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

issue 5 of the frigid/cryogenesis zine
january 98
Welcome to a new year of Cyclic Defrost and Frigid, I hope you managed to stay out of the way of drunken loons on New Years Eve (some of you probably WERE the drunken loons come to think of it!). Anyway, the New Year has brought substantial changes with Cyclic being inundated with requests for ads, articles and general mail. In brief news, the T-shirts look like they may happen now that enough people have raised their paws in support of them. Also to everyone who went to Cryogenesis we extend a big thank you. You will no doubt be pleased to know that a second Cryogenesis happens on Sunday February 28th. This one is severely limited in capacity - 100 people only - so get yer skates on and grab your invites at the first Frigid before they all go.

Speaking of Frigid we restart for 1999 at the Globe in Newtown this very Sunday - January 17th with Telemettry Orchestra. The Globe will change things around a bit and some of the crowd will change, but the Globe will offer us substantial benefits over the Dendy.

Yellow Peril

This issue of cyclic defrost brought to you by sirk lifestyles, white-goods, luke's 30th year on earth and the wholesome goodness of chillum smokin' while playing trivial pursuit.

Cryogenesis
1999.2

Cryogenesis, for the uninitiated, is a day out in the sun usually on an island in the harbour surrounded by lots of other people enjoying chilled tunes from Sub Bass Snafl and their friends. Its a bit like an outdoor Frigid minus the film component, and its the event that first spawned Frigid. The last Cryogenesis was held in December and saw 450 people journey to Shark Island and laze in the sun whilst the sounds of Pursy, Tooth, Sir Robbo, Phil Smart, Brett Mitchell, Gemma, Seymour and Sub Bass Snafl wafted over the island. Now its time for the next Cryogenesis (and the last one before December 1999) which is going to be a much smaller event. Held at the familiar Rodd Island venue on Sunday February 28th this is strictly limited to 100 people so if you intend to come along then pick up a $25 invitation from the first week of Frigid or get in touch via email ASAP.

Sidney Cohen in the article, 'pot, acid and speed' from the book Drug Awareness, Key Documents on LSD, Marijuana and the Drug Culture

Let Us Replay

Let Us Play’ remixed by the famous and the obscure, with Carl Craig, Grandmaster Flash, DJ Food, Jello Biafra, Sauna Saliva, Bernard Purdie, Shut Up & Dance, Jimster, DJ Lord Fader, J Swinscone, Sycophants, Cornelius & Irresistible Force. Plus free CD ROM for PC of VJAMM, the video remixing software used by Coldcut in their live shows. In stores Jan 26, 1999

Atoh the prime psychedelic of the 19th century was nitrous oxide, popularly called "laughing gas" because it evoked hilarity and delight. It provided more than a "high," it revealed enormous insights and universal truths. Sir Humphrey Davy, who later suggested its use in anaesthesia, tried it in a self experiment. As he was going under he discovered the final secret of the universe and screamed it on a pad so that it would not be forgotten. After he recovered he immediately searched for the note, which read: "God, the stanch is awful." Sidne Cohen in the article, 'pot, acid and speed' from the book drug awareness, key documents on LSD, marijuana and the drug culture

"Ive never seen it end on" Former Frigid door person

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

peril@cia.com.au or daleha@cia.com.au
or, if you must
Sub Bass Snafl, Union Box 45 UNSW Union, PO. Box 173, Kingsford NSW 2032

This issue of cyclic defrost brought to you by sirk lifestyles, white-goods, luke's 30th year on earth and the wholesome goodness of chillum smokin' while playing trivial pursuit.

cover: Kids cram to get into the newtown globe on a sunday night

copying, folding, stapling and stuffing

monkey boy, yellow peril & sir robbi

thanks to

ruth, shannon, spoof, unicopy, UNSW, and all the advertisers (may you all be prosperous).

