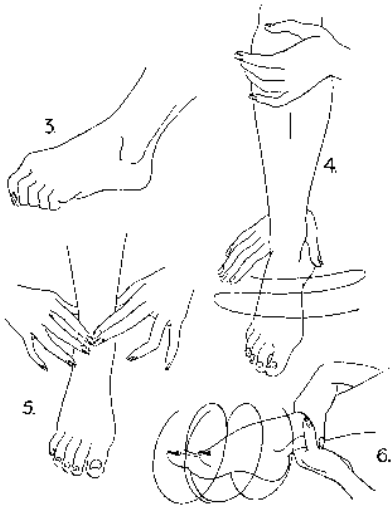




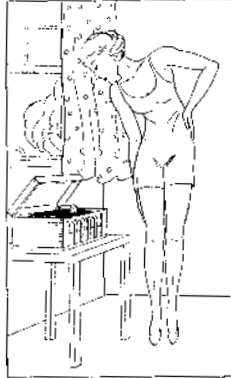
ABOVE: Don't shy away from mixing your colours and wearing lots and lots of them. It's a great way of brightening up a dull day! And don't forget to add a few pairs of stripey socks to your accessories collection, wear 'em with jeans, wear 'em with dresses—they'll look great!



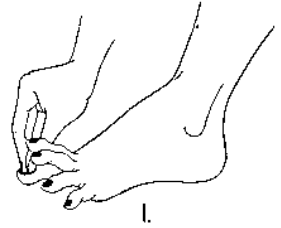
brought to you by

frigid

every sunday night at the globe in newtown. Tho' if you don't know that then why you readin this zine?



- dodgy charts and distributors
- screaming men
- feet..mmmm
- lineups
- on-line cd shopping
- reviews
- dodgy prodigy
- degrassi does caged women



PLATFORM PERFORMANCE

Dear Valk, is it true that platforms are bad for your feet? I've heard all sorts of rumours and was wondering if you could tell me what's right and what's wrong!

Lorraine, Scotland

Dear Lorraine, if you're not sensible about them and wear 10 in platforms when you're going to be on your feet all day and don't relax your feet at night, then yes. Wearing them occasionally shouldn't do your feet too much harm!

Anyway, now that you don't see so many really high



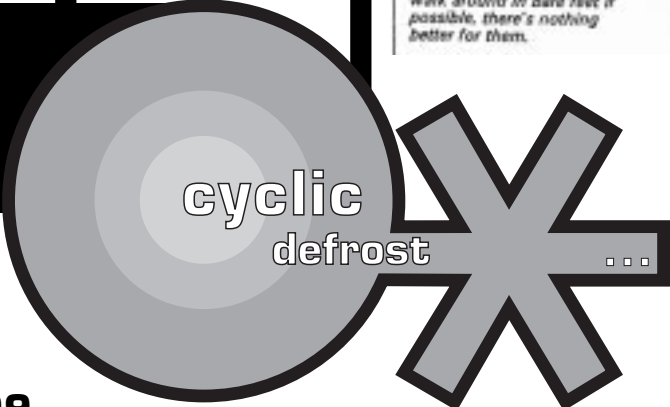
platforms around you shouldn't need to worry so much.

The essential thing is to remember to relax your feet as soon as you get home and walk around in bare feet if possible, there's nothing better for them.



I'M SORRY, DARLING. I ACTUALLY LIKE THE LITTLE GUY AND I AM ASHAMED OF BULLYING HIM THIS EVENING.

OH, DAVID, YOU'RE NOT A BAD GUY, WHY DO WE ALWAYS SHOUT AND QUARREL SO?



edi... orial

First up just let's say that this issue has been rushed. Of course, like any other multimedia conglomerate we'd like to say that we are concerned with quality over quantity but the reality is, fuck it, you'll probably find some bad sentences, bad grammar, bad spelling, and worse, some poorly expressed ideas. Nevertheless, you've got a copy and are reading it so maybe it's not all that bad. Since the last issue shit has been really positive. Positive number one; the Elefant Tracks crew are miracle workers. Not content with ramming the place with over 550 payers, they managed to keep all thirteen performing acts running to tight schedule. I wish good things upon them all and their CD is fully deserving of purchase (if there are any left). Positive number two; people's email messages

get funnier and funnier. I'm sure it wasn't intentionally funny but there were two bizarre bits of email that hit my Eudora inbox this last week or so—one from a mate in Adelaide who, without his tongue planted in his cheek wrote, 'jungle is the new goth' (who am I to argue, I used to be a goth!); and the other from Nik Fish describing how the logo for The Prodigy was actually 'stolen' from the rave promoters of the same name down here in Sydney way back in 1992/3. Nik's story was a damn fine read, unintentionally funny, and sure to be the basis of many urban myths to come over the next couple of months. Positive number three; in the words of The Shamen 'e's are good'. Mmmmmmmitsubishi...drive me wild (d)

But there was bad shit too. Prez Clinton didn't seem to see the irony in him saying 'we must teach the children to solve their problems without resorting to guns and violence'; was he talking about the 'Serb crisis'? No, just some dumb schoolkids in Colorado who were simply living up to the myth that underpins America history 'the Outlaw'. Natasha, who was responsible for the sobering article on Kosovo in the last issue, has continued to write articles about the propaganda war digging behind the subtle ways in which the changing language of war is used to set up the 'heroes' and 'villains'. In England the tenth anniversary of the Hillsborough massacre has passed and there is an excellent article on Schnews Issue 208 (www.schnews.co.uk) about it and the ongoing media boycott that sees Rupert Murdoch's Sun newspapers suffering a massive and lengthy working class consumer action campaign costing a lasting 40% drop in readership for their role in spreading lies and police misinformation about what really happened. (Remember I spent some time in England last year and have subsequently become interested in football/soccer). Of course, it's rare that you ever hear mention of the success of consumer boycotts...

Yellow Peril

Oh yeah, you'll notice that this issue is a little slim on contributors. If you have any ideas for articles and stuff, send them through ASAP to the addresses below.

