

cyclic defrost



frigid

- classic 70s films
- food in bondi junction
- food in chinatown
- yet more food
- DVD
- LA Riots
- software piracy
- kosovo
- om snotbombs
- and all the regular stuff



food

issue ate of the
frigid/cryogenesis zine
April 99

digitalriot presents

LOST IN BASS

launch pass \$10@door 9:30 till late

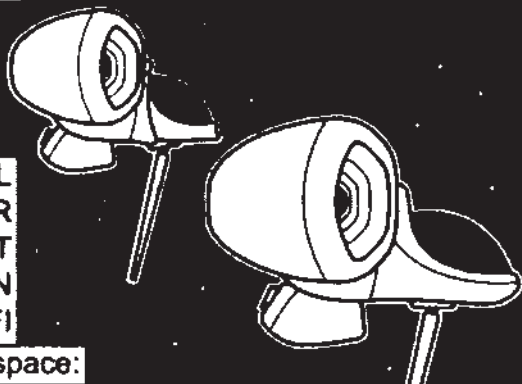
saturday 1st may
82 parramatta road, camperdown
(opposite sydney university)

powering the mothership:

BIZ E
EUGENE
MANSON
ZEITGEIST
PHIL CHAN
TERRA NINE

SUB BASS SNARL
ANDREW MAHER
QUARK KENT
BUGGIN
LOFI

signals from deep space:



Thug.

"Isolated Rhythm Check"

aidoicd
\$15+\$5 p&h
<http://www.aural-industries.com.au>
email: turbo@aural-industries.com.au
po box 1838,
macquarie centre,
nsw 2113,
australia

catch thug playing live on 1st april
at frigid, the globe newtown.

edi...orial

It's a bumper issue this one...it was meant to be a food issue and in the rush to get it out in time to promote the presence of Neotropic at Frigid on Sunday 11th (not that we did in printed form...) we didn't get out to the Zucchini place (or anywhere else). However some other people came through with the goods Fay-Chu has assembled a comprehensive overview of eating options in the barren waste of Bondi Junction, whilst Sarah Smiles tells the tale of an evening in Chinatown. On non-food-related topics we've got an excellent article on the situation in Kosovo which cuts through the mass media propaganda that we tend to get subjected to in times of war. In our home electronics section, Chocolate Jesus reports from his home in Melbourne about the emergence of a new Playstation titled Ice Cube's LA Riots...and Altered gives you the run down on DVDs. In music and film there's another installment of classics that I've dug up from my collection as well as the latest releases and John Molnar's film picks from the late 70s. In the community politics area we have an article on the ethics of software piracy and the latest Orms Not Bombs update. Anyway, that should give you enough to read until the next issue in the first week of May. Hopefully there's be a few fewer typos this issue two...

Yellow Peril

This issue of Cyclic Defrost brought to you by still more last minute rushes, Dr. Evil (one million dollars), the spitting idiot, glenn mcgrath (at least lillie has the guts to make body contact...) and lycra undies with extra room pouches...

cover:
cat suits and sunday nights;
Oh beehaaaaave...

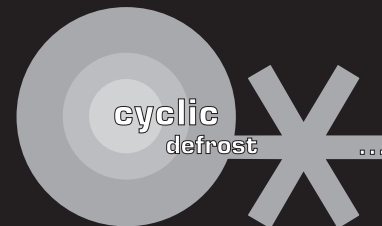
deadline for
submissions

3rd May

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Altered
NB Draican
Omsnot crew

and last week
phoebee jeebee
spirit boy
sorry for missing you out in the rush last week

copying, folding, stapling
and stuffing
the cryo crew

thanks to
nima and kenny for the last minute changes to the files,
ruth for the lifts, hobart for the sleep and the food.

Advertising
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WEBSITE
Snarl Heavy Industries
www.cia.com.au/peril
acrobat pdf versions of all issues are kept at the site, just follow the link to cyclic defrost...

ICY POLES

John Molnar's essential 1970s

part 2

John went a bit crazy over the 1970s. Last month we had his pick of films from 1970 to 1974 and now we have his choices for 1975 to 1979. Most of these should be able to be gotten from your video shop and if not, from Dr What in Bondi Junction; perhaps the best video shop in Sydney (world???).

Films already shown at Frigid are marked with an (*) asterix.

1975

Jaws / The Rocky Horror Picture Show / Tommy / One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest / Death Race 2000 / Flesh Gordon (Hmmm) / The Case Of The Smiling Stiffs (hmmm..ahem) / The Man Who Would Be King / Return Of The Punk Panther / French Connection 2 / The Land That Time Forgot / *Cleopatra Jones / *The Man From Hong Kong / Dog Day Afternoon / A Boy And His Dog

1976

Taxi Driver / *Logan's Run / Assault On Precinct 13 / Mad Dog Morgan / At The Earth's Core / To The Devil A Daughter / The Omen / The Tenant / Deep Red / Carrie / Network / Murder By Death / Shout AT The Devil

1977

Saturday Night Fever (The R-Rated Version) / The Hills Have Eyes / Demon Seed / Suspira / Black Sunday / The Last Remake Of Beau Geste / Exorcist II / The Heretic / The Kentucky Fried Movie / Cross Of Iron / Star Wars / Close Encounters Of The Third Kind

1978

The Fury / Halloween / Midnight Express / Eraserhead / Piranha / The People That Time Forgot / The Chant Of Jimi Blacksmith / Watership Down

1979

Mad Max / Nostferatu Dracula / Apocalypse Now / Life Of Brian / Alien / Dawn Of The Dead / Hair / *The Warriors / The Tin Drum



Coming Up

revolutionary food with metal mickey

Ever wondered what 'coming down' 500ft in the air would be like? Well last Monday I confronted my molested state of mind by undertaking an excursion to the 'Summit' restaurant on Level 47 of Australia Square.

Fearing a trip into altitude was at hand, I held my breath in anticipation as the lift powered into what seemed like 7th gear, coming to a halt of mere miracle by slamming on the breaks four floors early in an attempt to reach the desired destination. It was commented that perhaps Barley sugars should be provided to prevent one's ears from imploding.

As I sat at the table I became infatuated with the manner in which the dining area revolved. Travelling at approximately one metre per minute, a complete revolution took one and three-quarter hours. Given the dismal weather of this particular Easter Monday the experience became somewhat dampening, forming an alliance with my mood given the previous two nights clubbing.

As I made my way through my 'Roast Loin of veal with Zucchini Flower Risotto', I affirmed that food with an affluent price, complemented with a bottle of white that rivaled my weekly earnings, does in fact taste better. In the manner that couples make love, my food and wine had fused together, leaving me to sit back and savour the fanciful chatter and a scenic view of the Harbour Bridge for the third time.

It was at this moment that my fascination for this particular Post-modernist gas chamber grew enabling me to shed the trauma of the weekend's events and the substances I had craved. As the afternoon shrunk away reality re-visited, forcing me to confront the guilt of my debauchery and illicit behaviour.

This moment of melancholy passed quicker than the popularity of Oasis as the prospect of dessert ('Trio Chocolate') raged toward me. My stomach's cursing fell on deaf ears; I knew that chocolate would have all the answers. After analysing my anguish I was forced to consider the ideology of weight lost over the previous two nights against the weight gained from the first two courses. My decision to engage in the ecstasy of the 'Trio Chocolate' forced me to consider the benefits of Bulimia, however given the excessive rpms of my dining surroundings, this almost became a decision out of my hands. Hurrah for friends, family and happy recoveries.

Metal Mickey

p.s. this is not an addition to the top 10 venues to take acid.



capella in budapest

from our budapest correspondent,
Treeny

club capella belgrad rakpart, south of erzsebet bridge An unobtrusive door leading to an underground cavern, this club is not one you would just stumble upon. it was recommended by the barman at a gay bar, aptly named 'mystery' (lots of traffic into the bathroom, not much out), and when we arrived at about 11 it was filling up. Now, for an eastern bloc country, only open to capitalism as recently as 1989, Budapest has a surprisingly active, if not obvious, night action. Capella was a gay/mixed/lesbo friendly spot with a very intimate air; accentuated by low ceilings, frescoed cavern walls, and warren-like navigation—a certain route around the bar and coat caves plunged higgledy-piggledy through a darkened room of unknown dimensions—i guess it was the chill area.

A bizarre marathon drag show started at midnight and lasted a mere 1 and a half hours. Apart from being conducted in hungarian, and i'm sure the jokes were funny, it included an eclectic mix of ballroom dancing, belly dancing and a full female strip tease devoid entirely of any class, and featuring an alluring display with a 'semen'-like substance used rather imaginatively. The drag acts themselves were pretty standard, the costumes highlighting the advantages of capitalism, no dirndls for these lasses.