Advertising inquiries can be directed to the editors (see below) or to Jordan Spence at j.spence@unsw.edu.au

WEBSITE


acrobat pdf versions of all issues are kept at the site, just follow the link to cyclic defrost...
John Molnar is one of the projectionists at the Dendy. Unfortunately he is rather tardy and can’t get around to writing a proper article so he’s given Cyclic Defrost a list of films to look out for from several decades. This month we start with the 1950s. Some of these films we be in your local video shop, or screened as midnight movies for you to watch when you are waggling work or school. For the others you might have to wait until the Encore Cinema decides to re-screen them.

1950

The Asphalt Jungle (a cool robbery film)

1951

The Thing (the original)

The Day The Earth Stood Still, When Worlds Collide (the original Deep Impact),

The Enforcer (very cool Bogart crime thriller)

1952

High Noon

1953

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

1954

Them! (giant ants in the Nevada desert - made into a great Amiga computer game - eds)

Target Earth, This Island Earth, The Silver Chalice (an epic with cardboard sets and Jack Palance), The Enforcer (very cool Bogart crime thriller)

1955

The Killing (a great Kubrick crime thriller)

Kiss Me Deadly (brutal crime film)

Night Of The Hunter (with Robert Mitchum as a nasty priest - excellent)

Tarantula, Revenge Of The Creature, It Came From Beneath The Sea

1956

Forbidden Planet, Earth vs The Flying Saucers, The Creature Walks Amongst Us, It Conquered The World, Invasion Of The Body Snatchers

1957

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

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

Boycott Bacardi - Support Cuba

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

Rock around the Blockade, c/o BCM Box 5909, London WC1N 3XX tel 0171 837 1688.
Reflections on a program known as BACK ORIFICE

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

I couldn't. I work at a large Australian ISP and have seen the ongoing rise in fraud and criminal activity resulting from the use of Back Orifice. Actually 'fraud' is a good word to use here, because, like credit card fraud, you don't think much about it until it happens to you. So what can Back Orifice do and is it healthy for you?

In the interests of scientific research, I took it upon myself to study Back Orifice, and what I discovered both scared and thrilled me. For one thing, it is ridiculously easy to use. All you need is a copy of the 'client' part of the program on your computer; and a copy of the 'server' program on the target's computer. The server program is small, becomes virtually invisible once run, and can be easily wrapped up inside another file. You could, for instance, encourage your target to run the server program by disguising it as a new game, or as a software upgrade for his/her word processor. It is already the case that hundreds of thousands of downloadable files on the internet have already been infected with Back Orifice, many of them unknowingly passed into legitimate distribution channels.

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

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

Within a few minutes of running Back Orifice oneself (for review purposes only of course), I found a target: a computer containing the required 'server' file and registered to someone by the name of 'Mary'. I had no idea who she is or where she lives, but I had access to the entire contents of her computer. By setting up a keylog command, I soon found out her internet access username and password as well as her ICQ username and password. Diving deeper into her hard disk I could read her CV and peep at the photos she took with her digital camera. Then, scanning through her hard disk, I, by chance, found another keylog file, set up by another (previous) hacker, who turned out to be her 'boyfriend'. The boyfriend had essentially 'eavesdropped' on her ICQ conversations by recording all of her keystrokes over a certain time period. Check this out. This could be you.

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

->["Send Online Message"]

oh i get it, some someone has hacked into my pc ...

I have a message from someone .. just don't leave a virus will you ralph, .. i've had my shower, still had to scrub my legs hard to get the blasted wax off .. thankyou for leaving the message .. "调料 not i am just looking", [RETURN] [RETURN] what a clever man you are ... boy i wish i could read your stuff, .. that would inter esting [par ->"Send Online Message"] [par ralph] .. i left my pc on while i slept and have had a message from someone i chat to .. that was on my taskbar; they have hacked into my computer .. is that possible and how ??? [par ->"Send Online Message"] [par ralph] .. are you there ?? please answer me if you are not busy as i...
I found this fairly frightening stuff. Which lead me to the question: Just who is the sick person here? The boyfriend, who copies the Back Orifice ‘server’ file onto her computer (maybe without your permission? I Love You, ex?) so that he can eavesdrop on all her communications to find out if she’s been cheating on him? Or is it actually me? The third party who eavesdrops again and then broadcasts the sad story of how Ralph Hacked Mary’s Computer” to the public via this review? Well, I toyed with that thought for a few seconds, but soon realized god-damn! I am a professional here, I have a duty, no, an obligation to share this information with you.