TRACKER BIOTIS
V1.03

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And Button Punching

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VIC'S
BBQ

This issue of Cyclic Defrost brought to you by feet, teeth, ruffs and the two week recovery period of getting hit by a mitsubishee.

cover:
brought to you by this fantastic mag called pink that I found in a hobart vinnies. Trashy seventies teen zine with the hottest fashion tips.

deadline for submissions
17th May

I know you guys don't read this bit cos no-one ever gets their stuff in on time...

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

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copying, folding, stapling and stuffing
the cryo crew

thanks to
the slightly less than competent burglar who managed to steal my backpack of clothes and leave the really valuable stuff in my satchel that sat next to it while I was in Melbourne. Stax cafe. The 500 people who turned up for the frigid/fromage/neotropic night and the 555 people who turned up to the Elefant Traks launch breaking the attendance record twice between issues of cyclic...

Advertising

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

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

little blocks of sweetness

The 'Shouting Man' Art Performances

as witnessed by Lex Luthor

Even in this modern day we are still often able to be shocked and disturbed by the more extreme output from our culturally inclined. So used to art being mere benign decoration, works like Serrano's 'Piss Christ' cause a great uproar and are the focus of much media attention. It is a tribute to his talent then that whoever is the secretive artist behind the 'Shouting Man' street performance series has not received such attention. Obviously carefully timing his performances, he has managed to remain 'underground' and true to his art. Perhaps this is also due to the nature of these performances. There are no known pictures of this artist. Nobody I know in the art community knows the identity of this man.

Many have never heard one of the "Shouting Man" performances, even fewer still have actually seen one, so fleeting is their nature. Dressed like a mentally ill homeless person, ranting expletives loudly and dangerously waving his arms with a jagged motion, the artist strides swiftly down through his carefully chosen route with a wild and possessed look in his maddened eyes. Never quite on the foot path, rather, quite disturbingly, the artist is usually walking down the middle of an empty traffic lane or in the gutter. A lot of preparation must go into these performances. This is evidenced by the outlandish hair stylings and outfits. With an unkempt overgrown beard and looking like the clothes were rejects from some disposal store the artist goes to a lot of effort with make-up to make them look grubby and unwashed which, combined with their 'retro' nature, can only be interpreted as a comment on today's filthy obsession with recycling past fashion, music and culture.

Taking this 'rubbing dirt into the old' theme further and combining it with the placement of the performances we come up with a potential motivation – the gutting of many of the older buildings in the inner city and their subsequent conversion to 'New York Style' apartments. The current glut of these poorly conceived, low quality dwellings is surely destroying the original character of the inner city with many entertainment venues closing as new residents complain about the noise from night



performance artists or just spunky boys? You be the judge...

clubs in the area. Perhaps it is this these performances are meant to be highlighting with the fast striding motion of the performer representing the migration to these inner city dwellings of many young people in order to be 'close to the action' and the angry yelling suggesting their vocal complaints that end up having these venues closed.

Reminiscent of earlier similar performance art groups such as the Post Arrivals this artist prefers to engage in these performances in the trendier inner city suburbs of Surry Hills and Darlinghurst where he is most likely to have a receptive audience for his brave solo performances.

In the lead up to Sydney's 2000 Olympics it is refreshing to see some cultural output from the city not involving sporting 'heroes'. My fear is that this genius may be ejected from the inner city in the current pre-Olympic cleansing frenzy if mistaken for a genuine homeless person. The artist's preference not to associate with government art funding bodies and work independently could just be his downfall. It is so sad that high culture is often misinterpreted .



by Nik Fish

It's an amusing story as I've looked into this claim and have found a closet full of controversy which sees Australia as possibly having a minor role in formulating the 'image' that 'The Prodigy' (group/band) have today.

I'm relying on memory here, so my dates might be a little out...

In 1992, Brett O'Meara put together a party called 'Prodigy', it drew 800 people to an empty warehouse in Ultimo, the police closed it down at 5am (I know this to be fact as I was on the mike saying so...).

Brett went on to do another rave and another; up to about 7. I played at all of these parties and was the only DJ to do so. You could say I followed these events closely. I recall that each party had a theme, and a good theme at that, 'Prodigy 3: The Trilogy'—the theme was 'We will make it snow' and they did, using industrial snow-makers. 'Prodigy 4 - Outdoor', in came 2 semis with a wall of speakers, set up on each side of an outdoor stage, 'Prodigy 5 - The beehive', transforming a huge aircraft hanger into the honeycomb on the inside of a beehive and so on.

After the third 'Prodigy' party, a Sydney promoter/DJ—Matt G, put on a club night at Zoom (now NV Nightclub) featuring a small, underground group from the UK called 'The Prodigy'. It's alleged that Matt G liked the look of Bretts 'Prodigy' logo and 'borrowed' it to use on his flyer (ie: The logo that was created especially for the

parties was apparently copied by Matt G for his party).

When the group 'The Prodigy' returned to the UK, they released an album called 'Experience' and the logo they used was none other than the one from Matt's party (borrowed from Brett's party).

Fast forward to last week...The Prodigy's (group) UK company—'Concord' contacted Brett in a letter which was a whopping 1/2 a page long and told him (in short) not to use their logos. Brett replied to them (with a 5 page letter) that they should contact the company that handles copyright stuff for logos etc (I think their called Anda or something?) as he was the owner of the logo that he has used ever since 'Prodigy 3', PRIOR to the release of the 'Experience' LP, furthermore, he registered the name 'Prodigy Dance' and 'Prodigy—The Trilogy', while the group simply registered 'The Prodigy'.

Brett's logo is different to the groups anyway, with some letters being in uppercase font and even things like the 'G' in Bretts logo is extended across the bottom while the groups isn't.

To wrap, if you'd like to check who actually designed Brett's logo, which has apparently since been modified and used by the group in the UK, then contact a guy called Alex Polo at Argo Design in Darlinghurst, he designed it first...and by the way, he's Abel's brother...

And yes, the party is still on and so are all the original logos.

media manipulation

'Daniel Bobruff runs Microtime Media, the company which first put product placement into children's arcade games. He describes the new approach to advertising that digital television will bring into every living room.