And just in case you were wondering, yes, the small dance area was a-rockin' to the latest hungarian dance faves.



food

by sarah smiles

with a particular emphasis on the myriad culinary delights chinatown has in store

FOOD Uggghh, I turn into Homer in doughnut mode when pondering the infinite potential for gluttony in Chinatown. Follow your rumblings:

Chinese Noodle Restaurant

Shop TG7 Prince Centre,
8 Qvary St, Haymarket

I karnt jus' casually mention this noodle hut, coz basically, homies 'it's all that'. For no less than \$6 (you heard me), you can discover the best Cantonese chow Chinatown has to offer. It's filling, delicious, and for all you little Aussie battlers (that includes myself), it's not a financial ball buster. Situated in a tiny pigeon hole in the boondocks of the district, the crappy decor (grapes on the ceiling) and bad ass Chinese Celine Dion covers leave a lot to be desired for. But who says tacky ain't endearing? And as it is such a tiny place, the kitchen is in full view to the diners. There is usually a tight faced, spiky haired dude making noodles (Heman style) behind the glass. (Thick, beefy, hearty noodles that leave you drooling for more. Aaarrrgh.) Give the hero a wave, because he's the man behind your saliva rushes. But don't if you're the shy type, because once you're on waving terms you have to keep it up. So rock on and chow down, and here's what to order for mondo satisfaction.

Take it from the top Harry: Vegetarian Bei handmade noodles: these buddies fell outta their socket, and are damn hard get in your mouth if you're not a Bruce Lee with the old chopsticks. But they are by far the king dish in the joint so give em' a bash.

Second in line, Northern style steamed or braised dumplings are fantastic. Only thing is, they're so damned potent you end up burping up the flavour well into the next day. Which sucks if you're planning on schmoozing down at the pub and willin' the lager, because people don't usually appreciate breath of such a variety. My secret is to slyly place a finger over one nostril and to forcefully (and quickly) direct the burp out of the line of fire of the person you are talking to. Mum's the word.

Beijing style spring pancakes: Another champion. Am lost for words. Vegetarian is the best!

Some 'choice' yum cha factories: Kam Fook Sharks Fin Seafood Restaurant: top floor of Market

Green Zone Japanese & Korean Restaurant

TG8 Prince Centre,
8 Qvary St, Haymarket

Situated right next to the Chinese noodle hut, you can't help but feel sorry for these poor dejected samurais. They've done everything right. The decor's perfect, Elton John's on repeat—and they give you whopping great servings, but everybody seems to be going next door. If you're into cheap sushi and hearty bowls of soba, take your business here. \$7.50 gets you a fat plate of sushi, tempura, and miso soup. You can't beat it.

Yum Cha

BRING IT AAWN! Chicken feet, steaming dumplings, and sagging noodles that is! You've hit the jackpot with yum cha if you don't know what to order! Or it you're one of those greedy types with multiple tyres who like to try everything. Good news! You can! Just stick up your hand and scream 'BRING IT AWWWN!' And the world is your oyster! Self projection goes down like a dream in these places. For all of you unfamiliar with the logic of yum cha, it's this manic lunch time 'factory' operation where instead of ordering, you are offered a plethora of dishes from the steaming trolleys that wheel themselves past your table in dream sequence. Peddling everything you can imagine, from seafood dumplings to gelatinous deserts—I suggest you hold onto your sockets because your eyeballs are bound to fall out. For well rounded gratification (so you can try everything) get a gang bang together (over 3 people is optimum) and go bananas. Top of the meal with a custard tart and come dinner time you'll be sleeping like a baby.

City: 12pm-3pm Marigold: Level 5 Citymark Building, 683-689 George St, Haymarket: 12pm-3pm East Ocean Restaurant: 421-429 Sussex St, Haymarket: from 7am daily

Barbecue King:

18-20 Goulburn St, Haymarket

How can I forget dear old Barbecue King? Located in the heart of Goulburn St, this is the place to BE (presuming you have a coupla extra buckarino's to fling around). For Peking Duck that is. Get a group together and set out for the cholesterol mission because HOT DAMN, it's worth it. Jam that napkino into your shirt and allow the duck oil to drool outta your mouth as you envisage your lecturer naked on a rocking horse. It's a fantasy dish and you're the midnight marauder. (Whatever that is). Although it's been a bit under the weather lately, another fav o' mine is the Braised stuffed beancurd with capsicum and eggplant. It's pretty heavy and garlicky, but does the trick. I used to by-pass Chinatown on o' solo mio missions just to get a fix. They'd usually put me on the transit table with Taxi drivers and stuff...hell I had to go to Beancurd anonymous to get off the shit!

Ippon Sushi:

404 Sussex St, Haymarket

Yeah yeah, toot toot and all that jazz. Ippon Sushi is certainly a novelty for first time rounders but wears a bit thin come round four. I have no problem with the whole idea, the conveyer belt train delivering you food in a loop, an ingenious form of Japanese yum cha. Except this; my philosophy is that one dish (out of the pure misfortune of ugliness) is going to be dished by customers the moment it hits the belt. 'It just looks funny alright?' So who's to say that you won't be the unlucky chap to land your paws on the stale dish that's been swirling around on that train since morning tea and has gone dizzy with fizziness? I don't know, but I'm not about to trust everything I eat. Not in a long shot. But give the train a go for fun's sake. Despite my anality, it is pretty cool.

Chinta Ria Temple of Love

So you plucked up the courage to ask that honey for a coffee after class eh? Only thing is, you're hardly that sophisticated and caffeine sends you simply potty. (We're talking, 'hi, you may remember me in such earlier movies such as

Revenge of the Speed Freak 3!') Screw the coffee and lead that body (that your just dying to get naked with) to the Chinta Ria Temple of Love. Only bad thing is that I myself have never actually been there before. So I can't tell you anything about quality of the food. But I do know that it's Malaysian, and it is a Buddhist temple. This was a bit of a novelty mention. But with a name like that, and considering you get to dine with massuvious statues of Mr gut himself—how could I help myself?

Oriental Toxic Deserts

For all you burnt out, bloated, pre-menstrual tech nerds (and that's you too boys), there ain't nuthin' better on a bulbous belly than sickly delicious oriental deserts. You'll find these little vendors in Market City Food Hall and the Dixon St Food Court (and various other food courts smattered around our dear old China Town.) True, the deserts look something out of a Willy Wonka nightmare, and let me guess—the textures of them usually made you shudder. PUSSY'S!!!! You WEAK motherfuckers! Sure, they're fluorescent and toxic, and you cant help but ponder 'I wonder what this would look like if I vomitted it up,' but close your eyes and savour the flavour coz it's a whole new world out there! Sticky rice, egg custard and coconut milk gave me multiple orgasms, and sago and nana was doin' it too. My goal is to have tried every single one of these beauties by the end of '99. What a way to wave in the millennium! with a radioactive stomach lining! Yeah!

Wasabi Icecream

@ Passionflower Desert Bar

Capitol Square Atrium, G12, 730-742 George St, Haymarket

Yauw! Only in Chinatown, that's all I can say. But wait! There's more! Not only do they have wasabi icecream, but lychee, durian (for monkeys), sticky rice (new!) Japanese green tea and ginger! And all your usual Baskin and Robbins type flavours! But I suggest you diss the Western stuff and give the oriental masterpieces a go for maximum taste bud exhilaration. Your palates are in for a shock!



The Magic 8 @ Bondi Junction

by Cam &
Richard

Few would suspect that the smoggy, Mormon infested, wind-tunnel of umbrella causalities that is Bondi Junction to be full strewn with hidden treasures in the way of quick, good value eateries. Be it the crazies or the low-flying pigeons that scare you off, next time you are passing through, make an effort to linger awhile and be rewarded by variable eat street that is Bondi Junction.

Monkey Magic: Thai To Go— In a Flash!

76 Spring St. Bondi Junction

For those with a passion for tastebud titillating Thai cuisine, the Monkey is for you! A fabulous little takeaway located in the middle of Spring Street, you'd be a fool to pass this one by. It is only fair to warn you that they do like to indulge in an occasional bit of Kenny-G but *believe me*, the food is well worth any distress to your ears. Monkey Magic serves a range of veggie, tofu and noodle stirfries as well as red, green and jungle curries, all with scrummy, superfresh ingredients. Lunchtime prices for curry or stirfries with rice start from a reasonable \$6.50. Donned in their

cute little black cloth hats, the waiters are extremely polite and very efficient. A funky chalk rendition of the takeaway's namesake hangs over a predominately stainless steel interior and limited seating is available for those who prefer to dine in, but you got to be fast! The bustling lunchtime activity is testimonial to the popularity of the place. Served piping hot, the green chicken curry is definitely the go here. Guaranteed to clear your sinuses and the perfect pick-me-up for those chilly grey winter days that are just around the corner. Food at Monkey Magic is all MSG free and still tastes terrific!