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

Next on my list was a local university computer, a public access terminal used by dozens of students every day. No doubt the server file was either run locally or sent to local youth when they invited them to paint the courtyard with an amazing display of murals. They even saw some of the following websites for more information - I’m not going to make it too easy for you.

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

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

The Dig The Sound Not Uranium tour to Jabiluka in 1998 took a mobile sound system across the land to the mine site where Energy Resources Australia plan to build another earth-and-future-destroying Uranium mine against a united and majority opposition. The traditional owners have stated a resounding ‘No’ to the greed motivated proposal by Energy Resources Australia, whose land is already been compromised by the existing Ranger mine, invited the public to join in opposition to the mine (and a blockade was set up). The campaign that has consequent-ly evolved has united people with a common vision, saying that enough is enough, this nuclear madness must be stopped. As well as the huge number of Jubilaku Action Groups that sprung up a number of other grass roots groups activated in opposition.

Graffiti Hall of Fame threatened by new development
Graffiti Hall of Fame is an inner city space in Sydney’s industrial Alexandra that houses several businesses as well as a place for Sydney’s youth to gather. Whether it be a chance for promoters to stage their club nights, DJs and MCs go to play or graffiti artists to gather and create art the space has been important in the development of Sydney’s diverse youth culture in the nineties.

Tony Spanos made the space available in 1993 and brought it to local youth when he invited them to paint the courtyard with an amazing display of murals. This reduced gang tensions in the area by channeling youth energy into something positive. He has recently been taken to court over the usage of the world famous graffiti covered courtyard for dance parties. The draconian court action was prompt-ly by pressure from non local developers whose only plan for Alexandria is to build hundreds of new houses as they attempt to cash in on re-adjusting inner city land zoning to residential. The suburb will be adversely affected with the area lacking the infrastructure for this style of high-density housing. With its homegrown youth facili-ties, Graffiti Hall Of Fame stands in the way of these short sighted developer plans. High density units cropping up all over Sydney have already lead to the loss of venues due to noise complaints. So we really want to live in a city devoid of culture. The loss of the High density housing with no wider vision of interactive lifestyle is a recipe for disaster. While the battle for free space continues the wider: campaign for a safe clean environment continues to grow.

Jubilaku - Catalyst for change
The government finally gave the green light for the controversial Jubilaku Uranium mine in Kakadu in late 1996. In which billions signs in their eyes they pushed the proposal through quickly, ignoring environ-mental impact statements and strong opposition from the the Mirrar people, the local traditional owners. The Mirrar, whose land is
What great timing. On Saturday 27th of December, licensing police entered the Cricketer’s Arms Hotel in Surry Hills and asked to see an employee to turn off the music, and it now seems unlikely that anyone will take their place behind the decks in the near future. For those unaware, the Cricketer’s Arms is one of the few places in Sydney that you can hear progressive electronic music every night, 7 days a week. It turns out that this man moved in behind the beer garden about 1 month beforehand, and had been agitating ever since.

The licensing police were brought into the picture when the man found 8 local residents willing to sign their names to a letter which the man then passed on to the authorities. The main point of concern was noise, of course, caused by music from inside and also by punters leaving the venue at midnight. It is by no means the first time the Cricketer’s has faced these problems. It was the pub’s close proximity to homes that led to its 12am curfew and it was resident’s complaints that led to comprehensive soundproofing of the pub and the employment of a security guard on busy nights to move punters from the area after close. These arrangements were reached as a result of consultation between the owners and residents.