Content and advertising merge perfectly into a video game, developed for the makers of a meat snack. Here is what parents get for the £29.99 they pay:

"You play a spicy sausage,' says Bobruff 'in a game called Animal. On the face of it, fairly childish, nothing too significant. But if you look into it in a bit more detail, you a sausage, in a world populated by vegetable and other snacks. The only meat product is Pepperami. Who's the hero? Pepperami. In other words, there is a message there, filtering through the game: If you're meat, you're cool. If you're a vegetable, you're a wimp.'

He tells clients the really great thing about advertising this way: 'Instead of a commercial lasting 30 seconds, it lasts 30 hours!'

www.whitedot.org on Digital TV

middle men



record shops & record distributors

by yellow peril

A lot of people, myself included, are getting tired of dealing with record shops that seem to be getting more and more expensive. I know it's not really their fault—the Aussie dollar makes it hard for them to get stable prices and the quantities they import mean they are always being hit with sales tax. But even so, paying \$50 for a single CD is something no one should have to do. If you end up paying \$50 for an import CD then you're going to have trouble paying your rent, and, more importantly, you aren't going to be very experimental in your choices and you'll probably end up buying a CD that you know you like, rather than the one that 'sounds kinda weird but has a funky cover' (and is probably going to be a better listening experience in the long term). So what do CDs cost when they a shop buys them in from a distributor? And what are the alternatives? Remember, I'm not concerned here with whether you can get the latest Chemical Brothers, Wu Tang Clan or other major release for less—I am purely interested in tiny releases from tiny labels you've probably never heard of and your friends don't own. The kind of stuff you're likely to pay \$50 for elsewhere.

Let's look at distributors first. Australia has several major dance music distributors. Two of which, MDS and Shock, have their roots in indie music. MDS is a subsidiary of Mushroom who brought you the like of Jimmy Barnes, and are now

owned by Rupert Murdoch. Shock are an independent, but a very big one. Shock makes a lot of money out of dance music by selling the rather abhorrent Central Station Records range. These crap pop dance things used to fund the weirder releases, but as the exchange rate has gotten worse the range of obscure product has dwindled. MDS have had a similar experience. There are other smaller distributors and probably the third in the chain would be Creative Vibes. Creative Vibes is a little company whose founders, Peter & Heidi, actually live in their own 'warehouse'—it's that small. Creative Vibes import the biggest range of titles but that's also probably their own financial undoing. Enough of that though. Where does the money go when a distributor imports a CD?

OK here's an extract from a recent invoice from MDS:

Jump Up Showdown 3CD set
\$20.71 + \$3.79 sales tax=\$24.50

Nightmares On Wax 1CD
\$17.87 +\$3.27 sales tax=\$21.14

(yeah, they're not weird releases at all but they illustrate my point)

So the retailer pays \$21.14 for a CD that will go out on the shelf at \$29.95, and \$24.50 for one that goes out at \$36.95. The distributor, buying in bulk from overseas, in this case the UK, will have probably paid between \$12 and \$14 a CD including the

transport to get it here. Sometimes it will be less, sometimes it will be more. If they think that it is going to be a big hit they will buy a license from the original label and press it locally. Pressing it locally makes the biggest profit for the distributor, but in dance music it's not often that it is worthwhile because sales of your average Warp release may only be 500 copies Australia-wide. Licensing means that it's technically illegal for record shops to import copies, but have you ever seen an import dance store NOT importing the latest stuff? Of course its not always as simple as that—a dance music shop may pre-order 20 copies of the new Autechre CD before MDS or whoever decides to get the local license and release it locally.

Back to the story. What do distributors do? They import music but they also tend to distribute local releases and sometimes even fund albums and compilations of local artists. Creative Vibes, MDS, and Shock all have strong local releases that they distribute and also fund. So what if the distributors cut out the shops altogether and offered a 'direct to consumer' deal—possibly via the Internet? It's not such a far-out idea really, we still want to support local music and it is through spending money with the distributors rather than the shops that we can do this, isn't it? The short answer is—the distributors don't want to piss off the shops.

For a distributor the only world they've known is one where they deal with shops. Everyone is happy, everyone gets their 'cut'. Of course at the end of the day, out of that Nightmares On Wax CD at \$29.95, the artist would be very lucky to get \$4.50, probably more like \$2.50, the distributor might make \$5-6, and the shop is getting about \$11. The shops keep the distributors from having to employ extra staff to 'deal with customers' and that's what keeps the distributors' cut so low. Or that's the theory.

Going online and using the Internet to shop overseas a whole new way of doing things opens up. And that's even before you touch upon music piracy and MP3s and media hype like that. Let's look at five of my favourite online shops (plus two of dale's).

There's none from America (apart from the two from dale that I have yet to test personally) because since Dropbeat closed, the US stores tend to either advertise stuff they don't actually have in stock, or the best stock is from Europe in any case and it ends up being cheaper direct from Europe! Let's start in Australia.

SYNAESTHESIA (Melbourne, Australia)

www.vicnet.net.au/~atomic
email: atomic@vicnet.net.au

Synaesthesia is a one man show. Run out of a shopfront that is open a few days a week only in Melbourne, Synaesthesia does a large amount of its business over the internet via email. Their website has been up and down but throughout the troubled times, their fortnightly release lists flood out to about 200 people across the Pacific. That's a pretty small number you cry, and you're right. What Synaesthesia does best is weird music. Using contacts in America, Europe and Japan, Synaesthesia manages to land some of the world's best and tiniest labels—all at remarkable prices. A standard import CD costs about \$33 including shipping to your door. That doesn't sound very cheap but it is when you realise it's the very same 'limited CD pressing of 300 copies world-wide' that the Sydney import store was selling for \$45+. Synaesthesia manage to get otherwise expensive labels like SubRosa, Kompakt, RasterMusic, Mego, Profan, FatCat and BubbleCore at a price you can afford to be a little experimental in your choices with. Synaesthesia also provide one of the very very few outlets for local experimental music, plugging out releases on labels like Dual Plover alongside the imports.