Suggestion:
Green chicken curry/superbasil stirfry

Ichi-Ban Boshi

360 Oxford Street, Bondi Junction

A modest little noodle bar set on busy Oxford street, Ichi-ban Boshi is popular with the young Japanese that frequent the Junction, and you are sure to see a few of the spunky variety here. I figure if the Japanese choose to eat Japanese here, it must be good! And it is! The cooks all look the part in their little karate-kid headbands and quickly turn out your order and serve it in the polite, two handed way! While not fancy, the place is clean, the service is



friendly, the servings are big and the food is mighty fine. The 'rice and fried' combinations with miso soup are the performers here, especially the grilled eel and fried prawn dons. Prices for rice combinations start from \$6.80 and noodles from \$5.00. Another place with limited butt-capacity and most customers are friendly enough to squish along the benches on their little plastic stools to make more room if it looks like filling up. Well worth a visit if you need a bit of filling up for despite being incurable garbage-guts, I have yet to finish a whole serve here.

Suggestion: *Unagi-Don / Ebi-Don*

Sushi Express

51 Spring St., Bondi Junction

Sushi Express is a colorful little gem hidden away downstairs in Spring Street. This classy little joint declare themselves to be the 'best Sushi Train in Sydney'. It certainly has the most variety for a sushi train I have seen in a while. These guys also get a big shiny star for presentation. Although the logo for this place is a kinda scary legged fish hybrid indicative of sushi-on-the-go, you really don't want to do takeaway here. This place is definitely a sit-down experience. In addition to the usual varieties of sushi are a sumptuous visual feast of desserts in wrapped in a variety of translucent Japanese papers. Each dessert is labeled with the contents and a drawing of odd characters...you can easily be mesmerised by the dishes rolling past for hours... Prices are reasonable for a sushi train but be warned do NOT eat here if you have big eyes get carried away easily unless you have plenty of change your pockets. More of dinner place than lunch, the staff are shy but nice, the food is absolutely delectable!

Suggestion: *a bit of everything!*

Ototo

Shop 2,71-77 Oxford St,
Bondi Junction

This deceptively small shopfront with the funky fishbone logo specialise in tasty ready-made sushi boxes for people on the go-go-go! On offer are combinations of tuna, salmon and vegetable rolls are boxed and ready for you to whisk out the door. Small boxes start from a very reasonable \$3.50 and large boxes from \$5.50. Also on offer is a range of fresh tempura and the yakitori sticks are an absolute treat! If you prefer to take it at a slower pace and dine-in, the almost hidden stairs to the left of the shop leads upstairs to a bright and airy room. If you are lucky, you can even nab the sunny balcony overlooking the street for an intimate lunch for two! The staff here are fast and polite and delight in yelling out THANKYOU!!! as you leave the door. I have yet to make it out the door here without a bout of excessive of bowing and scraping. If you don't have a problem with non-recyclable packaging, plastic grass and soy sauce filled plastic fish they use here then Ototo is great for Japanese on the run.

Suggestion: *yakitori sticks / small salmon roll*

Hae Un Dae

Shop 63, Oxford St,
Bondi Junction

What more do I have to say but \$5 lunch specials! Good value, delicious and filling too! While not the fanciest joint, the service is friendly and the food is lovely and great value. With your \$5 you also get miso soup and a variety of small dishes of pickled beansprouts, and kimchees. And don't worry, the kimchee is mild. Hae Un Dae is clean, and the service friendly. Also conveniently located next to Fleshbait for your op-shopping pleasure.

The place packs out quickly over lunchtime so if you want a seat get there a bit later than the usual lunch hour or be prepared to share a table. If you takeaway they also give you little containers of pickle and kimchee which is a total bonus! MmMmmmm...YUMMY!

Suggestion: *Pork bulgogi & rice*

Le Cuisto

Billed as the eatery/bakery, Le Cuisto do the perfect kickstart coffee for the day. They also put the sugar straight in your coffee so you don't get any of that icky-sticky-sugar-on-the-bottom business happening. Pass through on a frosty morning and be tempted by the teeny-weeny scrumptious pastries on offer to go with your perfect kickstart coffee. Lunchtimes offer a variety of specialty burgers starting at \$4.10, as well as a range of salads and chicken grilled on premises. Be expected for a bit of a wait. Dine in or takeaway, Le Cuisto is also a prime location to take in 'Movin Marvin, the tap-dancin' busker with the incredible smile as he does his thang during lunchhour or observe the numerous other buskers that frequent the mall.

Suggestion: *lattes + mini apricot danish, Pili Pili burgers.*



above: *the luscious ototo*



right: *see ele with tofu is the shit at monkey magic*

Georgio's Food & Health Bar

Shop 1A, Bronte Rd, Bondi Junction

Not really a health food store as such, the real treat here are the pastas, made daily with special in-house sauces. They also do a variety of sandwiches, salads and soups in the winters. Well worth the walk to the end of the mall on a chilly day if you are feeling pasta-ish, and also for the cute English chicks that serve here. They also do great roast sandwiches, especially the roast pork, crispy crackling sandwiches with gravy. Prices sometimes seem to fluctuate depending who's serving you but the pastas start from \$4.70 for a small to \$6.50 for the larger containers.

Macro Wholefoods

31-35 Oxford St, Bondi Junction

Worth the trek to the other end of Bondi Junction, Macro does a range of great soups with crusty bread. Also on offer are fabulous nori rolls, rice salads and tofu burgers. The Lebanese rolls are also full of yummy surprises like juicy sun-dried tomatoes and sweet potato. They also do the coffee with soy / skim trimmings. The adjoining healthfood store is stocks everything you'd expect plus they have a herbal remedy counter as well as a fair range of organic fresh fruits, eggs and vegies. Macro is that perfect haven for your mind and body to recuperate after a seedy weekend out.



frigid

Lineups for April

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

SUNDAY APRIL 11th

FROMAGE & FRIGID FILM FESTIVAL #2

NEOTROPIC (UK) Little Nobody vs E (Melb)

Sub Bass Snarl
Sir Robbo vs Neural
Buggin
DDL

Lysergio Mendez vs
Basscadet

Films from Fromage and
Headcleaner

Live Visuals from Tesseract

Another two level spectacular with Riz Maslen/Neotropic out here to drop some wicked tunes. Riz last played at the Frigid/Funkungfusion event at the Dendy about six months ago and she's back and promising a stranger set. Also we have Little Nobody and Sobriquet from Melbourne up to drop some of their sample-heavy sounds. Upstairs too will host 90 minutes of local short films sourced by Fromage while downstairs Sir Robbo and Neural take on the 'erotic paganism' of the 1973 film *The Wicker Man* making their own remixed version on the fly. Downstairs will also host Fromage acts Buggin, DDL, and Lysergio Mendez vs Basscadet as well as 30 minutes of activist films from Headcleaner and live video mixing from Tesseract. And remember, pay no more than \$3.

SUNDAY APRIL 18th

FILM Gremlins

SPECIAL GUEST Thug (Adelaide)

Tonight is the Sydney launch of Adelaide band Thug's debut album. Titled *Isolated Rhythm Chock*, Thug's music lies somewhere between the electronic music of Autechre and Boards of Canada. Copies of the superb album will be available on the night as will a host of other goodies. Earlier in the night we'll be playing *Gremlins*—largely because quite a few of us grew up on that movie (along with *The Goonies* which we played a few months back). If you don't know what *Gremlins* are then maybe you should come along and find out why there is a band out there called Mogwai and why you should be suspicious of elderly Asian gentlemen running strange shops and offering you cute Christmas presents.

SUNDAY APRIL 25th

FILM City Of Lost Children

SPECIAL GUEST Meem

Meem should be well known to most of you especially since one of his flyers was included in last month's mailout batch. However it also seems that quite a few of you missed his performance at his album launch (*Blissbomb*) so we are fortunate to have gotten a reprise performance from him tonight.

Promising a more downtempo selection than usual Meem will be playing several new tracks which didn't make it onto his double album, copies of which should be available at the door. The film is *City Of Lost Children*, which got turned into a pretty annoying computer game but is actually an excellent film. Heaps of people requested it too, so here you go...

SUNDAY MAY 2nd

ELEFANT TRAKS & FRIGID DOUBLE HEADER

Sub Bass Snarl
Sir Robbo
Trace Element (live)
Piflernators (live)
Sulo (live)
Unorganised Funk
Organisation (live)
Spanky (live)
Cindii (live)

With so many live acts tonight we've decided not to have a feature film and instead you'll have to flit between the two floors of the Globe checking out the acts you so desperately want to hear. All the guests tonight have tracks on the new Elephant Trax compilation *Food To Eat Music By* which you'll be able to snaffle at the door tonight—which is a good thing seeing as their last compilation, *Cursive Writing*, disappeared quickly from the shelves of several record stores necessitating a repress to fill the massive demand. Tonight it'll be everything from local hip hop to Epping-styled tracker noise and Surry Hills' finest grooves.

