barrier in what was supposed to be a demonstration of athletic delinquency, but he'd landed badly and she's stopped to try and help him up, and it had taken a while

for them both to get back up again. There was no one around, although it must have been only early. Perhaps it didn't seem worth trying to negotiate with either of them for the price of a train ticket.

Even then she'd been a much more casual lawbreaker than he had. He was always terribly conscious of doing something wrong, terrified of being caught, and consequently he'd always looked obvious. She just did stuff like it was her right, took things just by picking them up and walking away, approached strangers like it was the most normal thing in the world, took off her clothes when she didn't want to wear them anymore.

Later he'd gone to see her dance, a decision made in a perverse moment. Later when things weren't so good and she was under the sickly lights at The Loveshack 6 nights a week, looking pretty sick herself. He couldn't imagine how she did it, she didn't even care how she looked. He'd cared. Cared then, cared now, that his clothes and his hair and his beard marked him out, that people could look at him and see what he was. In the early nineties he looked like everyone else. He'd been in a band. There had been a single and they'd done some press and they looked right. \$5 flannelette shirts from Coles and dreads and beards. The other guys weren't really around much now, and they didn't look like that anymore, and he did, and he knew he wasn't getting away with it.

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could never work, because it was almost impossible to get wasted enough without having to be jerked back from it with a shot, or two, of narcane, and be treated like a retarded scumbag by some brutal paramedic. And then walk around for days with big, obvious purple swellings in the backs of your hands for days, only regretting that you couldn't find the balance, and stay there a little longer.

At Strathfield this guy and this girl got on and you could see they were going to the same place he was. She had a can of coke that she kept swirling around and around in her hand. They both let their cigarettes drop onto the track just as the train doors slid shut. They sat in the vestibule, side by side, not touching. He found himself tapping his foot and realised he had been unconsciously scratching his arm. He didn't look over at the couple, but he knew they knew. Fuck honour among thieves, just now they didn't want they didn't want to know each other. If they can't find anyone when they get there, they'd band together and the bartering would start. I'll give you a cigarette for a clean pick. Some smoke for a cap. I'll give you my leather jacket for \$30.00, alright, \$20. C'mon, it's a good jacket, it cost me heaps more than that. He hoped it wouldn't take to long, that he wouldn't have to talk to anyone except whatever kid was waiting at the station. Before they put the cameras in, you could score on the platform and run across the railway bridge and be heading home before the train you came in on had time to pull away again. It was a bit different now, sometimes you couldn't find someone for an hour or more, no one would be out, no one would answer the phone. Not scoring was a total impossibility but the idea of waiting gave him his first bad stomach cramp and he pulled one of his knees back against his chest. He always hated for his face to show what was going on inside, it didn't seem right. He'd hate for someone to look over and see him grimacing and sweating and know just precisely what was going on in his head and his guts. So sick of this.

This never used to happen, back when he was daring and indestructible and had secrets. He did this then because he did anything; it was a point of honour to cover as much ground as possible. With Tanya it

*Drifting to wonderland*

# Honourable Mentions

- Orbital** *Belast*
- Frankie Knuckles** *WhistleSong*
- The Grid** *Crystal Clear*
- Fourtet** *Glasshead*
- Aphex Twin** *Xtal*
- Scientist** any Scientist LP
- Minnie Riperton** anything
- Pink Floyd** *Saucer Full Of Secrets*
- Beach Boys** *Pet Sounds & The Smile Sessions*
- Soft Machine** any Soft Machine
- Shy & The Family Stone** *There's A Riot Goin' On*
- Funkadelic** *Maggabrain*



was one of the earliest things they had recognised in each other; her track marks and her brave talk about giving up and her long winded analysis of what brought her to it made her seem so worldly and exotic. A bit dirty, he'd always liked that. It was what got them through that first rotten, hungover morning. It worried him that under it all he had once been to naive, he hated to look stupid like that. Hated for anyone to know anything he didn't. Tanya was an education. She was a junkie first as well. They did detox together, a place near the hospital you could go, fucking horrible place. They hated you there and you hated each other. It was like having a fight you didn't want to have with a totally obvious solution, and after four days of making himself sick on runny mashed potato they were out of there, walking up to the Cross so fast they were almost running, and then home again where they held on to each other and just floated, and it was a relief to be back, to have her back, to be with her in some sort of secret.

His stomach felt swollen now, he was starting to get achey. It was like the beginning of the flu. He'd make himself wait for a taste until he got home, another hour and seven minutes back to Newtown, and then some. He had to hang on to some decency, some privacy. There had to be some element of this that was still like having a drink when you got home in the evening. He realised he was holding his breath. Canley Vale, the second last stop. One hour, five minutes, two minutes to go. He could count to 120 and by the time he finished, he'd be there. Bless State Rail.

It was just starting to rain on the platform. He'd gotten off the train once at Canley Vale, they still had toilets there, he'd gone and had a shot and got on the next train and tried to pretend he was coming home from work and he was just tired and couldn't stay awake. You see lots of people like that on trains. He'd felt really sick, though, he couldn't get comfortable and he thought he might have to get off. He went and stood by the doors so he could get off at the next stop but it was hard to stand up and suddenly there was nothing he could do and he was vomiting all over his feet and the floor. If it hadn't all felt so absolute, he would have been mortified, and when he thought about it now it made his skin prickle with embarrassment, but at the time there was nothing he could do and he got out at the next station and walked back two carriages and got back on because he felt fine again and he really wanted to get home.