Accurate CD Descriptions/Track Listings: YES

Listening Facilities: NO

Styles: Experimental

Range: Good Price: Excellent

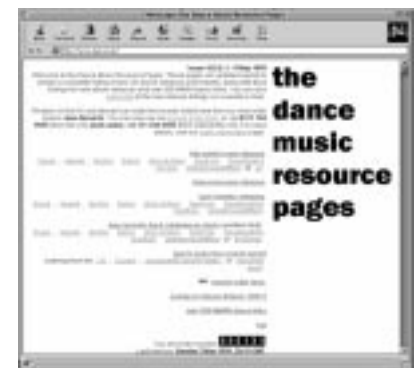
Delivery Time: 2 days

Payment Options: Australian Money Order (\$2.50 at the post office) or send cash (Credit Card coming)

BLOODY FIST (Newcastle, Australia)

No web site

No shit, no fuss, no trouble. That's Mark N and his Bloody Fist mail order offshoot. Mark doesn't just do trick DJ sets and wear balaclavas on TV, he has actually been one of the most instrumental figures in getting what he likes to call 'extreme music' to Australia, and our homebrew extreme music back out to the rest



from top: start screens for forced exposure, manifold records, rough trade and juno.

of the world. Through contacts he has made in his travels and the global notoriety of his label Mark has been able to get in releases from some of the craziest and noisiest tracks around from labels that make Digital Hardcore look and sound like Mariah Carey. It's not all gabber either, Mark is importing drum & bass alongside the sort of labels you find on the www.c8.com website—PCP and the rest. What began as a good way of him getting the latest releases that no shop in Australia would order for him, and a good way of 'swapping' his own Bloody Fist releases for overseas titles, has become a much relied upon source for a small band of extremists. The prices are, like Mark, not inflated, but you have to contact him directly to get 'sorted'. Expect to see a website and a more flexible mail ordering method soon, along with a lot of drum & bass.

Accurate CD Descriptions/ Track Listings: NO
Listening Facilities: NO
Styles: Experimental, Drum & Bass, Gabber
Range: Depends
Price: Excellent
Delivery Time: 'when you deserve it'
Payment Options: Cash only

FLAVOUR DISTRIBUTION (Auckland, New Zealand)

www.flavour.co.nz

Flavour is a distributor bucking the trend. Of course I don't know how local NZ shops feel about Flavour selling 'direct to the public', but their website should be an inspiration to local Australian distributors. Anyway I include Flavour here because they have a really good catalogue, good listening facilities, and, with the current exchange rate, good prices. Flavour is run by a couple, Irene & Stinky, both of whom have been heavily involved in the Auckland and NZ dub, electronic and drum & bass scenes for years and years. Their strong roots and Stinky's own output as part of Unitone HiFi have meant that their releases are really well sourced and often quite hard to get elsewhere. For instance, because Unitone HiFi released material on German label Incoming, Flavour has the full Incoming catalogue—a label that is consistently great and yet nearly impossible to source elsewhere. They also carry an excellent range of drum & bass as well as digi-dub labels like Different Drummer. The website has full listening facilities as well as a browsable catalogue with track listings, descriptions and more. It's a bit cumbersome to navigate the entire listings but stick with the 'new releases' section and maybe get them to post a hard copy of their catalogue with your first order. Expect a CD a NZ\$50 to cost about AU\$40 so make sure you check the sale list first.

Accurate CD Descriptions/Track Listings: YES
Listening Facilities: YES
Styles: Dub, Drum & Bass
Range: Good
Price: Depends on exchange rate
Delivery Time: 4 days
Payment Options: NZ Money Order (\$10–\$20 fee at your nasty bank)

ROUGH TRADE (London, UK)

www.roughtrade.com

Rough Trade used to be a big name indie distributor in the 80s. They went bust and now what remains are several shops in London. Fortunately, with such a long history they have stores full of music you'd rarely see anywhere else. Each week Rough Trade posts lists of the latest stock in the store ranging from 60s garage to 90 post-rock, Jamaican 7"s to drum & bass and virtually everything in-between. What they carry tends to be left-of-centre although they will carry titles of artists that have a strong 80s indie fan-base as well. What is best about Rough Trade is that they have reasonably accurate descriptions, which, although pretty broad and vague, tend also to cover the best stuff. You can feel confident that if they are recommending it then it's likely to be good—or at least that's how I find it. On the downside, their ordering system tends to go a bit haywire and you get a box with seven out of the ten items you wanted and no explanation as to why the three others weren't sent. This is a shit because you may really want those other three items—are they going to send them when they are 'back in stock'? or should you order them elsewhere? Often it is exactly the opposite of what you end up doing. Also, on the downside, they are a bit pricey. Indeed, like another high profile London international mail-order store, Sister Ray, Rough Trade must have some of the highest prices of any UK store. Of course, they also have the range. Remember, too, that VAT (the UK equivalent of GST) is deducted from your order when it is sent so take the prices on their website, convert them to dollars, and the take off 11.75%.

Accurate CD Descriptions/Track Listings: YES
Listening Facilities: NO
Styles: Everything leftfield
Range: Excellent
Price: Poor
Delivery Time: 7 days
Payment Options: Credit Card

JUNO DANCE MUSIC RESOURCE

www.juno.co.uk

Juno are massive. Imagine a huge warehouse full of dance music from speed garage to happy hardcore, drum & bass to hip hop, and you'd still only cover half of what Juno has. Juno have hundreds of new releases appearing every week and you'd probably expect them to advertise stock that they haven't got, but no, their website actually does only mention what is in stock. Organised by style and by release date, navigation through the massive catalogues is easy and the prices are excellent. Because Juno tends to cater mainly for upfront DJs there's a lot of rarities to be found deep in the catalogues, their drum & bass range is second-to-none, and the service is quick and easy. If you phone rather than email your order through you will actually be

told what's being packed as its done. At almost 15-20% cheaper than Rough Trade, Juno should be your first stop really. Add the VAT discount and its even sweeter.

Accurate CD Descriptions/Track Listings: YES
Listening Facilities: NO
Styles: Everything dance music
Range: Good
Price: Excellent
Delivery Time: 7 days
Payment Options: Credit Card

Having read my article, dale, my fellow editor and long time internet music buyer decided to have his two cents worth with two of his favourite shops...