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z$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$
J$` Mt. Everest, Anarchy            4$
$F and Personal Achievement        4$
$F                                     4$
$F (The Ethics of Piracy)          4$
'$b                                     d$'
'$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$

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Initiating a discussion on software piracy is a recipe for disaster. Its kind of like the 'debate' you might have on shoplifting— one side of which usually goes along the lines of 'it's ok to steal from supermarkets and big chain stores but not from small shops and family businesses.' Of course, the exception to that rule is that if you can't get what you're after at a big supermarket then, well, you gotta steal it from a small shop...

So, similarly, the argument often goes that it's ok to use illegal copies of Microsoft software but not programs whose registration fees go directly to the programmers who wrote them. It's a conflicting mixture of ideals—the redistribution of wealth, and the socio-economic autonomy of the individual. But obviously there's more to it. I mean, honestly, do people rip off a copy of Windows 98 as a conscious act of political activism? Some things just aren't worth paying for- and the argument that the cost of piracy is passed on to legitimate users is, arguably, a fallacy. So, while it's easy enough to politicise pretty much anything, I'd like to forget the software manufacturer for a moment and look at the other two groups of people involved in the arrangement—the crackers/couriers/warez groups and the end users.

Let's start with Radium. For those who don't know, Radium are a group of about thirty members who tirelessly release illegal redistributions of audio software. This sometimes merely involves accompanying a serial number with an installer for a particular piece of software. But, occasionally, it also involves months of hard work of removing copy-protection—designed explicitly for the purpose of preventing piracy. Often such copy-protection involves hardware dongles which need to be 'written out' of the original source code. This is arguably one of the hardest things that a programmer could possibly attempt to do, as it involves reverse-engineering a runtime program and inserting new compiled code back into it. A process not unlike trying to take the nuts out of a block of chocolate without interfering with the overall shape of the block (hmmm, there's got to be a better analogy out there somewhere...)

author decided to go anonymous at the last minute—you never know... ;-)



Now, the rewards for doing this are pretty modest. The crackers are given quite a lot of credit in their 'scene', but of course this is under false identities: one of the other benefits of cracking software is the possibility of huge fines and prison sentences. So undoubtedly one of the biggest motivations for these software terrorists is the Mt Everest factor: Why do it? Because it's there to be done. There is a lot of kudos in perfecting a crack. And Radium pride themselves on releasing only rock solid and tested cracks. And let me just add that on several occasions Radium have been responsible for removing bugs from software, improving the speed of software and generally enhancing the functionality of many of their releases. It has also been said that Radium give better tech support for their releases than the original manufacturer. Makes you wonder: Its an artform—it just happens to be illegal—and unlike graffiti, there is no legitimate outlet for it. Ironically, also unlike graffiti, there is no 'victim'. The 'if you don't like it don't look at it' argument is inapplicable to warez because it's not there to be looked at—you gotta search real hard to find it. And while there is an implied cost to the software manufacturers in terms of lost revenue, it is very hard to say how real it is.

Which brings me to the psychology of the end user. Once again, very rarely does one read in the newspaper about the misconduct of a software company and then deliberately hunt down and install an illegally-obtained copy of their software as a political act. More likely one will legally obtain a competing product and use it as a modest act of defiance. But what impact does exercising 'the consumer's right *not* to buy' really have?! Instead we usually find the unemployed/student graphic designer- or in this case perhaps musician—who cannot justify spending \$800 on an Adobe/Steinberg/etc program and gets a copy through unofficial channels. Maybe they use it for a while and decide, well, graphic design/music wasn't such a great idea or that that particular piece of software sucked. End of story. This I believe is the story of most 'illegal software usage'. No-one makes money out of it, and no potential customers have been lost by the software manufacturer. There are also a lot of people who collect warez—but don't actually install them, let alone use them (this may be hard to imagine for some but, alas, is very true—just drop in to any warez channel on IRC to see there are more people pissfarting around doing jack diddlely than actually *using* the damn software they collect...) And before I forget, I might just add that warez groups explicitly threaten exile and hack attacks on anyone found selling warez releases—the ultimate taboo punished by the ultimate price. And let it be said for the record that these tribal laws do succeed in maintaining order in the tribe. One isn't about to jeopardise months of hard work penetrating the inner sanctum through proven trials of trust and initiation by breaking the commandments! And we've seen what these crackers are capable of, too...

In complete avoidance of any kind of summary, let me retreat with a conclusion taken from the Radium distributions of Rebirth 2.01 and Wave Surgeon. But before I do, let me just say for the record that I am not a member of Radium and do not know any members of Radium. I do not collect Radium releases but have been known to install them. I have also paid for software that I was introduced to through a Radium release. So there.

[from rebirth nfo]

"Post-it note from sandor (Ed: Sandor is a senior member/founder of Radium)

"This is an odd thing to say in a warez release but here goes.. Speaking personally here and not on behalf of Radium — People have been saying how badly they need Rebirth (or whatever software), how they use it a lot, but haven't considered buying it. (Also that these people are rude and demand / expect their warez, but that's beside the point.) I understand the curious user and the avid release collector, but I don't want to be spending THIS much time helping to support a scene of musicians who need the stuff so badly and still don't think about buying it. This is not what I'm in it for personally ... its a hobby (well ok, I'm addicted to making installers and such.) ;) If you are at the point where you NEED it, go BUY it. Sorry for the sermon, its just been getting particularly bad lately. :) < resume leech >"

[from wave surgeon nfo]

"NOTE : This is the last time we will release Wave Surgeon. As a group we decided starting January 1st 1999 Radium won't release any programs which cost less than \$60 retail. Why? To summarise, this is the level we feel comfortable at... Small vendors usually don't have the same advantages of distribution through stores and big advertising. Usually their marketing is totally internet based. Hopefully we will still have time to review/promote these inexpensive programs and periodically include a text file inside other releases. Warez should be about becoming better informed—if something is truly good, buy it! :)"

DVD for you and me

by altered



DVD is here and taking off, trailing the USA and leading the way to the euros. As of this date there is still less than 100 DVDs available locally (locally produced and DVDs made available by the authorised companies). It could be well worth your while to import titles, not only because of the availability in USA in terms of access to 3400 titles, but the release schedule of movies in general in Oz (release to movie houses then limited free to air - then video rentals - then Fox/Tel - then unrestricted free-to-air) is strangleholded by Murdoch and shortly he will be joined by Packer with his \$600M purchase of Hoyts. Yeh, up to a six month lag if you wait for a local release - tape or DVD. Some video houses aren't releasing DVD at all, yet. For example, CIC have had problems arranging with Buena Vista as they don't have the quantity. Thence ConAir/Armageddon/Air Force One you'll have to import (illegally!!). So if you want Ronin (avail since March 99) with features such as directors commentary and alternate endings, import it. Import it NOW as the US\$ is about to shoot up due to defence industry uptake this week and the Pentagon will be buying more of the Stealth B2s that are proving so successful. \$US2billion each!

Sony has, in all its graciousness, built in region coding in the DVD players as they have in their PlayStation. They have also managed to make most of the other manufacturers adopt this standard. So you must be conscious that the DVD player you purchase is 'all region' or 'chip modded' or what have you. If the region coding is not defeated, the DVD you just got from USA or UK (or the pirated jobby from Malaysia—just dropped from \$20 to \$12 there now), will just sit there in an unrecognizable state. Another problem arises if the DVD is from USA, as it'll be in NTSC format. Some players are both NTSC & PAL so no problems, otherwise a converter can be purchased for \$50-\$95. Easy stuff.

A modded player does not have to cost any more than an unmodded. As in the case of an excellent Phillips unit sold by Harvey Norman, which is also available modded at Knapf for \$100 less. This is a great way to buy as the region mod is included in the whole deal for the warranty.

At the same time, an already purchased unit can be modded by reputable dealers around town. Costs I've seen can be from \$50-\$200, depending on the brand. But do try and buy an already modded unit.

Give the unit a good working out and take advantage of the 10 day cooling off period as you may find the player doesn't cut it (for you). At least check the thing out with a local DVD (rent at Civic—\$4 for 4 days!! with a selection of over 70) and a USA title (for region and colour check). See how it

handles the layer change on a double density DVD—should be less than one second, and see how it travels thru the menu and all that stuff. This'll make sense at the time.

Note that DVDs should cost you no more than VHS. The sound and video quality is excellent. Rental can be cheap, as in Civic. Video Ezy rents for \$7 overnite, but on their Oz website they sell Warner Bros titles for \$23.95. RentDownunder on the net rent for a week \$3-\$5 each for 1-5 titles at \$2.50 total return post.

OK? OK!

Some notes on purchasing DVD players

To appreciate it is worthwhile to have: a recent and decent model TV with S-video, along with the RCA inputs.

If looking into a music CD player purchase, drop it and put the \$\$ into the DVD unit as they play music CDs and some DVD players have the capacity to output in PCM. Also, music is becoming available in DVD format now. So be ready.