The issue at hand is fucked up on a number of levels. Firstly, there was no consultation between the residents and the pub, leading me to think that the angry resident was more interested in shutting the place down than reaching a compromise. Rather than running into the pub and shouting abuse, as he did on Christmas eve, perhaps the courteous thing to do would be to ring the owners during the day and arrange a meeting. He is, after all, the newest kid on the block, and the Cricketer’s Arms is one of the oldest.

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

Thirdly, the whole situation brings into question the nature of entertainment licences. I mean, what the fuck is an entertainment licence anyway? There’s no reference to noise, only ordering that no live people were to make it. What this means is that a CD player or jukebox could still run through the house PA at the same volume. All this angry man has succeeded in doing is deteriorating the quality of the noise he’s going to be “assaulted” with.

I for one am not willing to watch such a vibrant place go the way of so many pubs in this city - turned into neon and pine “bars” without respect for the music that the previous owners did, and no-one knows if they’ll fork out the thousands of dollars needed to buy a license. Who could blame them, really. Music is such an intangible thing (how many people would be here without it? Is it just aural wallpaper?), whereas coin trays in pool tables and poker machines are full of real, hard currency.

If you feel the same way about this debacle, or if you have ideas on how to save a bastion of beats, call Shannon on 93695964.

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January
Lineups

SUNDAY
JANUARY 17

FILM -
The Tai Chi Master
(Jet Li)

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

SPECIAL GUEST -
The Telemetry Orchestra

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

SUNDAY
JANUARY 24

‘UNOFFICIAL CHANNELS’
CD LAUNCH

FILM - Point Blank

A 1967 classic, not to be confused with Point Break, starring Lee Marvin and Angie ‘Policewoman’ Dickenson. Lee Marvin gets double-crossed by his wife and best friend and what follows is a nightmare ride into the psyche of late-60s America.

SPECIAL GUEST -
The Grey Area

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

SUNDAY
JANUARY 31

FILM -
The Long Good Friday

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

SPECIAL GUEST -
Crucial

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

SUNDAY
FEBRUARY 7

FILM -
Get Carter

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

SPECIAL GUEST -
Blaze

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

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

FRIGID @
The Newtown Globe

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

WHAT’S NEW?

Frigid now runs from 7PM to MIDNIGHT. This means that the film will normally start screening at 7pm and the first act will play at 8pm. Frigid still costs $3 to get in. We have no intention of raising the cover charge and all revenue is channelled into either Cyclic Defrost or other events for you people like Cryogenesis and any future Dung events. Frigid is using the downstairs section of The Globe. There is a full bar with a proper coffee machine as well as a movie screen, video projector and most crucially - $2 pool. There are comfy chairs and maybe even cushions too but get in early to secure the best ones. The Globe has a rather unique arrangement with the Newtown gourmet pizza kitchen as well as Cafe 3B1 which means that you can all manner of reasonably priced delicacies for dinner. Further, dinner is available right up until the bar closes. Frigid will be having several double-four nights where Frigid will be located downstairs and a complementary event will happen upstairs. If you are interested in running one of these then get in touch.

TRANSPORT?

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

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

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

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

Downtown Detroit is like an industrial ghost town. Even though the majority of big businesses are located in downtown, it was quiet. Workers never seemed to stay too far from their workplaces. In between modern office blocks and exquisite turn of the century buildings, it wasn’t uncommon to see burnt out, disused buildings littered throughout the city. It seems that no one has the money to demolish these buildings and erect new ones and even if they did, who would occupy them?