Not moving. He checked his watch again. That was an hour and seven minutes

exactly and they were still at Canley Vale. The couple from Strathfield had gotten up and were already standing by the door. She was leaning in the pole and he was standing with his face against the window.

Not moving. This was bad. This was being two minutes away and being stationary for an unknowable length of time. He put his elbows on his knees to keep his feet still and pressed his forehead against the palms of his hands. This was impossible. He felt sick. Shaky. This was bad enough, when you were two minutes away from either total bliss or a night in the cells if it all went wrong. At the best of times, Canley Vale was a site of almost unbearable anticipation. For one horrible instant he felt that he really couldn't take this, like something would give, he would explode or the whole moment would go Supernova and take him with it. This had to go, this had to change. Then the train lurched forward, and he breathed out slowly.

you got out there. He was O.K now though, a bit clammy. He took a couple of deep breaths, his stomach hurt a bit. He tried to sit back and close his eyes but he couldn't bring himself to do it. It was if maintaining a state of near panic would hurry his journey on, and letting the panic ease would make it take longer.

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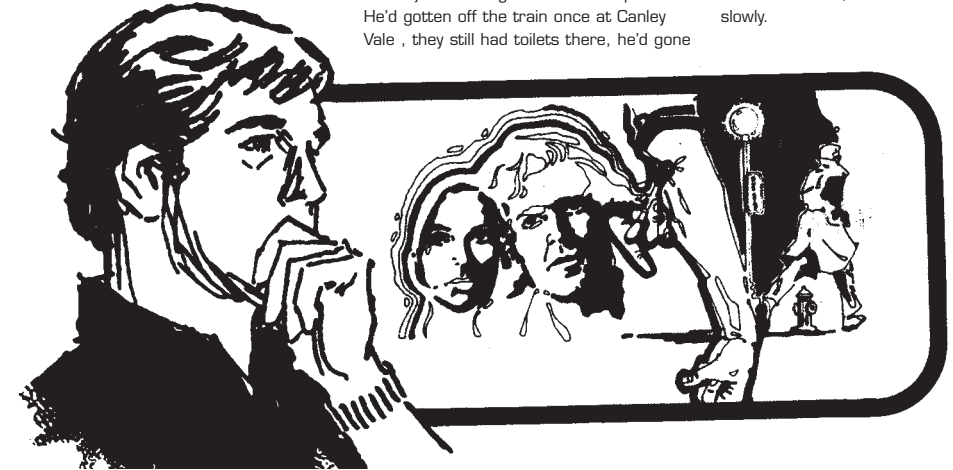
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At Strathfield this guy and this girl got on and you could see they were going to the same place he was. She had a can of coke that she kept swirling around and around in her hand. They both let their cigarettes drop onto the track just as the train doors slid shut. They sat in the vestibule, side by side, not touching. He found himself tapping his foot and realised he had been unconsciously scratching his arm. He didn't look over at the couple, but he knew they knew. Fuck honour among thieves, just now they didn't want they didn't want to know each other. If they can't find anyone when they get there, they'd band together and the bartering would start. I'll give you a cigarette for a clean pick. Some smoke for a cap. I'll give you my leather jacket for \$30.00, alright, \$20. C'mon, it's a good jacket, it cost me heaps more than that. He hoped it wouldn't take to long, that he wouldn't have to talk to anyone except whatever kid was waiting at the station. Before they put the cameras in, you could score on the platform and run across the railway bridge and be heading home before the train you came in on had time to pull away again. It was a bit different now, sometimes you couldn't find someone for an hour or more, no one would be out, no one would answer the phone. Not scoring was a total impossibility but the idea of waiting gave him his first bad stomach cramp and he pulled one of his knees back against his chest. He always hated for his face to show what was going on inside, it didn't seem right. He'd hate for someone to look over and see him grimacing and sweating and know just precisely what was going on in his head and his guts. So sick of this.



This never used to happen, back when he was daring and indestructible and had secrets. He did this then because he did anything; it was a point of honour to cover as much ground as possible. With Tanya it was one of the earliest things they had recognised in each other; her track marks and her brave talk about giving up and her long winded analysis of what brought her to it made her seem so worldly and exotic. A bit dirty, he'd always liked that. It was what got them through that first rotten, hungover morning. It worried him that under it all he had once been to naive, he hated to look stupid like that. Hated for anyone to know anything he didn't. Tanya was an education. She was a junkie first as well. They did detox together, a place near the hospital you could go, fucking horrible place. They hated you there and you hated each other. It was like having a fight you didn't want to have with a totally obvious solution, and after four days of making himself sick on runny mashed potato they were out of there, walking up to the Cross so fast they were almost running, and then home again where they held on to each other and just floated, and it was a relief to be back, to have her back, to be with her in some sort of secret.

His stomach felt swollen now, he was starting to get achy. It was like the beginning of the flu. He'd make himself wait for a taste until he got home, another hour and seven minutes back to Newtown, and then some. He had to hang on to some decency, some privacy. There had to be some element of this that was still like having a drink when you got home in the evening. He realised he was holding his breath. Canley Vale, the second last stop. One hour, five minutes, two minutes to go. He could count to 120 and by the time he finished, he'd be there. Bless State Rail.