As of Mar '99. Less than 100 DVD titles are available in Australia. Though over 3400 are available in the USA—all of which are available home delivery in 5 days via air mail on the net. As noted above, these will appear in Black/White unless your TV is NTSC capable (as well as PAL).

So your DVD player should have

- RCA and S-Video outputs (also 'video component outputs' if your going HDTV, although it's years off)
- multi region capability so you can play DVDs from anywhere in the world (installed at purchase so it's included in total warranty. Look around hard enuff and you'll get a modded model for no more).

[Preparatory note, those of you with any Gangsta-rap in your hip-hop collection I suggest you cue some Ice Cube, Da Lench Mob, Ice-T, anything from the DRE/Snoop Dogg family and have it ready to drop the moment you read the word PLAY. It will make this article much more special]

LA RIOTS

words and graphics by chocolate jesus

Popular heroes have been essential to the history of gaming. Big names go with the big games which generally correspond to their particular generic brand of heroics. Hence, we have Arnold Palmer's golf, Bird vs Jordan, Wayne Gretzky's Ice Hockey etc. Often the games have little to do with the personalities themselves, and more to do with using their face as a point of identification. It helps promote the sales of a sports simulation to have a big fat cheezy grin of some notable from the pursuit's upper echelons. Of course the more serious (read pathological) sporting fanatics amongst us recognise that the quality of the game-play has a lot more to do with the particular production house rather than the individual themselves. However there are a few exceptions, Madden Football for example, which show the level of complexity that a bit of expert input can introduce. It's partly what makes sporting simulation such a fantastic mode of compensation, especially for those of us with lingering delusions of sporting grandeur, or for those still suffering from profound post-season withdrawal.

However, to reiterate, these are the exception rather than the rule. Invariably your personality is little more than a 'host', introducing you to a product, the production of which they have had little or nothing to do with. More importantly, we are rarely taken completely into the role and life of the characters...well let's face it, a day in the shoes of Shane Warne? Watching him fart-arse his fat ass through an endless procession of Just Jeans commercials, diet routines, bouts of whingeing at the press and whatever constitutes the remaining life of your 90s lad.

Please, I think I prefer my own brand of mundanity.

However, the proposition becomes an altogether different one if we start contemplating a day in the life of, say for instance, John McEnroe. You can begin to see what the blurb on the back of the cartridge would look like:

Electronic Arts is proud to present, John 'white-fro' McEnroe's 'Bad-Ass Tennis'. Spare yourself the netplay, the endless rallies and the general aura of conservative weak-ass tennis by jumping into the Dunlop Volleys of the man himself. Take to the refreshment cart with your racket. Beat the censor's button and try to get in as many swear words in as possible, do everything you can short of getting your 'Bad-ass' brand of tennis banned from the pro-circuit. Take things further than even John had imagined by leaping the net at Wimbledon to pound Ivan Lendl's face into the hallowed turf as you mutter in your middle American accent 'Bleed you pussy-ass atheist Czechoslovakian scum'.

Well, maybe that's taking it a bit far, but you get the picture right? But why stop at sporting heroes. Really, there's a lot more fun to be had than that. With this in mind I bring to you Chocolate Jesus' should've been simulations...

#1 Lench Mob Productions drops science with Ice Cube's 'LA RIOTS':



Introduction Sequence

You and four of your homeys are kickin' it at yo Grammas house watching your local boy tear shit up in a televised college basketball game. Its 100F and Gramma has broken out the coolade. Your brother Markeise gets up and walks out past the screen door and down to the sto' to get another 40 ounce. As he leaves, Trey 'that conscientious nigga' gets up to change the channel to the news, only to be greeted by a chorus of 'Sit yo righteous yella-ass down and turn that shit back to the game, nigga!'. But within moments the homeys have settled back into the brown couch and sit transfixed to the television. The news is being telecast live from a chopper. A plasticised LA female reporter is leaning out the window, her face framed by the valley below. The picture is hazy, but that ain't no smog. The camera zooms down on a scene in your own hood.

O-Boy exclaims 'That bitch is over Compton, shit we gonna be on TV!'

All of a sudden yo Gramma screams out 'Oh Lord Gracious, Holy Jesus, Mary, Mother of Christ, it's Markeise!'

As your ancestor falls to the floor writhing out in a grotesque cross between a heart attack and a Baptist evangelical fit, you (Ice Cube) rise to your feet. 'Hell Nigga, the pigs got my blood with the billy-club action. O-Boy, get the G-ride'

'But Ice, man, what are we gonna do?'

'Heyell nigga, its time to tear this muther fucker up!'

{At which point a whining synth hits, backed by some predictable gangsta rap beat, and the rest of the intro sequence is computer sequenced, staged, action 'pre-lights' PLAY}

Narrator: You are the I to the C to the E. And then to the C to the U.B.E. You are an 18 year old crack head who thinks he's got mo' game than Parker Brothers and mo' power than General Electric. But have you really got what it takes?

Represent, front and jack your way through the homey hierarchy to claim the position of Top Dawg.

Fool, you betsta recognize!

In Game Controls



Look around for the ghetto bird



Grab yo nutz this move shows what set you're claiming, making it clear to other gangsters that you ain't no punk and that you're ready to pull a one, eight, seven.



Swing crowbar: effective for vandalism, looting, taking out motorcycle cops, shutting up the homeys or for annihilating the radio in your G-Ride if it plays any of that East Coast shit.



Bust a cap in that ass. Blam! Blam! Buk! Buk!



Diss usually makes Cube say words like nigga, fuck, shit. However, if used in combination with R1 and L1 Cube delivers a barrage of compound disses such as 'Yo momma's got her own 0055 number'. Alternatively, plug Ice Cube's LA RIOTS microphone into the line-in at the back of the console and 'Ice Cube's LA RIOTS' will record your own personalised expletives. Spend hours running about the hood telling all the local skeezers to 'Lick my sweaty nut-sack' and then watch them perform up to 15 different reactions; anything from 'You's a fine looking nigga' to 'Shut yo bitch-ass up'.



Record when Cube executes a particularly bomb-ass action sequence a camera icon will appear in the top left corner of the screen. Press the square button. 'Ice Cube's LA RIOTS' will not only replay the sequence, it stores the moment in its extensive memory. At the completion of each level the recorder compiles your greatest hits, jackings, drive-bys into a full, length hip-hop film clip ready to be placed on the market. Watch as Ice Cube ambles around the stage with his arms out in front of him like he's got elephantitis of the balls, his homeys surrounding him with their hands in the air looking to catch a cameo appearance whilst, in the background, all of your own dope gaming moments unfold.



Whistle use this button to summon all your homeys. As you compile your criminal record the 'rep-meter' in the bottom right-hand corner of the screen will increase. The higher it gets the more homeys come to the call. Get one homey and you can rob the local Korean grocers for a 40-ounce; build a posse of five and you have enough for a critical beatdown of that scandalous nigga that got yo sista Tyneasha pregnant; put together 10 pipe-hittin niggas and you have the troops to stage a gang war against the latest crew of Lil' ass Gees trying to clock the grip on the corner of Vernon and Normandy; gather 100 or more homeys and you have a fully fledged riot: whitey—we coming for that ass.



Recover energy Cube needs all types of resources keep his fat ass moving about the hood. Look for icons as you work your way through the hood and use the circle button to renew your energy. Remember, no matter how many homeys Cube has at his beckon call if the Crips catch you smoking a Blount and drinking a forty ounce outside of the hood Cube could catch a case.

Energy Icons (bekow L to R) Beverages, tunes, food, weed,



This pauses the action sequence and places you back in Gramma's living room with a full screen television interface. Now we all know that Gran-mamma just loves to see her little boy wreck shop, but she has arthritis and can't use the remote. Give her a hand by toggling through the channels to see how the various stations are covering your exploits. If involved in a chase scene press Start, and then press select. This brings Grammas television interface into the top corner of your screen. Watch as your spotlighted vehicle is chased by police and television crews across Compton and Watts. Perform the most lo'ed out driving moves and a blue light will flash in the top corner of the screen: 'You've made this week's episode of LAPD!'