FORCED EXPOSURE (MA, USA)

www.forcedexposure.com

Contrary to seb's beliefs there are still some American stores worth visiting, in some cases just to see what's going on. Forced Exposure maintain an absolutely huge website that is arranged by label, artist and month of release and contains medium to long descriptions of each of the releases along with a small graphic of the cover art. They also maintain an email update release that typically runs to about two emails every week—and even though I haven't bought anything from them in the past few months due to monetary constraints and a less than favourable exchange rate—I always look forward to the update sheet, offering as it does cogent comments and little tips and insights on each of the releases. They specialise in much the same material that dropbeat used to with a little more emphasis on musique concrete, minimalism and various other reissues rather than dropbeat's drum n bass, however don't let that stop you. FE is one of the few places that stock a steady stream of decent hiphop, including alot of really rare scratchpiklz stuff, and their prices on Subrosa and Meگو and the other smaller electronic labels are very good (approx \$15US which including postage is around \$25AUD). Mainly cds, but the odd 12" as well.

Accurate CD Descriptions/Track Listings: YES
Listening Facilities: NO
Styles: Electronic, post-rock, reissues, hiphop (esp. left-of-field and turntables)
Range: Good
Price: Excellent
Delivery Time: 5–7 days
Payment Options: Credit Card



MANIFOLD RECORDS (Memphis, Tennessee)

www.manifoldrecords.com

Run by a guy in Memphis called Vince this is far more specialist than any of the above but well worth a look for the odd gem, especially if you're willing to take a risk. Specialising in dark ambient, noise, experimental and the odd bit of left field electronica manifold have a steadily expanding and list that ranges from the hard to get to the downright obscure. Case in point is the fine selection of 7"s from such labels as Germany's Drone—all limited to 250 copies and produced in special limited packaging and coloured vinyl and the Manifold label itself; in the past twelve months having released a KK Null 7" which was mounted on a buzz saw blade and a DJ Spooky/Totemplov split 12" which was packed in an aluminium sleeve. Though this may seem a strange reason for buying a record, the commodity fetish of owning something almost unique is something very difficult to deny. That said, the descriptions are rather fair both on the website and, if you need any more help, in person; Vince, being one of those people in it for the love of it, prides himself in always answering emails in 24 hours and being small means that he can offer a very personal service. Manifold is also one of the few places to stock nearly all of the output of Mick Harris (scorn, quoit, matera, lull, and his label possible records) and Justin Broadrick (final, techno animal, god, and his labels lo fibre and hi fibre) and all the people associated with them (erraldo bernocchi, kevin martin etc.).

Accurate CD Descriptions/Track Listings: YES
Listening Facilities: ONLY for the Manifold label releases
Styles: Dark ambient, experimental, noise, weird ass drum n bass and beats, obscurities
Range: Selective
Price: Excellent (all includes local postage—you have to mail through for a price on overseas freight)
Delivery Time: 7 days
Payment Options: Credit Card

So there you have it. Remember that when you're buying music, choose a few extra titles you can't get here rather than ones you can. Be experimental in your choices. If some local distributors opened up like Flavour has in NZ then more people would be keen to give their dollars to local companies rather than overseas but as it stands many people would rather cut out the middle men. When it comes to middle men, too, distributors who put their money into supporting local artists by distributing or releasing their work seem more deserving of their cut than record shops.

And if you have a favourite internet retailer then drop us a line.

frigid

acts & films

MAY

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

**SUNDAY
MAY 9th**

**FRIGID / FROMAGE /
NEWS UNLIMITED #3**

SPECIAL GUESTS

Tooth (live)
Raised By Wolves (live)
Patrick HAF
Buggin
Vaughan (outta Epping)



The third in our Fromage combos this one features a rare live performance from **Tooth** (Kevin Purdy and Sir Robbo). Having featured a track, *Dreamland*, on the *Freaky loops* CD, **Tooth** are releasing their debut album early in June and this is one of a series of upcoming gigs. Also on the bill tonight is **Raised By Wolves** in another rare live set alongside booty-bass-boy **Patrick HAF**, **Buggin**, and the much-sampled Epping-dweller **Vaughan**. From 7pm there will be more local short films from Fromage and activist videos from News Unlimited, Community Activist Technologies and Actively Radical TV. The schedule includes;

The film the ABC wouldn't show (but we will). John Safran's **How to be a Media Tycoon**. The ill-fated pilot show for Safran's series which was dumped by the ABC. Includes the infamous doorstepping of Ray Martin which resulted in fisticuffs and the revenge of the Paxtons, Australia's most celebrated "dole bludgers" (according to Channel 9). 25 Mins.

Mayday 99. Fresh off the edit suites of ARTV comes this short record of the Sydney Mayday march. 10 Mins.

Bexley North Reclaim the Streets (The 12 O'Clock Drunken ReMix) 3 Mins.

Dale Trueman's very funny **Soul Sucker**. Clever animation about an interior decorator on the trail of a mysterious client. 4 Mins.

Raven Animation from Kaho's bedroom computer to you. 1 Min.

**SUNDAY
MAY 16th**

TAKIN' OVER UPSTAIRS

FILM

Razorback

SPECIAL GUEST

Trace Element (live)

Tonight we had hoped to bring you a surprise gig from **DJ Spooky** (and that may still happen but we dunno at the time of writing) to make up for the incredibly lame Palladium show he is doing. Fuck, who the hell picks these support lineups? The Spooky lineup was the most un-experimental, un-hip hop stupid fuck up in recent history. But we digress. Tonight we have **Trace Element**, returning for their second gig in two weeks after the successful Elefant Traks launch and christening the move upstairs with a live set of dub infused politico hiphop featuring drums, bass and turntables as well as a few guest musicians and mcs. Straight outta Kingsford indeed. Stay tuned for an upcoming release by them called *Debate Aversion* (beta version...get it?) featuring a recording of their live set a few weeks back and a couple of studio tracks. As I

said earlier, from this week onwards we take over the upstairs section of the Globe which will mean MUCH better sound, a bigger movie screen, and you can still drag the comfy seats upstairs! You'll be needing those comfy seats because the movie is an Aussie classic from 1984; **Razorback**. Yeah yeah, its about a wild pig that kills things and runs off Azaria Chamberlain-style with small children, but it's quite a tense experience, and totally appropriate for city-slickers like us all.