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

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

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

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

Many days and nights were spent driving through different parts of Detroit with Mike and various members of UR, seeing, learning and hearing many new things. Two things that I saw that evoked emotion were the 'Heidelberg Project’ and the Malice Green memorial. The Heidelberg Project is a street that has been transformed by artist Tyree Guyton into the most amazing outdoor art environment. Coloured dots are painted on the roads, houses, trees and cars. Old tv’s are transformed into robotic statues, trees are covered in old shoes and toys. It has to be seen to be believed. But maybe for not too much longer. The Mayor is keen to demolish the whole street, he argues that all the ‘junk’ attracts rodents and vermin. Check out http://www.heidelberg.org to experience the project and to voice your support.

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

With Detroit being labelled as ‘Techno City’, it is amazing that it’s virtually impossible to hear any Detroit techno being played in clubs or on the radio. It became very apparent that the sound that Detroit pioneered has been totally overlooked by its hometown and the USA as a whole. The true sound that really represents Detroit is booty music, also known as Ghetto Bass or Techno Bass. Ghetto/Techno Bass is funky and fast electro, often with nasty vocals and samples played mostly at +8... FAST! At the clubs and on the airwaves, it’s mixed in with hip hop and R&B. Possibly you’re wondering why it’s also called Booty music, well, if you ever get to see how the ladies dance to the music you’ll fully understand. I’ve NEVER seen an ass shake that fast in my life! It’s a mind expanding experience, I assure you!) Bass is big business in Detroit, with many labels that are unheard of in Australia (or elsewhere). Labels like Databass, Twilight 76, Electrofunk, just to name a few. Some of the artists on these labels get regular airplay on local commercial radio stations alongside Madonna and Michael Jackson records.

With the record stores in Detroit being few and far between, it was a mission getting to each of them. Public transport is virtually non existent, as the motor car reigns supreme. When we did finally manage to get to the record stores, the selection was beyond belief. Almost every back catalogue, hard to find record was available. A traintickets wets my dream. With most records costing around $5US, I had a box of new records in about 2 days with lots of money left to burn!!

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

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

Welcome to Techno City, we hope you enjoy your stay by Patrick H.A.F. (haf@nitro.com.au)
Isn’t cricket the best? Just a month’s worth of watching since the last net session for the cricket tragedies and look at all the juicy stories that this sport, one of the few bright spots the British Imperialist bestowed on the world, can cough up. Mark Waugh and Shane Warne, hang those empty heads in shame, how could you betray the believers of this world and let Salim Malik, (still terrorising test attacks, last seen hammering Lahore to victory with 149 against Zimbabwe) stand alone as the bookies’ best friend.

Similarly, the South African test establishment are finally being called to account by the United Cricket Board of South Africa for racial inequities in first-class and test level teams. Predictably, the issue of players being picked on merit rather than colour is being brought up. The Ashes, the Ashes, the Ashes. And plenty more from the sport that takes a slab-sided bat to the ridiculous merging of sport and entertainment ... by Elmo Rodrigopulle in the Sri-Lankan daily news of Wednesday December 9th, who wrote that ‘In this ugly episode the simple question that is asked is: why do only the Australian umpires see the villain in Muralitharan’s action? The world’s number one off-spinner has never been called in the few Test playing countries. So why are the Aussie umpires hounding him?’ Elmo must’ve read the last edition of Cyclic Defrost, and agreed that in both the Muralitharan issue and the betting scandals, the ACB has applied a distinctly racist approach. Refusing to send Australians who we now know have dealt with bookmakers to Pakistan on the grounds that it wouldn’t be safe was enough of an insult to the Pakistani people and their judicial system. They sent those same players there six months later to contest the World Cup, but the irony of that one seemed lost on the ACB.