It was just starting to rain on the platform. He'd gotten off the train once at Canley Vale, they still had toilets there, he'd gone

and had a shot and got on the next train and tried to pretend he was coming home from work and he was just tired and couldn't stay awake. You see lots of people like that on trains. He'd felt really sick, though, he couldn't get comfortable and he thought he might have to get off. He went and stood by the doors so he could get off at the next stop but it was hard to stand up and suddenly there was nothing he could do and he was vomiting all over his feet and the floor. If it hadn't all felt so absolute, he would have been mortified, and when he thought about it now it made his skin prickle with embarrassment, but at the time there was nothing he could do and he got out at the next station and walked back two carriages and got back on because he felt fine again and he really wanted to get home.

Not moving. He checked his watch again. That was an hour and seven minutes exactly and they were still at Canley Vale. The couple from Strathfield had gotten up and were already standing by the door. She was leaning in the pole and he was standing with his face against the window.

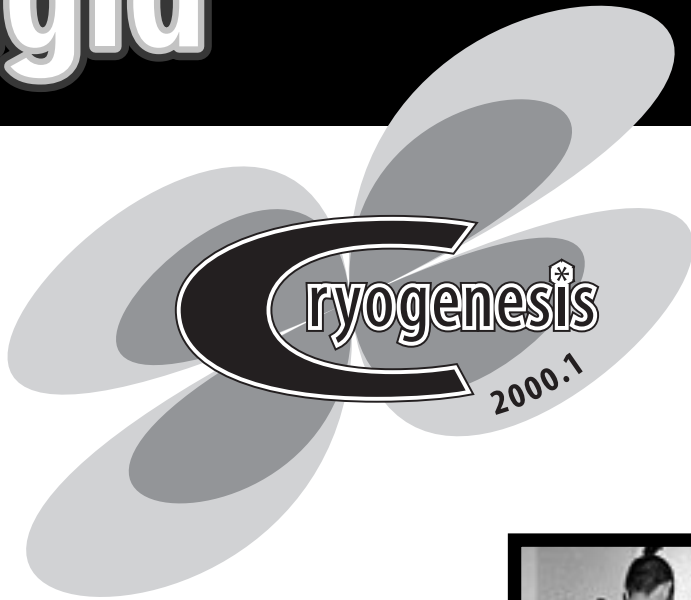
Not moving. This was bad. This was being two minutes away and being stationary for an unknowable length of time. He put his elbows on his knees to keep his feet still and pressed his forehead against the palms of his hands. This was impossible. He felt sick. Shaky. This was bad enough, when you were two minutes away from either total bliss or a night in the cells if it all went wrong. At the best of times, Canley Vale was a site of almost unbearable anticipation. For one horrible instant he felt that he really couldn't take this, like something would give, he would explode or the whole moment would go Supernova and take him with it. This had to go, this had to change. Then the train lurched forward, and he breathed out slowly.

# frigid

## line-ups

# december january

Frigid happens at the Globe Venue, 379 King Street Newtown every Sunday night, rain hail or shine. Except when they decide to renovate...see y'all in February.



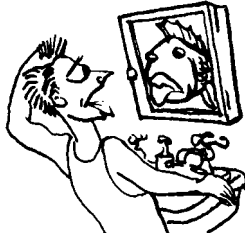
### SUNDAY DECEMBER 12

### CRYOGENESIS TURNS FIVE!

### Island Style 2000.1

[live]  
**Quark Kent**  
**5000 Fingers Of Dr T**  
**Tooth**

[DJs]  
**Sub Bass Snarl & Peter Hollo**  
**Sir Robbo & Neural**  
**Seymour Butz & Gemma**  
**Kodwo Eshun**



special guest at cryo 2000.1, Kodwo Eshun, exploring sir robbo's record library. Rumor has it that one of the reasons kodwo is returning is to raid the vaults



It's the main event—**Cryogenesis**, this year it's five years old too. Out in the middle of the harbour it's invitation only so get in touch with one of us by email (subbass@snarl.org) if you want to come along. There'll be stacks of stuff going on and we've managed to coerce **Kodwo Eshun** into jumping on a plane especially for Cryo, assuming he manages to fight off the hordes of backpackers descending on Sydney. Our friends and allies over the last few years are going to be out in force **Quark Kent** and the **Fromage** crew; **5000 Fingers'** Jasper & Adam who have been with Cryogenesis since the beginnings back in the Dumbarton Castle; **Seymour & Gemma** who have been inspirational and have always done good things with us including the **Dung** series; and of course **Robbo and Neural**. It's mellow, daytime and will be a killer so get in touch quick.

## eLefant traks

FIRST BIRTHDAY



### SUNDAY DECEMBER 19

### FINAL FRIGID FOR 1999

[live]  
**Pilfernators**  
**Sulo**  
**Explanetary**  
**Spanky**

[DJs]  
**Sub Bass Snarl**  
**Sir Robbo**  
**Gemma**  
**Seymour**  
**Nicki Gee & His Sensual Sax**  
**DJ Pace**

Yep it's the VERY LAST Frigid for 1999 and we won't be back until February sometime so make sure you get down to this final bash. We'll also be celebrating the success of **Elefant Traks'** very first year with two compilations CDs and one artist release (not to mention two record breaking crowdsat Frigid). Downstairs is where the Elefant Traks action takes place, with the most holy of trinities in the Elefant Traks stable appearing; the **Pilfernators** tracking till the walls start to crumble, **Sulo** and **Spanky** crunching some sibilant drum n bass and **Explanetary** in full swing dropping concious blue mountains rhymes with **DJ ALF** spinning some of the Shire's finest. Whilst upstairs Frigid will be doing a Dung-style one-on-one thing with **Yellow Peril & Sir Robbo** head to head and **Gemma** and **Seymour** accompanied on sax by the infamous **Nicki Gee**. There will be visuals and more, possibly a few surprises, and of course, plenty of Cryogenesis reminiscences. So come on down.