**SUNDAY
MAY 23rd**

FILM

Performance

SPECIAL GUEST

Terra Nine (live)



Usually terrifying people who don't like trance with his swirling prog-violenta pushed through numerous effects pedals, **Terra Nine** steps into Frigid's vibe with a low tempo experimental set full of more subdued violaction. His second album, *Paranormal*, is out and about in the shops and he's sure to be selling plenty of them at the door tonight, too. There's also a review submitted by an unknown reader in the reviews section.

The movie tonight is **Performance**. One that should be well known to all the COFA and SCA kids who actually pay attention in tutorials. Anyway, that aside it's a psychedelic thriller about a gangster who hooks up with a fading pop star. And lo and behold, that pop star is Mick Jagger. Someone your parents know about. Made in 1970 and despite these potential problems it's a bizarre but grand film.



**SUNDAY
MAY 30**

FILM

Parents

SPECIAL GUEST

Ubin (live)

Ubin is Joe Lamont and Ollie Chang, two multi-instrumented kids with too much time on their hands. Already with two solo tracks on last year's *Freaky Loops* CD they have an album ready to go to a label or distributor. Expect everything from supercharged drum'n'bass to delicate downtempo melodies from one of Sydney's least well known but extremely talented duos.

Film-wise we've got an awesome piece from 1988 called **Parents** starring the one and only Randy Quaid. I remember seeing this at the Vahalla in Year 11 with my girlfriend of the time at a late night session and finding it both hilarious and very disturbing (the film, the girlfriend or year 11? - d.). Basically it's all nice and peachy in 1950s America for the new family in town until the son starts getting strange Oedipal fantasies and then discovers that meat probably isn't the best thing to be eating. Its both an excellent critique of 1950s suburbia and a hilarious horror-comedy made especially for vegans. Don't let the 'horror' bit put you off as it's not to be missed.

fuck the charts!

or

how to release a chartbuster!



by some fella called chartbuster

Record shopping is a bit depressing these days. Since everyone got 'switched on to the latest sounds', the choice in most shops seems to have shrunk rather than grown. The reason for this, it seems, is that everyone wants the same stuff. It's almost as if alongside the ticket to Decadence everyone wants the latest Svek compilation, Jeff Mills mix CD and Fat Boy Slim remix of Pink Floyd (no, one does NOT exist). Don't think it's just 'those people', it's probably you as well. Everyone wants to buy what their friends have. And frankly it sucks.

Let's look at the obligatory 'charts'. Charts suck. The worse are those charts that record stores and DJs put together. Charts, when used like this, are all about power. Probably the best analogy is those dick-measuring competitions that are rumoured to occur in the lives of teenage boys (hey, don't look at me). It wouldn't be too far off the mark because the compilers of these charts and the mentalities behind

them are almost certainly male, and the figures are almost always exaggerated. What do charts do? Let's look at the store charts first.

Charts compiled by stores simply tell people who don't know what to buy exactly what everyone else is buying. There's a certain security in owning what everyone else owns—it's kind of like those new suburban housing estates, or converted warehouse apartments that are popping up all alike. Think Third Reich. On another level—when manipulated convincingly, like the store charts you find in 3D World, charts act as an advertisement for product that they probably don't have in stock yet—remember magazine content is finalised well before it hits the

streets. The benefit for 3D World is that by having charts in their content they can claim to be a 'real' music magazine. Have you ever seen a music magazine WITHOUT charts? A few months back I naively went in to a well-known store asking for an album that had appeared at number 5 on their Top Ten sales chart only to be told, 'oh sorry, we only got one copy of that in and the sales girl bought it'.

Moving on to DJ charts things are even worse. DJ charts at a basic level point out to other people what cool tunes DJ X is playing. But at the very same time they subtly remind you that DJ X must be cool because they are playing those tracks. For other DJs it becomes a follow-the-leader game. 'Shit, DJ X is playing the new Fuck Trax—I better get that too'. If we look globally you will find that the local shops often import records based on what is in certain overseas' charts. Then that stuff gets selectively picked up by local DJs who then contribute to some other chart, the punters hear it and check if it's selling well, and then the rest is history.

Let's go to a case study.

In the music industry charts are everything. Chart positions determine whether radio stations with playlists pick up certain tracks. This covers Wild FM right through to 2 Day FM, not that there's really that much difference—Wild FM listeners are simply younger versions of 2 Day FM listeners. If these certain stations don't pick up a track then the track will sell about 2000 copies rather than 200,000 copies, so that means people's jobs are on the line. Sometimes charts are bad for peoples' jobs, other times they are a way to suck up to the boss. If some sorry-ass major label person sees an alternative chart with DJ Cokesnorter at number 2 in London, they go to their boss—'look I think we should license DJ Cokesnorter'. DJ Cokesnorter's

single gets released with a Nick Skitz remix. Now it's the job of the same sorry-ass to get it up the local charts to prove to their boss that they picked a winner—otherwise its farewell to the Christmas bonus. First they promo it out to the 'right DJs' who should know that it charted well in London—and if they didn't the press release that comes packaged with it will ensure that they will. They fill out a 'response form' (their guarantee of future freebies), and, if they contribute to any charts themselves they are obliged to rank it somewhere. This in turn sees the major label release DJ Cokesnorter to a bevy of punters who've already been primed by those DJs plugging it shamelessly. Next stop is the radio stations. DJ Cokesnorter is probably too mainstream for the community radio stations so it's straight to Wild FM where the dollars are. Once it's on Wild FM the real chart action starts. Dj Cokesnorter enters ARIA at No 45 with a bullet...shame that with a name like Cokesnorter 2 Day FM have trouble playlisting it. The boss is angry. It won't get to the Top Ten without 2 Day FM. So the job now is to look to Italy where some poor A&R guy has been through the same problems with mainstream European radio stations. Time to get an 'unauthorised' version made. Jump forward two months and a new single that sounds the same appears although this time the piano breaks are higher in the mix and the artist is called DJ Coke Drinker. Immediately, backed by a Coca Cola commercial sporting the tune, 2 Day FM picks it up. Sorry-ass gets a slap on the back from his boss as the single races up the charts. In the alternative stores there is an air of disgust about this blatant rip off, but deep down they're happy because now they can call the same crap single 'underground' and not get laughed at. Two weeks later you swear you hear it on a 2SER show with a big beat remix called something totally different.



a prize to the person who can correctly identify these people

may picks

with your host
Yellow Peril
and guests



A flood of releases hit my letterbox this month and what's below is culled from the pile. I'll try to cover the drum & bass next month. You'll notice that I've added the source of the record/CD just to clear up any confusion as to whether I have to pay for the review items. Believe me I do, although I do go to lengths to get stuff as cheap as possible. Also, it'll make it easier for you to get what you want.