What with Ricky Ponting admitting he told his manager and no-one else that he had been offered a bribe a few weeks later, it was no wonder they launched an inquiry into gambling in cricket in the last days of 1998. None of this should have distracted the earnest cricket follower from the fact that the month of December was one of those erotic times of year when no less than four test series were being fought (though that’s stretching the definition of the intensity of the cricket involved in some cases). As well as the flaccid defence the English offered the thorough, rampaging Australians, cricket was being played in Pakistan, where the disintegration of top-line Pakistani cricket is continuing, with Zimbabwe winning the only test out of the scheduled three to make the distance; New Zealand, where the lowest rated local side are playing host to India; and South Africa, where the West Indies are continuing their downward spiral against the seemingly yet to be reformed from apartheid South African cricket board. Picture this for a series win, Zimbabwe score a shock win over the traumatised, infighting Pakistani team, only to sit out the second and third matches due to fog. In the second match, after captain Aamer Sohail didn’t start the match due to a ‘fever’, which in Pakistan cricket-speak this time meant he had a row with one of the selectors and walked out on the team. Despite local meteorologists insisting this was bad time of year to hold tests in Lahore, the

Meanwhile, in South Africa, the West Indies’ situation is getting worse. For all of us that saw cricket in the 90’s, the West Indies team have a special place. It didn’t mean that Australia could invite, and usually beat, almost everyone else here, the West Indies cricket teams of the 1990s were so packed with talented cricketers and so well led that they became the modern era’s ‘invincibles’. In a white country like this one, tall, powerful, striking black men conjured up so much out of an Australian populace so unused to black people at any kind. These cricketers hammered Australia’s best without apparent effort; fielding was elevated many levels higher than it had ever been, while chief strategist Clive Lloyd, alongside lieutenants like Malcolm Marshall, Andy Roberts and Joel Garner and batting’s greatest, Viv Richards, were simply too capable of winning matches on their own. Sadly for 1998’s variant, discipline has proved lax, and many people around the world realise exactly how much hard work went on behind the scenes to compliment the talent and brains of the BO’s version.

The Caribbean still produces awesome cricketers with character and ability that seems missing from entire teams (like England, for instance); the current team includes players like the fast-bowler Nixon McLean, whom Australians haven’t seen the best of, as Shimron Hetmyer, Chanderpaul, of whom they have. But the current team also features some interesting names, like Junior Murray, now re-born as an opening batsman, as well as Philo Wallace, whose career could simply be described as ‘reborn’. Philo Wallace made his one-day international debut in 1991-2 in Pakistan, returning there only in the 1997-8 season for his test debut - five years milling about in the Caribbean waiting for a test debut. He’s since played four tests, for an average of 34, and is yet to make his debut in the Caribbean. It is arguable that Philo Alphonso Wallace also could show that there isn’t a shortage of depth in West Indian cricket. It’s just that there seems to be a generation that has deserted cricket in the Caribbean, and cricket has to attract many back. The domestic, first-class competition, the Busta Cup (yes, that’s its name) features three-day matches between the Windward Islands, the Leeward Islands, Trinidad and Tobago, Guyana, Barbados and Jamaica. The West Indies have turned to one-day cricket to bring the fans back in recent years and the Red Stripe Bowl also features Bermuda and the United States of America in a round-robin tournament. The problems for Caribbean cricket appears to be money, or the lack thereof, in domestic cricket, which means fewer youngsters choose cricket over competing sports like basketball and football. Hopefully having a one-day tournament when small, cash-strapped but imaginative and inventive nations can hammer the USA in a sport will attract the kids back, and give us nostalgics a return to the days when order in the cricket world was maintained by the coolest cricketers to walk the planet. It’s easy to forget in this current era of Oakley blades and multicolour track suits with baseball caps for training that the West Indies introduced the world to what professionalism could do for cricket, raising fielding, batting and bowling standards to new levels. Not to mention such great names as Ellis Edgar Achong, better known as ‘Puss’ Achong, who
I hate drum 'n' bass

by Bruce Ruxton

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But really kids, myself, like Wilfred Owen, we’re pacifists at heart. War is a whole lot of chaos and fury and may look exciting at the time, but… of sounds in search of a meaning, filling our lives with emptiness. The aesthetic of bright lights and flashing colours.