# frigid

special event

### SUNDAY JANUARY 24, 2000

### FRIGID AT THE OPERA HOUSE

[live]  
**Tooth**  
**Quark Kent**

[DJ]  
**Sub Bass Snarl**

You read right...the Opera House. Frigid has been invited by the Festival of Sydney to do a one-night only Frigid on MONDAY 24th, just before Australia Day at the Foreshore Bar which is right out the waterside front of the Opera House. There will be visuals too and the action goes from 9pm to 1am. Because it's run by someone else it's a little more expensive at \$7 but rest assured it will be a classy evening with some pretty unique acoustics. Don't miss it. It will be the only Frigid event until we reopen at the Globe some time in February.



NEWCOMERS

to the catalogue  
of Recorded Music

# december's musical mucus

with your host Yellow Peril



Last Cyclic's reviews were pretty pathetic in number so this time I've compensated by giving you, the reader, heaps to choose from. I must admit over the two months I've dropped off some record label's promo lists for various unknown reasons, but more positively, come across several nice little surprises in the shape of new good value online shops and also some cheaper shelf prices at some local stores, even Red Eye! Promos from labels tend to be a bit of a mixed blessing. On one hand you can sometimes get really good stuff that you would otherwise not have heard, but the flipside is that you're usually expected to write something good about all the bad shit you get sent. As far as Cyclic is concerned, if editorial influence is what labels want then they can stuff their promos.



**DJ Krust**  
**Coded Language**  
(Talkin Loud)

Source: [www.juno.co.uk](http://www.juno.co.uk)

I've been waiting for this for ages and it finally popped up on the new releases list at Juno. Krust is probably one of the most interesting drum'n'bass producers of the last two or three years, managing to steer a path between futuristic funk music and the monotony of the techstep phase. *Coded Language* is his full length major label album and it is a killer. Krust splits the album in two halves separated by the centrepiece and first 12", the album's title track 'Coded Language', done with New York rapper/performance poet Saul 'My



mother was rushed from a James Brown concert to give birth to me' Williams. It is one of the most effective and visceral combinations of drum'n'bass and spoken word, with Williams' passionate diatribe on rhythm punctuating the grinding with word-sounds like bombs raining on your ears. On either side of this sit rolling futuristic instrumental tracks full of devilishly detailed sound effects, a few half-speed interludes, an orchestral piece and two tracks, 'Rearrange' and 'Excuses' which give any of the tracks on Roni Size's Breakbeat Era project a run for their money. Coherent, immeasurably detailed and diverse, Krust's *Coded Language* is the best drum'n'bass album yet and puts crap like Goldie to shame.

**Various**  
**No Lightweight Stuff**  
((Bluetrain)

Source: Red Eye

With its title, Bluetrain's label compilation *No Lightweight Stuff* sounds like it should be paying homage to 70s reggae MC U-Roy, and in some way it is. Bluetrain is a

label heavily influenced by Basic Channel and its descendents, especially Pole and Rhythm & Sound. Compiled from a series of 12"s all the tracks are by Steve O'Sullivan in various solo and collaborative guises. Deep minimal house beats are submerged in echo and undulating basslines, reggae rhythms become templates for cavernous echoes and offkilter sounds. Unlike Pole and Basic Channel who have deconstructed techno and then reconstructed a futuristic dub sound out of it, O'Sullivan's tracks reverse this process utilising traditional reggae motifs and riddims and then reconstructing and reorganising them in deeply effected techno and house patterns, basslines intact.

**Prozack**  
**Tan Lejos**

(Stereophonic Elefant Dance)

Source: Fish Bondi Junction

Spain's Stereophonic Elefant Dance label has been quite busy of late putting out several interesting releases. The black and white photography of the sleeve art conjures up parallels with the wastelands of Godspeed You Black Emperor but this is a warmer, seductive wasteland. This album from Prozack alternates between an alluring smacked-out sparse desolate techno sound and a more upfront four-four loop experience. The exciting tracks of course are the smacky ones. The album's title track 'Tan Lejos' sees time standstill as a dub bassline acts as a counterbalance for the infinitely decaying drone formations that hang above it. The fourth track Intangible positions you in a vortex of circling beats that are punctuated only by a few incidental sounds an imaginary endless peaceful fall from the top of a skyscraper. Towards the end of the album Arrebato disturbs the flow with its bog-standard 909 kick and Jeff Mills-style hysteria, putting a damper on the album. Nevertheless, it manages to be half good...

**Soul Center**  
**Soul Center**  
(WvB)

Source: Red Eye

Soul Center is a side project of Cologne-based experimenter Thomas Brinkmann. Brinkmann is best known for his weird twin tone-arm remixes of Plastikman and Mike Ink's Studio One label bringing out hidden textures from recordings in a kind-of automatic remixing project. Brinkmann was actually a sound artist well before techno and his forays into techno and more recently, house with the Ernst series of 12"s, seem to have really only been incidental. Nevertheless, Soul Center is Brinkmann's 'fun' project and proves that he understands the necessities of a good house record well. Using sample sources from George Clinton, the Temptations, Four Tops, Theo Parrish, Unbelievable Truth and others, Brinkmann with Kompakt's Jurgen Paape on hand, lays down some basic loop-based grooves and basslines minimising the use of his tone-arm echo and playing up regularity rather than irregularity. The results are playful and cheeky.