Bogdan Raczynski
Boku Mo Wakaran
(Rephlex)

Source: Synaesthesia Melbourne

Last month I was dissin' music that sounds like this. Latest Rephlex-signing, Bogdan Raczynski's *Boku Mo Wakaran* sports the tell-tale childish Spymania/Apex inclinations the stupidly fast breakbeats, children's voices, cheesy Casiotone melodies and is sure to be hyped as the 'new Tom Jenkinson/Squarepusher'. A lot of the tracks are mono, lo-fi and reminiscent of mid-80s videogames but there is enough diversity amongst

the 26 tracks here to make it worth listening to in a shop just to see if you've heard it all before. Some jungle producer said last year that 'the faster the music gets, the less complexity you can fit in'...

To Rococo Rot
The Amateur View
(City Slang)

Source: Juno UK

To Rococo Rot is a Berlin three-piece that occupies a curious inter-zone between post-rock and electronic experimentalists like Mouse On Mars. Snippets and loops of live instruments are arranged over a bed of electronic blips and washes, static echo and subtle lo-fi drum machines creating some very beautiful loose arrangements. The way the tracks sound is as if they're almost random encounters that could fall apart at any moment. This brittle-ness, like that in the releases of fellow Berliner, Pole, is an essential part of the pleasure derived from listening. In short, check this one out.

Kalyanji & Anandji
Bombay The Hard Way Guns,
Cars & Sitars
(Motel)

Source Silver Rocket, Sydney

Resurrected from the soundtracks of Indian brownsploitation films of the 1970s, this is an amazing collection of some bizarre music. Composed by two of India's prolific film scorers and then slightly tampered with, and spruced up by DJ Shadow and The Automator. If you can get past the silly track titles ('The Good the Bad & The Chutney', 'Fear Of A Brown Planet', 'Fists of Curry' etc), Bombay the Hard Way is an insight into a cinema phenomenon heavily influenced by, but ignored by the West. Psychedelic, funky, and full of sounds you wouldn't have thought possible in the 1970s, *Bombay The Hard Way* is an opening into another world...a world that cricket expert Miguel will take you in a forthcoming issue of *Cyclic*.

Funki Porcini
The Ultimately Empty
Million Pounds
(Ninja Tune)

Source Creative Vibes Promo

Funki Porcini had been really quiet up until the release of this album, despite having been one of the more interesting 'trip hop' producers back in 1995. Nevertheless sometimes long absences make for better comeback albums. *The Ultimately Empty Million Pounds* is an excellent album, except for four or five tracks (out of fourteen), in the first half of the album. These annoying tracks include the much-praised single, 'Rockit Soul'. Whilst the bulk of the album is made up of meticulously crafted almost b-grade movie-theme tracks with multiple layers of slow staggering beats, dub effects and moody samples, the slab of tracks, three through to seven, jump suddenly into car-chase craziness that stands out like a sore thumb. Anyway, more positively, there's the excellent opening two tracks, and the ending sequence from track eight; 'English Country Music' to fourteen; 'River', which is top notch. Overall a very worthwhile album but one which may use your CD player's programming and skip functions.

Godspeed You Black Emperor
Slow Riot For new Zero
Kanada EP
(Kranky)

Source Synaesthesia Melbourne

After the overly late accolades I heaped on the dark, gloomy debut album from this Canadian band with more members than I have fingers, this thirty minute EP appears. Apparently written whilst touring the *F# A# Infinity* album, *Slow Riot* is a very logical follow-up right down to the point where the second track features a familiar sampled voice from the album albeit delivering a different monologue. The melancholy string sections are there, the drones, the apocalyptic atmosphere, the slow spaghetti western guitar and walls of noise low down in the mix so it's an almost anti-climactic release. Depressing suicide music and excellent for that very reason.

Agent Blue
Blueprints
(Life)

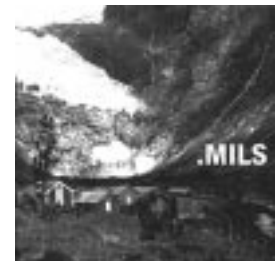
Source Rough Trade UK

This is a strange album and one that had I known what it was before I ordered it, I probably would have thought twice about getting. Attracted to it because it was on a label affiliated with Dr Rockit/Herbert, I had expected an album of weird sound sources or at worst smooth deep house. What I had not expected was a mad pop album, with acoustic guitar, smooth vocals about lost love, and tinges of the aforementioned Dr Rockit sound sources and the slightest deep house rhythms and basslines. Its very mellow and it sounds superb, possibly because it's a rare thing to hear lyrics these days, let alone well-produced acoustic guitars in the music I usually listen to. It won't be to everyone's taste—one of the tracks, *Opera*, is reminiscent of Lou Reed, most dance people will hate it. The indie kids who remember the days before rave should give it a go.

.Mils
Self-titled
(Groovy Moogy)

Source: Rough Trade UK

A strong contender for the best album so far this year, Paris' .Mils have delivered an album full of quirky electronics, bass, trumpet, tape loops, clarinet, and loping beats. Tracks that would otherwise cohabit a musical space with Tortoise are lifted to another level by the appearance of trumpet, clarinet, and flute while the beats that tick away under the twelve untitled tracks are scattered, fragmented, and carefully cut up to sound loose. A fantastic album that was bought as a spur of the moment decision on the basis of a one line recommendation by the Rough Trade staff—proof that it's worth takin' risks.