Use this button to toggle through your weapons. Each progressive stage has its own special set of weapons to neutralise opponents:



Crackhead level threaten with needles, jerky, unpredictable body movements and offers of oral sex. Enemies will usually send you down to the store and use you to commit crimes on their behalf. Get enough loot together to kick the habit and you're ready for:



Homey level use an assortment of knives, baseball bats, broken bottles to expand your grip street by street. Move your game on a small scale, turn your friends' sisters over to prostitution and keep them happy with rocks. Think you're ready to move on? Well aks yourself, who's the mack?. If the answer is yes, jump up to:



Gangsta level uzis, AK-47s and small-scale explosives are all at your disposal. You have interstate connections and a file with the Feds. Your mackin' days are over. Intimidate local dealers to establish your grip. Go East Coast just to show them who's the man. Get friendly with Suge Knight and some other record company heavy-weights, work on your compound disses and you're ready for:



Gangsta rap level this is where you really pile up the 'Dead Presidents' for being a misogynist, homophobic, 'nigga that just don't give a fuck'. Now the convictions you built up on your record at 'Crackhead', 'Homey' and 'Gangsta' level start to work for you instead of against you. You should try to push the envelope as far as possible. Remember you can't graduate to the echelons of Tu-Pac or Biggy if you haven't at least seven or eight pre-recorded albums and movies ready to be posthumously released should the proverbial 'shit' go down. Take your posse on tour to the East coast and then right down into the Southern belt. Have your act banned and you receive the permanent 'Parental advisory explicit lyrics' sticker to be put on all your releases, with that you're ready to capture middle-class white Amerikkka.

'Who da man? You da man!' And you keep telling yourself so, as do the international hordes in Kappa pants and official NBA jerseys.

Work the game really well and you can turn girls with unwanted pregnancies into your backing vocalists. Take your crew up the charts, and if you've done well, you'll no longer even be classified as hip-hop at the grammies, you're now R&B!

Cheats:

1. If you don't want to pass through the early stages of 'Gangstas rap' level when you have to work on record production and writing rhymes, at completion of 'Gangsta' level and just as the record contract unfolds, press the following combination: (whistle),(diss), (whistle),(diss), (whistle),(diss), (whistle),(diss), (whistle),(diss) by hitting all your homeys with a barrage of disses, mostly: 'Faggot ass', 'Snitch', 'Suck my mother-fuckin dick' your first LP will be a smash.

2. When you have completed the 'Homey' level, instead of pulling the G-Ride into O-Boy's garage, kickin' his bitch ass to the curb, taking off with his sister, and driving down to the local swap-meet to sell his television, continue past O-Boy's pad down two blocks. You will come to a local school house with a man in a black suit standing out front. Hit the switches on the G-Ride, get out and walk up to the black suited man. He will say nothing so, hit him with a low-level diss, something like, 'Represent, fool', or 'Its not nigga, what you got all them clothes on for you retarded bastard'. The man in the suit will invite you inside. After a brief pause you will re-emerge, noticing a small change to your items menu. Select the new item titled 'Knowledge of self' (see left)



Now return to the hood. Instead of greeting the threats of bodily harm with a crowbar and a selection of disses such, Cube will preach 'knowledge of self', hand out Africa badges and hang out with all the Nation of Islam types. In the higher levels of the rap game he will appear on middle Amerikkkan films such as 'Higher Learning'. Work hard at this level and you may be able to save up and move yourself and your progeny 'out of the hood'.

taming the balkan crisis

words and graphic by NB DRAJCAN

'We are not at war with the Serbs', the British, French and American governments assure us as they rain down bombs. Cruise missiles and tomahawks; all a sign of worse to come in the next couple of days. I only know I wouldn't like to be on the receiving end when the 'real' war starts.

And of course it is war, and an historic one at that. For the first time in history the NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organisation) alliance has launched a war against a sovereign state in Europe, in contravention of both the UN charter and NATO's own founding principles.

As far as reasoning behind it goes, it seems that every time you turn on the television news the excuse for the use of force offered by Washington and Whitehall has changed again. A cynic might even think that they were making it up as they go along.

First the air strikes were supposed to force President Slobodan Milosevic to accept the West's plans for a settlement in Kosovo (which is an interesting interpretation of the term 'peace agreement'). Then Bill Clinton and Tony Blair suddenly forgot about that, and claimed that NATO's unprecedented use of force against Serbia was necessary to stop the 'humanitarian disaster' in Kosovo. One week into the bombing, and the scenario changes again! 6 April marks 58th anniversary of Belgrade being levelled to the ground by Nazi planes. They are up in the air again to aid NATO planes in their 'humanitarian mission'.

Yet there is nothing unique or very unusual about events in Kosovo. A strongarm regime has launched a ruthless campaign against armed separatists (the KLA—Kosovo Liberation Army), and many civilians have had to flee the fighting. It is a pattern that has been repeated on countless occasions around the world over the past 50 years, from Israel to Northern Ireland, without NATO feeling any need to intervene. The truth is that one NAT ally, Turkey, is itself engaged in a long and bloody campaign to crush Kurdish rebels, without incurring so much as a slapped wrist from the USA or Britain.

No international agency declared a 'humanitarian disaster' in Kosovo before the NATO air strikes began. The situation there is obviously tragic, but that is no excuse for exaggerating it in order to justify starting an international war. As some discerning commentators have pointed out, if anything is likely to provoke a humanitarian disaster in Kosovo, it is the NATO attacks on Serbia. Yet there sit self-righteous Clinton and Blair, justifying their war as an attempt to prevent the very tragedy which it may very well bring about.

None of this was even debated in Britain before Blair pressed the

button. In the age of New Labour and consensus politics, one does not argue about little matters like a European war. After the prime minister made a desultory statement about the military campaign in the House of Commons, everyone rushed off to watch the military campaign on the television—the real place where politics happens today.

And how much do we really know about event in Kosovo over the past 12 months? We have been fed all we need to know in easily digestible black and white capsules: the Serbs are about to commit genocide, Milosevic is like Hitler, and to not bomb them would be an appeasement. Such lazy references to World War II invoke the moral absolutes of a moral age. Once the Serbs have been demonised as the new Nazis, as was the case in Croatian and Bosnian civil war, then the world decrees that they deserve all they get, and anybody who questions that risks being accused of 'Holocaust denial'.

What really surprises though, is that NATO leaders have never shown any real interest in, or even less knowledge over, events in Kosovo. True concerns lie much closer to home. President Clinton admitted that air strikes are about 'protecting our values, advancing our interests...' It seems that the credibility of NATO needed desperately to be preserved.

For Clinton, this is another chance to play a hero on the international screen, when his name is mud at home (41 of the 100 US senators voted against the air strikes motion). An Oscar for sound effects will not be awarded for 'Saving Private Ryan' this time, but 'Saving President Clinton', shot exclusively on location in Serbia, starring Tomahawk Cruise and countless corpsing extras.

The attitude of Britain's New Labour Government is even worse, a repulsive cocktail of gung-ho political correctness and ignorant Little Englandism. Deputy premier John Prescott used all of his Balkan knowledge to tell the Commons why they had to send in the bombers to stop 'Mr Missa...Milo...Milla...Milosoffovic'. Maybe he should discuss the matters with the Sky News reporter who talked about shooting 'Iraqi jets over Kosovo'. Well, barbarians are all the same, aren't they?

And the Australian Government? Well,

President John Howard joined Bill Clinton in 'sending a message' to the Serbs. Modern way of communicating seems to have slowly advanced from post office letters, fax machines, e-mails to using bombers and missiles. All we know is that Serbs were given the chance to sign the 'peace agreement', and they failed to take it. Punishment comes as the only ethical solution.

The question about what is to be done still remains. I am not a politician, but one thing seems very clear. NATO air strikes and invasion can only make the matters worse, by internationalising the conflict, creating a greater refugee

crisis and exacerbating local tensions. Not much of an alternative, is it?

Everywhere I go, people like to rave on about the 'Balkan problem'. All of them seem strangely averse to trying a Balkan solution. It is about time we hear from all the peoples in the entire region about what kind of settlement they want, instead of offering an 80 page 'peace agreement' that gets published in all Albanian papers, 1 day before the actual negotiations in Rambouillet even took place.



Oms Not Bombs

Dig the Sounds, not Uranium

Update; March/April 99

Oms Not Bombs politio-technoids continue on their mission to catalyze people power revolution using mobile and autonomous sound systems and putting the message in the music to spread to the word. The crew has been busy with a series of events working alongside Sydney's Graffiti Hall of Fame since returning from the 10,000-kilometer round trip to Jabiluka last year. The brightly painted old Wollongong S.T.A bus finally returned from Darwin in January after being stranded up there with engine failure.

Electric Universe: Welcome 99

The first major event back in Sydney was the Electric Universe new year's eve gig, which was a memorable night. The original beach venue on Aboriginal land at Pelican near Toukley on the central coast ended up being problematic. The old Sydney last minute venue change shuffle looked like it was to be a reality once again.

There we were, a convoy of buses, sound system trucks and various other vehicles stacked up outside the entrance to the beach venue. Soon after we arrived the police turned up waving a letter that stated the local land council had changed their mind on the venue permission due to one administrator's objection.

What started out as a heated argument between the Oms crew and Council, Police, National parks and others ended up with cups of tea and discussions around long table we'd set up on the side of the road. Photos of Reclaim the Streets, Doofs at the Jabiluka mine etc were brought out and shown around.