**Material**  
**Intonarumori**

(Axiom/Palm Pictures)

Source: Fish Records Bondi Junction

Material is Bill Laswell's centrepiece, a place for all his side projects to come together and also his most commercially accessible project. Material is less of a group now than a set of collaborators who orbit around Laswell's sun, adding to and shaping his sounds. This time, Laswell eschews his forays into ambient and world music for a return to rap. As the liner notes state boldly (and everything on a Laswell Axiom release is stated 'boldly'), 'rap is still an art'. But Laswell doesn't actually mean ALL rap, he is centring on particular rappers who do rhymes which are compatible with his visions of conceptual art. Thus Company flow assist on production, the infamous Rammellzee guests alongside Kool Keith, Flavor Flav, DJ Disk, DXT and a maniacal Killah Priest who delivers the album's best track 'Temple Of The



Soul Center\*





Mental' without any rhythmic backing. Intonarumori is an interesting experiment, but it once again proves that the real developments in hip hop are happening outside of the States where there is less of a concern about any separation between what constitutes art and what is simply 'rap'.

### **Spymania Allstars Welcome To Celebrity Fog Donkey** (Spymania)

Source: [www.juno.co.uk](http://www.juno.co.uk)

The aural equivalent of Monty Python, Spymania's greatest have decided to move away from manic breakbeats and launch themselves properly into the comedy field. Well, not exactly. Spymania have been pretty busy the last few months after almost two years of nothing, releasing first the MDK album and then DJ Beattie's debut as well. *Welcome To Celebrity Fog Donkey* is a sampler of a new era, or maybe it's just a mish-mash of outtakes that simply had to be released. Either way it comes at a budget price, features nineteen tracks ranging from the ridiculous 'Pleated Lemon' fire safety ballad 'Safety Song' and Do Grin Edits' cut up of 'Sitting On The Dock Of The Bay' retitled 'Sitting On The Mong Everyday', to the quite serious and interesting two tracks a piece from Transbeauce, T Maxx and MDK. Unfortunately it seems as if they couldn't license the hilarious reworking of Little Fluffy Clouds that Spymania's Paul Fowler brought over to Frigid back in 1996, it would have fitted beautifully.

### **Aphrodite Aphrodite** (V2)

Source: Sony Promo

Gavin King is kind of like the Fat Boy Slim of drum'n'bass - the serious headz don't give him any props but his tracks always rock the dancefloor. Aphrodite's tracks

are full of detailed production and each timestretch and filter is carefully applied to maximise dancefloor response. Having pioneered the half time intro, Aphrodite managed to keep jump up alive when many other defected to produce speed garage (now two-step garage) and the rest went into the bleakness of techstep by working with hip hop producers and applying for the rights to use the Def Jam back catalogue as sample sources. Thus his self-titled album, really a collection of well-known singles, quite a few of which were out a few years ago on the excellent Aphrodite Recordings compilation, tends to focus most on the tracks he has built out of recognisable hip hop connections peaking with King of The Beats. Its all extremely throwaway and upfront and its not as good as the aforementioned Aphrodite Recordings but its great party music all the same.

### **Clinton Disco And Halfway To Discontent** (Hut/Virgin)

Source: [www.juno.co.uk](http://www.juno.co.uk)

Clinton is a side project for Tjinder Singh from Cornershop and focuses more on dancefloor stuff. Having already done a stack of stuff for his Wijja label and playing out as a 'serious' DJ at various South Asian nights, Tjinder Singh has decided with his Clinton project to make simple, catchy pop-based songs on top of hip hop beats and disco basslines hence the album's title. Don't let the pop word (or Cornershop for that matter) put you off, as *Disco And Halfway To Discontent* is packed with clever lyrics and some stripped back funky grooves. Opening with the 'People Power In The Disco Hour' and the recent single 'Buttoned Down Disco' with its Israeli disco-pop sample, it is the 'The Hot For May Sound' and its Sing Hosanna refrain in the middle that is the killer. Worth checking out.

### **DJ Spooky That Subliminal Kid Subliminally Minded EP** (Bar None)

Source: Red Eye

Back with a twelve track EP playing on KRS One's *Criminally Minded*, DJ Spooky presents several skits and short tracks around the remixes of 'Peace In Zaire' from his *Riddim Warfare* album. Two members of Organised Konfusion guest on 'Rekonstruction', a tight hip hop track that opens the EP, then its into DJ Wally's dicey stripped back sci-fi techstep 'Peace' remix. Better things await later in the EP with The Dub Pistols' ska remix using samples from The Specials' Two Tone classic 'Ghost Town', Karsh Kale's tabla-tronic mix and the Kevin Shields' collaboration 'Rappers Relight' which is all bassline and drone recalling some of Spooky's earlier work before the more pop-oriented sounds of *Riddim Warfare*.