The most beautiful piece of music I know is The Last Post. Its profundity lies in making us aware of that tragedy, so that we may not make the mistake of returning. Lest We Forget.
Low Key Operations
Architectronic
(Zonar Recordings/MDS)

Some of you may remember that LKO played a set at Frigid mid last year and in the months subsequent he's been working flat out on this, his 2nd album, ... of bass resulting in a sound that is part Beaumont Hannant and part Autechre. Top quality stuff from north of the border.

Mike Ink
Studio 1
(Studio1/Profan)

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

East Flatbush Project
Tried By 12 Remixes
(Chocolate Industries/Ninja Tune)

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

Various
Dub For The Masses Volume 1
(Creative Vibes)

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

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

Yellow Peril

Moon Patrol
(Williams 1982)

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

Phoenix
(Taito 1980)

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

Alien Syndrome
( Sega 1987)

A multiplayer classic based loosely on the Aliens movie, Alien Syndrome had this awesome three player mode which never got properly done in any of the ‘home computer’ versions of the game (on the CB4 and Amiga). In the arcades, though, it was great with some cool weapons like the laser that passes through your enemies allowing for multiple kills, and the flamethrower for a kind of radial death spray.

Hyper Sports & Hyper Olympics
(Konami 1984 & 1983)

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

R-Type
(Konami 1988)

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

Yellow Peril picks

January With Your Host Yellow Peril

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

Well, my little dears, Degrassi is back to answer any troubling questions you may have about being a troubled teeny bopper, Simon Le Bon’s hair products or trashy sitcoms from the 80s! I hope you were all good and Santa brought you all the Magic Sand you could possibly want and your very own game of Hungry Hippos (so you don’t have to share it with your snotty nosed little brother who keeps mistaking the balls for Cool Mints). I can tell you I’m very happy with my Disco Mat (it plays a different note depending on which part of the mat you step on) and my inflatable Incredible Hulk doll that bursts out of its cage and it’s velcro shirt! Oh why don’t they make toys like that any more? Nintendo 64 and Play Station just can’t compete with a Barbie Fashion face or a pole with a tennis ball attached to the top with a piece of string!

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

Dear Degrassi,

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

Dazed and Confused

Where have you been, fool? A person as ignorant as you does not deserve such a fine article of clothing! Drop it off to me at Frigid immediately! You were... information BA Baracus (the B A stands for ‘Bad Attitude’) is played by Mr T and is a character from the show The A Team.

We’ll start with a little background information about Mr T then, shall we? Born in Chicago in 1952, Mr T was originally called Laurence Tureaud but he later changed it by deed poll Mr T so that people would have to address him as ‘Mr’. He had many jobs before becoming an actor, including being a military policeman and a professional footballer with the Green Bay Packers. He later became a body guard for the likes of Muhammad Ali (like he needed one?), Michael Jackson, Diana Ross (aren’t they one and the same?) and Steve McQueen. With a business card boasting ‘Next to God, there is no better protector than T’, how could you hire anyone else? Of his clothing style at the time, he was quoted as saying ‘I was a very dapper dresser, I shaved my head, wore derby hats, white gloves, 3-piece suits, carried a cane. I never went any place without a fresh carnation or a rosebud in my lapel.’ ‘Mmmmm, stop it Mr T, you’re turning me on!’ He later changed his style dramatically after reading National Geographic and seeing the Mandinka warrior that was the inspiration for his now famous hair cut!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRAINS
TRAINS TO NEWTOWN
Town Hall - 6:29
Central - 6:32
Newtown/Frigid 6:39
Town Hall - 6:59
Central - 7:02
Newtown/Frigid 7:09
[then every 30 minutes]

TRAINS FROM NEWTOWN
Newtown/Frigid - 11:15
Central - 11:23
Town Hall - 11:26
Newtown/Frigid - 11:45
Central - 11:53
Town Hall - 11:58
Newtown/Frigid - 12:15
Central - 12:23
Town Hall - 12:26
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