Somehow the Rave alert had been leaked on the Central coast and the image of hundreds of doofers descending on their patch was too much; they have enough trouble, they said, dealing with the bored mob that trash the entrance on New Year's eve every year. Anyway, they were quite adamant that we could not have our party there. One councilor, inspired by our aims and intentions, returned later, having attempted to legalise the Mooney Mooney site where we

eventually moved. He had checked out our website and armed with a Dreamcatcher gift he returned with promises to DA approve our next Central Coast event.

The info line was changed and people activated to move the whole gig to Mooney Mooney, site of numerous small trance gatherings. Twelve hundred folk danced the night away until morning rain sent most people home after an amazing night. During New Year's day the weather cleared and a renegade recovery went off for a night and a day at Nora Head at the North end of Pelican Beach. A few weeks later the promised legal site up there manifested at the Warnervale Country Music Park for the Anzac Weekend 99.

Reclaim the Beaches

Two other beach parties in the Electric universe Reclaim the Beach's series have gone off since New Year's Eve. Reclaim the Beaches on Invasion day saw the Peace Bus Sound System emanate an amazing variety of dance grooves to South Bondi. Starting off on the hill overlooking South Bondi people danced and chilled all day on a 45 degree dancefloor. Later people danced on the beach until police and torrential rain stopped play.

Universal Love on Valentines weekend was a truly magical experience held at Little Conwong bay beach in La Perouse, site of Vibe Tribe's Acid Raintance doof in 93. The speakers were lugged the 700 metre distance to the nudist beach. People danced the night away on the sand, strange mechanoid creatures emerged out of the phosperous active waters. DJs played the finest tunes, including Freaky Chakra from San Francisco. In the morning the tide forced the dancers into a thin strip of beach as the nudists turned up to join in the celebration. During the day DJs played naked, boats turned up, a freeboard surf ski comp ensued while dub and slow beats filled the air until sunset where the equipment was taken to a boat ramp by numerous speedboat trips.

Reclaim the Streets

The last Reclaim the Streets (in Bexley North in early march) brought its distinctive brand of autonomous zone to the site of another community and environment destroying motorway proposal. The revamped Oms Not Bombs bus blocked the road near the train station. The broadsided bus attracted the police who at first thought they had the upper hand. We argued that the road is in fact being opened. One of the Reclaim the Street organisers was told by a cop; 'ah ha, we've got you this time'. But as over a thousand people came off the next train and up the steps, the policeman conceded that the situation had changed somewhat. People power really does have an effect. Police redirected traffic as a greenpeace solar rig powered the Oms sound system. A large mob of inner city dance heads, locals, anti M5 activists, young and old gathered, made speeches and milled around the multiple areas mingling and grooving to a wide range of sounds. Good vibes ensued with the police mostly getting into the goodwill. An amazing beach party recovery put on by the 'Free to Be Me' crew went off all night at Kernell. Most of the crowd found the beach, but some were lost in the vast network of dunes.

Stop the Nuclear madness; Look out for a protest against Lucas Heights reactor upgrade on April 11, meet at Sutherland station at 11am. Ring 1900 922746 for further details near that date. Mobile sound system in the area

Goodwill Festival

This Electric Universe event heralds a new direction for Oms Not Bombs and Graffiti Hall events. Moving into the festival arena this Anzac weekend event is the finale of the Central Coast Youth week. Featuring bands, DJs, workshops and camping the festival kicks off on Saturday 24th April at midday going through till sunset Sunday. See the ad in this edition for line up and ticket details.

Earthdream 2000

Spearheaded by Melbourne's Mutoid Waste company this tour running from Port Augusta to Jabiluka in May to June 2000 could be a great option for people sick of the Olympic hype in Sydney. Peaking at a tech-tribal gathering in the Red Centre in June 2000, this has been talked about globally for many years. Oms Not Bombs will be joining this project that has the potential to rally people from dance and activist scenes alike against desert environmental destruction planned by our earth raping multinational sector. Stay tuned for more details.

OMS NOT BOMBS & GRAFFITI HALL OF FAME
In association with the Central Coast youth week

GRAFFITI Hall of Fame

ELECTRIC UNIVERSE

GOODWILL FESTIVAL 99
Saturday 24th April (noon) till Sun 25th April (sunset)

DIVERSITY SOUND SYSTEM (from 1995-2000)

Nitocris Tribal Drift

InSurge, Montana, Toy Death, Melting Pot, Janawurri, Shaal, Dogbody, Nidderkin, One Buck Short, The Australian BeeWeek Show, The FLOW, Yauouliware, Devicer Driver vs Henburns.thorn, Multitec Frequante plus DJ's >>>

Simon Caldwell
Scamper to (Canada), Mark N (Bloodly fist, uricite), Dan Coy (juju massuie), Marquism (arrindhempru), Kasey (massuie), Abeta (Urrua, tragic dirt), Daneth (Brazil F/Rebel music USA)

Rainbow Circus
SUGGESTIBLE in the area, jugglers, workshops and performance area.

Unity Sound System live
Non Bossy Posse (Organarchy), Serene Chaos (Oms Not Bombs), Pronoia plus DJ's >>>
Vic, Zen Child, Otaku, Kanka, Nathan, Reiki Aura, Kundatini, Datural, Fatty Acids (byron bay), Filthy Dan, Hue, Mixim, Bad (D.I.Y. Ibiza, D.K.)
Visceral (sunset set) performance from Yoni Luneya and many more L.B.s

TICKETS \$24 plus booking fee

1900 922746
11 Bank Walkway WYONG, 21 Deepwater Drive
WYONG
WARRAVALE (10km from WYONG) on the coast

4th screen video from: **Slutless eyes** (1998), **Late night land sluts**, **Calcs, child zone, artivist village** and lots more with footage and films

WARRAVALE COUNTRY MUSIC PARK
WYONG, CENTRAL COAST

CEIN

april picks

with your
host
Yellow
Peril

and some classics



**Squarepusher
Budhakhhan Mindphone**
(Warp)

Squarepusher's early releases are annoying and often messy chaotic collections of sped-up-too-fast breakbeats. Whilst exciting at the time, all but a few tracks have lost the edge they once had—simply for being so 'out there'. Like Alec Empire's hardcore breakbeat, music that exists simply to be extreme is quickly incorporated as a marketing category with its own record company-supplied CD shelf divider card titled 'Extreme Music'. Too often this 'extreme music' ends up being a few snotty White kids with too much time on their hands making a lot of noise and pretending to be revolutionary. The reality is far from that—they're about as radical as Green Day, Rancid or Fat Boy Slim. Anyway, Squarepusher seems to have shaken the demon since his last album, *Music Is Rotted One Note*, where he began to delve into the depths of 1970s jazz fusion. *Budhakhhan Mindphone* adds to the depth and history of the sounds of the previous album. A mini-album, it was recorded shortly after *Music Is Rotted One Note*. Opening with the beautiful 'Iambic 5 Poetry' and continuing deeper with 'Fly Street', 'The Tide' and finally the twin slap-bass 'Two Bass Hit' the breakbeats remain in the mix but are tempered

by other sounds, rhythms and basslines running against them. Well worth checking out.

**Do Make Say Think
S/T**
(Constellation)

Simple synth patterns and reverbed guitars over loose minimal rhythms are the backbone of this excellent debut album from Toronto band Do Make Say Think. The eight instrumentals run for a full seventy five minutes allowing each to build in intensity and subside with the guitars looping in and out of the mix over the bass. The best two tracks 'If I Only' and the 20 minute epic 'The Fare To Get There' are lazy ambient pieces that drift along on their melancholy lead lines whilst darker pieces like 'Highway 420' and 'Disco & Haze' start with long drone loops before breaking out into spacious desert guitar-scapes. Superb instrumental guitar dub.

**Gas
Koenigsforst**
(Mille Plateaux)

The third in a series of reduced albums by Mike Ink best known for his bangin' acid tracks of the early 1990s, *Koenigsforst* is about as deep into reduced sounds as you can go before the blurring effects on the source material become indecipherable. Reduced techno seems to have its roots in the early 1990s work of Maurizio and the Basic Channel label who used flaws in analogue recording and vinyl pressing to their advantage; crafting expansive chambers of dub from hiss, clicks and pops over sparse techno pulses stripped of their mid range and definition. Since Basic Channel there has been the releases on Chain Reaction and also side projects like the brilliant Rhythm & Sound releases which have exposed the explicit dub roots of this sort of sound. Pole, too, has shifted his work towards exposing the reggae roots of the sounds which to the untrained ear probably sound whiter-than-white. Richie Hawtin's recent Plastikman album *Consumed* also pointed to other inspirations in reduced techno in minimalist art and

sculpture. Mike Ink's Gas project uses different source material to most of the other working in the same sound field choosing European classical recordings to blur. The results are quite strange with short snippets of orchestra emerging from the fog of echo before retreating again, the pulsing rhythms that underlie the tracks almost go unheard as the echo swells around you. Not easy listening or at all danceable but very rewarding especially on a bottom heavy system.