### **Various Influences + Remixes + Classics** (Warp)

Source [www.warp-net.com](http://www.warp-net.com)

The ten year anniversary of Sheffield label Warp rolled over at the beginning of this month and to celebrate three double CD compilations appeared. Offered locally at \$50 a piece, Warp is doing the three as a package for 30 quid (AUS\$80) on their website. *Influences* is basically the collection tracks from 1986 to 1990 that were label founders Rob Mitchell and Steve Beckett's favourite tracks. Thus there is a lot of material licensed from Chicago's Trax label including Mr Fingers, Adonis, Phuture through to later releases like Farley Jackmaster Funk and Virgo Four; alongside Manchester's A Guy Called Gerald and an early 808 State track pre-Newbuild plus the seminal bleep'n'bass of Unique 3's 'The Theme' and the electronic soundsystem bleep of Ital Rockers, a reggae soundsystem that started to

experiment with stripped back bleeps and immense subsonic bass outside of the proto-rave scene. Accurately capturing an underground acid house sound, most of which isn't available on other compilations (like the Flux Trax or Mastercuts series), *Influences* is a window into a world of pretty dystopian sparse futuristic visions that is a forgotten root of much of the 'fresh' sounds today. It also offers an alternative view or balance to the rarefied Detroit focus of much revisionist histories of techno, playing up the role of Chicago and the populist functionalism of acid house. The *Classics* double CD starts off where *Influences* leaves off. 1989 is ending a Warp release their first tracks plunging headlong into the bleep'n'bass sound with Forgemasters, Sweet Exorcist and LFO. Packed full of the classic LFO tracks and early Nightmares On Wax, *Classics* covers the early pre-Artificial Intelligence era of Warp where 12" single releases outweighed albums. The third in the set is *Remixes*, a double CD where you young-uns can feel at home with tracks being sourced from releases on the Warp catalogue right up to 1998 and put through the wringer by current leaders like Fourtet, Luke Vibert, John McEntire (Tortoise), surgeon, Plaid, Oval, Push Button Objects and Stereolab. For my liking, *Remixes* is the weakest of the three compilations but nevertheless the remixes from Pram, Fourtet, Mogwai and McEntire, four key post-rock producers/bands, are the most interesting of what's on offer, perhaps indicating Warp's acknowledgement that the Artificial Intelligence electronic sound of 1993-1995 has been superseded by the whole post-rock moment.

### **Do Make Say Think Besides EP** (Resonant)

Source: [www.action-records.co.uk](http://www.action-records.co.uk)

The debut album from Do Make Say Think is one of my favourite releases of the year and now it is followed by this thirty minute four tracker. Besides continues the dub influenced guitar-scapes but moves closer to Godspeed territory with some panoramic views of a hazy deserted American mid-West. The best tracks

are on the flip with the moody muted horns on 'Our Man In Havana' and the country-infused 'A Week In The Dark'. Expect another album soon on Constellation.

### **Squarepusher Selection Sixteen** (Warp)

Source: Disc Paddington

Squarepusher is back with yet another mini-album, this time extended to seventeen tracks. Titled *Selection Sixteen*, Tom Jenkinson has returned to his manic amen breaks but has merged them with fusion sounds he has been exploring since *Music Is Rotted One Note*. There are some cracking acidic jungle tracks but the standout is 'Tomorrow World' which marries amen breaks that cascade like a rhythmic waterfall with a beautiful melancholy synth line recalling both early Squarepusher tracks like a recently remembered favourite, Beat Street and also some of the better u-Ziq productions.

### **Various Freaky Loops (II)** (2SER)

Source: Us!

Yep, the new Freaky Loops compilation is out and although neither me nor Luke were too happy with the process that we went through compiling the damn thing, not to mention the last minute rush only to find that the label that was going to release it wouldn't let us put our label logos on the sleeve, the final copy sounds pretty good. Now distributed by Creative Vibes and with a good proportion of the retail price going to 2SER and the artists, the second Freaky loops CD is, like the first, split into two halves: a mellow one and a more uptempo one. The mellow CD has new tracks from Tooth, Kevin Purdy, Ubin, H'Biki, Quark Kent and a particularly hilarious drug track from Atone, while the uptempo one has banging tunes from telemetry Orchestra, 8-Bit and drum'n'bass from brothers V-Tek and Cytochrome. Listen for yourselves.





**Size**  
**actualSize**  
(zonar)

I had been eagerly waiting for this album from Sydney based Size for a long time. Finally released through Zonar recordings, it is a fantastic, unique and inspiring CD chronicling sound constructions by Gary Bradbury and Jason Gee from 1993 until 1997 approximately. Some older readers may remember the name Gary Bradbury from the earlier, more experimental years of seminal Sydney electronic act Severed Heads. Due to the sheer originality of the music on this album it does not in any way sound dated despite both the rapidly evolving world of electronic music and the age of the material on this release.

Some songs feature clumsy, lumbering rhythms, others steady, minimal driving plip beat patterns. Moods from haunted dreams blend with mutated kitsch and/or bizarre vocal samples. Microtextural lumps of festering sound lovingly cobbled together with industrial plangs and distorted thwocks never tire of listening. In short it is a beautiful and original album.

There is a rumour that Size is now just Gary Bradbury. Either way the name has been cropping up on the bill at various gigs and the live performances are a must see. Zonar label head Brendan Palmer has suggested to me that Bradbury's assaulting of audience members is in fact a misunderstood attempt to incorporate more of a 'performance art' element in these gigs. If you are not brave enough for this then just check out the CD, even if it is only for the curious montage on the back cover and the demented disc artwork.

lex luthor



**Various Artists**  
**Voices In My Lunchbox**  
volumes 1&2  
(Plug Research)

Checking the Plug Research web site (not surprisingly <http://www.plugresearch.com>) gives a reasonably detailed description of volume one of this (so far) two part series of four-track twelve-inches. It is not, however, up-to-date enough to have details about the second volume. The idea behind the series is not fresh either — artists experimenting with vocals. However, the fact that these are electronic musicians who are deliberately working against the paradigm of traditionally vocal-free electronic music certainly got me curious enough to buy them.

And I was not disappointed. An instant favourite was the Chicks On Speed vs Potuznik/Bauer track 'This is House Music' from the second volume; a cut up of the Chicks' tongue-in-cheek acapella house beats, hits and sultry moans. Also of note is a Pole remix of a Quarks track 'kikyo' featuring a hauntingly beautiful Japanese vocal. The Carmen Tejada track 'Gira Gira' sees mother and son team up to blend electronic sounds and operatic vocals. Other tracks are from Smyglyssna, Kit Clayton, Jesse Peterson & the Tenants Band, Phoenecia and Patrick Pulsinger. They vary from the dubby to the strange and experimental.

If you still have a record player then these are worth checking out, otherwise wait for the next full length CD compilation on PR that will hopefully contain at least some of these tracks.

lex luthor



Well, I hope you've all recovered adequately from Freaky Loops! My only complaint was that it rained most of the following day thereby stopping us from having our scheduled picnic. Perhaps it was for the best, given that last year I ended up on crutches after jumping out of a tree in Moore Park the day after the Loops.

As this issue of Cyclic is concentrating on narcotics, it seemed only logical that I should also follow suit. I mean, what better time for Degrassi to have a look at the world of film, television and celebrities than the present? Robert Downey Jr was recently sentenced up to 3 years in jail for violating his probation when he refused to take a drug test. Matthew McConaughey was arrested after neighbours complained about noise emanating from his home. When police arrived they found the actor playing bongo drums naked with a friend and the faint smell of marijuana in the air. Don't worry, I'm not forgetting the other media staple Christian Slater, who is almost always in trouble for assaulting police after excessive drinking as well taking heroin and cocaine for a couple days (not to mention the countless weapons charges). These actors by no means exhaust the list of celebrities with drug problems. I could write tomes on the exploits of the Brat Pack alone. Nor have drugs been a problem for stars in the last few decades, look at the oh-so-sweet-and-innocent Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* (Judy Garland) who died as a result of her habits, but not before passing them on to her daughter, Liza Minelli. I could go on and on, and probably would if I didn't have to answer mail...

Dear Degrassi,  
I don't really have a life and as such I spend an inordinate amount of time in chat rooms speaking to people from all over the world who share my fear of real communication with others. Recently, one of my cyber boyfriends from the US sent a jpg of himself. Besides the fact that he looked like he hadn't seen daylight in about 12 years, was clinically obese and appeared to be extremely hirsute, he's a real catch! One thing did perplex me though, he was wearing a T-shirt with the slogan 'Just Say No' on it. Just say no to what? Nutrition? A social life? Body waxing? Porn samples in music? What? Not wanting to appear ignorant to my new love, I haven't asked him what it means, but I was hoping you'd be able to tell me.  
Net Nancy

Firstly, I have five words to say to you: 'Get out of the house!' Life is too short to be spent sitting in front of a computer screen typing your most intimate thoughts out for what could be a 37 year old intellectually advanced chimpanzee! I've known plenty of people to get involved in internet romances and all but one have ended in tears or extreme disappointment. Don't kid yourself any longer, come down to Frigid one Sunday night and see what it's like to communicate with a real, live human being. Who knows, you may even enjoy yourself!

Moving on to your question, your cyber boyfriend's T-shirt bares a slogan made popular in the USA in the 1980s as part of an anti-drug campaign. Nancy Reagan, wife of the then president Ronald Reagan, became the main spokesperson for the campaign. Isn't it ironic that her husband (an ex-Hollywood star of such films as *Bedtime for Bonzo*) would later use the excuse that he was so whacked on Valium he had no idea what he was making arms deals with other countries? Maybe that's also the reason he made the appallingly bad faux pas about bombing Russia before making a speech.

The 'Just Say No' campaign, which is still operating, is the product of conservative, misinformed do-gooders. Sympathetic campaigners have been known to state such things as: 'Drug abuse is symptomatic of numerous social pathologies such as rampant fatherlessness'. Does that mean that the welfare of the country is left up to single mothers to return to their possibly abusive partners, endangering not only their own lives but also their children's, just so that the blight of single-motherhood cannot taint the lives of nice white, middle class, North American children? The campaign has been criticized by many for its lack of education and its emphasis on scare tactics. A rival campaign has been set up called 'Just Say Know', which aims to arm the public with relevant and factual information about drugs so that a person can make an informed decision about their own well being.

A survey conducted by Columbia University found that 76 percent of adolescents and 67 percent of adults blame the popular culture for encouraging illegal drug use. They feel that the entertainment industry helps to create an environment in which drug use is not stigmatized, and in many cases, legitimized.

We need not look at what celebrities do in their spare time to get some sort of an idea of where youngsters are getting positive ideas about drugs. For example, take Roger Ramjet. This All-American Super-hero would simply take one of his Proton Energy Pills to give him the power of twenty atom bombs for a period of twenty seconds. HELLO? Popeye would receive a similar energy boost by getting stuck into his spinach. Admittedly spinach is not a controlled substance, but it's the idea of consuming something



that will give you strength, courage and stamina that is being planted in the minds of viewers, most likely at a very young age. In Popeye's defense though, I do recall a strong anti drug message in the *New Adventures of Popeye* where his young nephews refused drugs from a dog dressed like a 1970s pimp (think Harvey Keitel in *Taxi Driver*). Their slogan: 'Dope is for dopes!' But what about Scooby Doo and Shaggy? If you ask me, those Scooby Snacks were hash cakes! Why else did those two always have the munchies and were constantly paranoid? As marijuana is known to inhibit the libido, that's also probably an explanation as to why Shaggy never tried to get it on with the cartoon character I'd most like to snog — Daphne!