**Badawi
The Heretic Of Ether**
(Asphodel)

'Proper' Middle Eastern electronic music is probably the psy-trance crap being made by disenchanting middle class Israelis. Sampling is a strange tool and one that has served the mysterious Muslimguaze well. Probably the most well known man of Middle

Eastern sampling, Muslimguaze, who died recently, was actually a reclusive White musician from Manchester who strongly supported the Palestinian struggle for a homeland. Maybe 'strongly supported' is a bit misleading because, as it turns out, Muslimguaze never visited the Middle East nor did he have any contact with organisations like the PLO or Hezbollah to whom he was supposedly donating money. More importantly, he never cleared his samples nor examined his own cultural uses of the samples, some of which were highly religiously charged. Badawi, on the other hand, is Raz Mesinai, part of US electronic dub crew Sub Dub. His second solo album, *The Heretic Of Ether*, is a dark moody meeting of eastern and western instruments; 'real' percussion and melodic instruments stand side by side with violin and cello. While at times it becomes a bit too 'worldly' in its style, some of the tracks are superb; particularly with the dub elements of Sub Dub coming through.

**New Order
Power, Corruption & Lies**
(Factory)

Released in 1984 on the tail of the seminal *Blue Monday 12"*, *Power Corruption and Lies* is probably the best New Order album with its marriage of their electro influences and heavy bass driven melodies. The funny meaningless lyrics are inconsequential as the electronic beats skitter over some excellent moody mid-80s analogue synth patterns, making for one of the least pop pop albums of the time. Having followed *Blue Monday* there are no sleeve details whatsoever, except for a patterned disc, which purportedly decodes to the band name and album title.

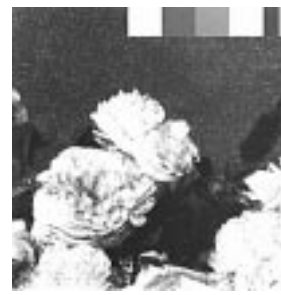
**Einstuerzende Neubauten
Haus Der Luge**
(Some Bizarre)

Neubauten, whose name translates to Collapsing New Buildings, remained at the forefront of avant-garde industrial percussion music throughout the 1980s and this album, released in 1989, marks a bridge between the industrial period and the subsequent more moody acoustic works that followed. Full of driving metal beats, Blixa Bargeld's

lyrics on *Haus de Luge* (*House Of Lies*) are foregrounded in the mix and are surprisingly narrative in character when compared to the textural screams of early Neubauten works. As a result it's a far less extreme album, but at the same time far more coherent and listenable.

**SPK
Zamia Lehmanni (Songs Of Byzantine Flowers)**
(Side Effects)

SPK were one of the first Australian electronic crews to gain widespread international recognition. Named after the Socialist Patients Kollektiv, an organisation of revolutionary mental patients, their early work was violent, noisy and often involved extremely dangerous live shows. Now, over twenty years later, Graeme Revell, their central and often solitary figure, writes film scores for some of Hollywood's biggest movies. Zamia Lehmanni is perhaps the first indication of a shift that would see Revell move from extremist to mainstreamist. Composed in 1986 and used in a Sydney Theatre Company production, *Zamia Lehmanni* is not dissimilar to *Dead Can Dance* albums of the same period with its Middle Eastern instrumentation, religious choirs, and almost regal constructions.





I hope you didn't stuff your faces with too many Easter eggs. I wish I could say the same, but thanks to the hospitality of the King William crew down in Melbourne, I chomped away all long weekend! Yes, Degrassi's been travelling again—this time to the Garden State. Yet another whirlwind tour of a state capital which has left my liver and wallet feeling somewhat challenged. Who would have thought you could still buy 'pots' of beer for \$1? Unfortunately a table of underage techno-ferals drove us from the establishment providing such a fine public service, because of their fascination with empty burger ring packets. Oh well, on to the problems.

Dear Degrassi,

I've always considered myself a really with-it dude, but my girlfriend just left me and said that it was because of my distinct lack of style. I didn't think there was anything wrong with a mullet, facial hair that resembles a member of ZZ Top, jumpers with patches on the elbows and beige strides. I really dig Led Zeppelin and Cat Stevens too. She told me the only chance of us ever getting back together would be if I had a complete image revamp—and this includes my music collection too!

I know that if anyone could help me, it would be you Degrassi!

Lost Hippie

My goodness, gracious me, you are a real mess, aren't you? Don't worry, this is really easy to rectify! Just watch the ultimate television show which provided the impetus for many baby boomers to make the transition from hippie scum to greed generation tough guy, as well as musical connoisseur. That piece of television history is Miami Vice. You too can change for the better by emulating the character's wardrobes and musical tastes!

Miami Vice captures the 80s the way a postcard of the Gold Coast captures sun, surf and bare breasted, g-stringed women. (In fact, Miami Vice captured all of those too.) It defined what people wore during the 80s, the same way The Partridge Family and Good Times defined what people wore in the 70s. The show's guest star list reads like a compilation album from 1985 as most of them were musicians making their acting debuts. Appearing in an episode assured the use of a guest star's song and in turn a huge audience to hear it. Miami Vice was also one of the first television programs to market a soundtrack of music which appeared on the show—3 albums in total. In fact, the plot often took a backseat to the orgiastic visual and auditory 80s feast making it seem more like an hour long video clip with ads than a television program costing a mere \$US1 million per episode. A sample of the guest stars include: Frank Zappa, Phil Collins, Gene Simmons (Kiss), Miles Davis, Willie Nelson, James Brown, Bruce Willis, Eartha Kitt, Chris Rock, Don King, Vanity (Prince's love interest in Purple Rain and singer with debatable talent), John Turturro, Julia Roberts and Peter Allen.

I must pay homage to the regular cast though, because it was the characters they portrayed that really made the show what it was. Don Johnson lived Sonny Crockett. He can never be

believable as any other character. So convincing in the role was Johnson he received a Golden Globe Award for Best Actor in a Television Series (Drama) in 1985. The unshaven, pastel-suit-with-t-shirt-and-loafers-without-socks wearing lady killer is the first image that pops into most people's heads when they think of the 80s—with the exception, perhaps, of Culture Club! To get an accurate mental image of his wardrobe, think Drew Barrymore's fiancé in 'The Wedding Singer'. Given the show's strong musical ties, it was inevitable that Don would be tempted to test the bounds of his talents and begin a mediocre and short lived singing career — though he did release 2 albums (Heartbeat and Let it Roll) and sang a duet with Barbara Streisand.

Crockett was a Florida native who was serious about bringing down drug dealers—especially those from Cuba it seemed. He was teamed up with Ricardo Tubbs, played by Phillip Michael Thomas who was transferred to work with Crockett from New York. Thomas did for the double breasted suit with satin finish what Mix Master Mike has done for turntablism! Although Tubbs and Crockett were partners, Thomas lived in the shadow of Johnson both on and off screen. He cashed in on his Miami Vice success by writing and producing two albums Somebody and Living the Book of My Life. Here he proves his worthiness as Poet Laureate with such haunting lyrics as 'When I want filet mignon, fish and chips won't do/ Got to have me something special/ Girl, my mind's on you. Excuse me while I swoon!

Crockett and Tubbs were supported by a magnificent cast including 'Morning Train' singer and one time the artist formerly known as Prince plaything, Sheena Easton, who played Crockett's wife in 1987.

Blaxploitation and Jackie Brown actress Pam Grier was also a member of the Vice Squad. They were all well supervised by the highest paid actor-per-word in television history, James Edward Olmos. Perhaps the most successful actor after Miami Vice to have emerged from the show; he too won a Golden Globe award for best supporting actor in a TV series in 1986.

Miami Vice not only spawned soundtracks, but also a huge range of collectables. One which might be of particular interest to you is the Miami Vice Footwear Catalogue which is a 62 page glossy featuring the cast in loafers sans socks! And complete the look by wearing the silver satin baseball-style Miami Vice jacket. Be cool by the pool sipping your cocktails from a frosted plastic Miami Vice cup featuring the pastel art deco logo while you listen to the hits of the show on the Miami Vice Traveler AM/FM clock radio. Check out your spunky attire in the Don Johnson mirror (done in the style of those tacky Coca-cola and Jack Daniels ones!) Keep yourself and your newfound friends entertained with the Miami Vice Slot Car Set and board game. Commodore 64 brought out the Miami Vice computer game—check out those pixelated 80s graphics. (Email me on degrassi@unsw.edu.au for a copy!) Make your girlfriend weak at the knees by singing songs from the Miami Vice Songbook. Work out how much all this crap is costing you by using your solar powered Miami Vice calculator.

If you want my honest opinion though, once you've transformed yourself into a Miami Vice style guy, you'll be able to have any woman you want! Ditch this shallow wench who has caused you so much grief and get yourself a complimentary partner with HUGE hair and a penchant for balloon skirts.

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