Hollywood's saccharine treatment of Bret Easton Ellis' novel *Less Than Zero* did more harm to the anti drug cause than good. Don't think for a minute that I am dismissing the importance of such a definitive 1980s film — I am Degrassi after all! The film was a snap shot of the 80s in terms of fashion, big hair, teen icons and the 80s power dressing/greed ethic. It is well worth seeing the film for its 80s imagery, but read the book if you want the gritty reality. I recall seeing the film at the tender age of 13 and deciding that I wanted to be a gorgeous, thin fashion model with a coke habit that spent my spare time at Beverly Hills parties. It was not until I read the book upon which the film was based at age 15 that I realised that it was probably better to aspire to be a neurosurgeon.

Another aspect of the film that should be addressed is the treatment of the character Julien. The role of an adolescent, drug addicted, lying, cheating, bullshitting, poor-little-rich-kid was played convincingly by Robert Downey Jr. I don't think he had to do a lot of research for that part! The problem with the film's treatment of his character is that they try to make us feel sorry for him — that he is an unfortunate victim of drugs, parental neglect and way too much spare time. The celluloid version of *Less Than Zero* glamorizes the role of victim which in turn gives people, especially impressionable teenagers, the message that adopting a drug problem is a loud and effective cry for help. One last criticism of the film is the stupidity of the other protagonists (Clay played by Andrew McCarthy and

Blair played by Jami Gertz) who continue to come to Julien's rescue every time he owes his dealer money, goes through withdrawal or finds himself working as a male prostitute. There does come a point when it doesn't matter how much you love someone, you are only perpetuating their drug abuse if you continue to act as a crutch for them.

Looking at a more recent film (What? Degrassi even knows it's the 90s?) such as *Pulp Fiction*, we are totally and utterly misinformed. If ever you find yourself with someone who has overdosed on heroin, don't go looking in your fridge for that spare syringe of adrenaline you always keep handy! Take them to a hospital straight away for a shot of Naloxone. Home remedy drug cures rarely, if ever, prove effective.

Anyway, back to your problem. Given the anonymity of the internet, you appear to have come across one of the few cyber nerds who doesn't send a picture of their head Photoshopped onto Brad Pitt's body. 10 points for his honesty



# spunk of the month

## Corey Feldman

As there seems to be a bit of a theme to this issue of *Cyclic*, I felt it would be fitting to salute one of my teen heart throbs who managed to conquer a drug and alcohol addiction.

Corey Feldman (the better half of the two Coreys), was born in 1971 and appeared in over 80 commercials as a young child. His father was a member of the band known as The Strawberry Alarm Clocks who appear in the politically incorrect Russ Myers film, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. He played a number of roles in tele-movies as well as the occasional film from 1979 onwards, although in 1981 he provided the voice of one of the characters in the Disney animated film, *The Fox and the Hound*. Small roles in *Gremlins* and *Friday the 13th Part 5* paved the way for his first major role in *The Goonies*. It wasn't until I saw him play Teddy Duchamp in *Stand By Me* that I fell in love with him (along with River Phoenix, who met his untimely demise at the Viper Room after a drug cocktail in 1993). It was River who introduced Corey to underage drinking while they were shooting the film. Only a few weeks later, a sound engineer on the film gave him a toke on his bong that impressed Corey even more than alcohol.

He remained a stoner until he finished school, but after starting to hang around with comedian Sam Kinnison, almost all drugs became readily available on a daily basis. Around this time, Corey had his own little coke snorting entourage, akin to the current Leonardo Di Caprio 'Pussy Posse', that consisted of Ricky Schroeder, Alfonso Ribero and Corey Haim. Feldman could see that they were beginning to get out of control, so he prescribed them all with the 'Marijuana Maintenance Diet' which worked only for a few weeks. During this time he appeared in his most successful film, *The Lost Boys* (for which he won the 1987 Youth in Film award) and the not so successful *Licence to Drive* (also starring Heather Graham). His last commercially successful film was 1989's *The Burbs*.



Corey found love with a stripper/actress/Playboy model who cheated on him with Charlie Sheen. To dull that pain, Corey started using heroin. By this stage, movie offers for Feldman had pretty much dried up. He was cast as the voice of Donatello in the first *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle* film, but was so pinned on heroin for the recording, he was not asked back for the second film. Fortunately he had cleaned his act up enough to return for the third film in the series.

After a near fatal car accident, Corey booked himself in for rehab, but was back on heroin after only 3 days. He was arrested twice for possession and once for attempted break and enter, and was sentenced to more rehab, which he again failed. In 1994 however, he had an impromptu moment of clarity, booked himself into rehab and successfully completed it. He has been attending NA meetings ever since.

He has strayed from acting to pursue other interests that include choreography, production and songwriting. In 1994 he also recorded an album called *Love Left* which, for some unknown reason, was never released. He also wrote, directed and starred in the little heard of film, *Busted* in 1996. His band, Truth Movement released an album called *Searching for Soul* last year and Corey is now engaged to long time girlfriend Regina Ferguson.



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