Turner

Lurkin Orgel
(Ladomat 2000)

Source: Red Eye, Sydney

Turner is German Keni Mok. Apparently inspired by Acid Jesus/Alter Ego's Roman & Jorn who made some top acid and trance tracks back in 1993, Beck, Bjork, and Beverly Hills Cop-man Harold Faltermayer, Lurkin Orgel plays with the primary coloured Duplo techno of Jorg Burger (The Modernist/Bionaut), some of the Cologne minimalism of Brinkmann et al, a bit of post-rock with lumbering breakbeats (maybe that/s where Beck comes in), and one bad vocal house track that must have been included because of the Ladomat 2000 connection. For the most part it works really well. The Duplo techno, when coupled with breakbeats, lends itself to Boards Of Canada-style melodies, whilst elsewhere the sharp focus colours sit perfectly alongside the cover art.

Push Button Objects
Skam 011 12" EP
(Skam)

Source: Rough Trade UK

The latest release on Manchester's Skam label from Push Button Objects is a killer. Six tracks of beats that move at the speed of DJ Krush, but with the most beautiful piano and electronic melodies that rise slowly from the depths of the mix to spread out over the tracks giving the spartan beats warmth and flavour. The relative rarity of a release like this is almost criminal, and that it is confined to vinyl even more so. Warp Records mail order (www.warpnet.com) should be able to source a copy for you.

Terra Nine
Paranormal
(Air Recordings)

This latest album from one-man act Terra Nine is definitely techno. It becomes obvious when listening to the album that the man involved (Mike Westcot) has certainly experienced the evolution of techno from its industrial roots, through rave, hard

techno, acid and trance to mutations and re-inventions such as ambient and big beat. This is evidenced in the diverse collection of tracks that make up the album, with slower numbers like 'All American' and 'Subliminal' being reminiscent of the days of Punos' masterful chill out parties, when ambience was big. Spoken words float in and out of the mix as subtle analogue lines burble along nicely. The earlier tracks on the album are definitely in the hard and/or acid and/or trance techno vein and clearly aimed at the dance floor with four-four kick patterns and tempos round 140-150. Then tracks like 'Free Will' showcase influence from a more recent big beat style sound using big chunky breakbeats and acid in a different way. Many of the readers would have enjoyed Terra Nine's frenzied live performances where he plays viola live through effects over much of the set. However the tracks on the album featuring this are in the minority and there is no mention of it at all in the booklet. This may leave people confused as to exactly what is making those sounds on the tracks featuring viola. Only occasionally being actually discernable as a bowed stringed instrument, the rest of the time the viola gets disguised by the effects so much it ends up sounding rather unfortunately like a wailing guitar solo. The effect of this is greatly lessened in the live performances where one can clearly see it is not a guitar producing the sounds.

The name of the album and the imagery in the booklet suggest a slight preoccupation with all things X-files-esque and the anti-authoritarian paranoia typically associated with it. This is reinforced and elaborated upon by both the mood of the music and the choice of vocal samples used in numerous tracks throughout the album. The listener is left with an uneasy suspicion that there is something much bigger than all of us going on out there that we should all be very concerned about because THEY are probably up to no good (or maybe I just had too much coffee).

All up a balanced diverse album of good Aussie techno. Grab it for a listen or check him at one of his many live gigs (Frigid on the 23rd) and get sweaty!

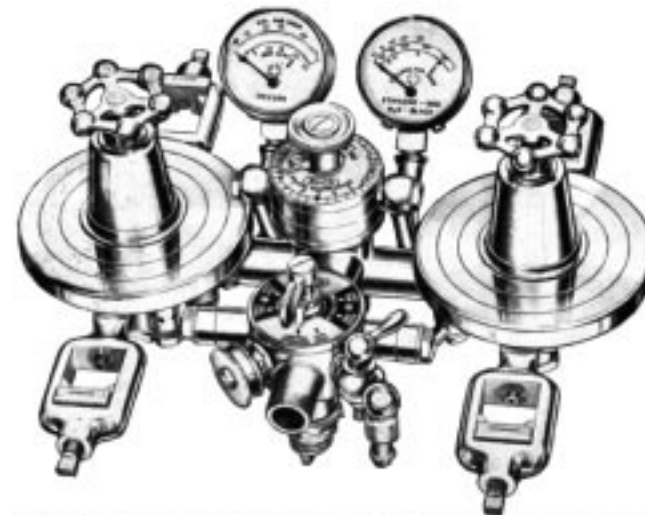


FIG. 116.—The "lead" or distributing apparatus of a nitrous oxide inhalation machine.

FILLUM REVIEW by Sarah Smiles

Liquid Sky

...cult cult cult—say the word enough and you are bound to cough up a hairball from all the vinyl used in Liquid Sky. As the seminal moment that created fashion designers such as Martin Margiela and Anne Demuelster, this is a skinny tie trash bonanza that proves that futuristic manga clothes and make-up were in way before the Japanese caught on. Think 80s in all its triumph and you're coming nowhere near grasping the taste of this film's costume designer. Think Kiss/Warhol/Westwod and you're still as far away as a canary on acid.

Set in the churning bowels of the 80s 'New Wave' scene, which, as a backlash against disco, was the hard edged, punk electro scene that rocked the basements of New York's club underground. From it's opening scenes of New Wave freaks dancing to demented baroque-electro as if they were emu's on angel dust — to the stunning panoramas of the electric Manhattan skyline, the film is a comment on the emptiness of a 'scene', and the false hopes the city advertises to its followers.

The movie's victim is Margaret, a 'white wasp cunt' from Connecticut with all the generic hopes of butterfly catching her dreams of success. Her chiseled face, skyscraper legs and androgynous looks (that would make David Bowie grimace with jealousy), land her in the the New Wave 'scene' as a model and a coke snorting waste head. Thanks to

her hard arsed scag dealer of a girlfriend Adrienne, their rooftop penthouse is a thoroughfare for junkies who rip her legs open at any given opportunity. Copping the back hand from these rapists who treat her as a sexual dartboard and verbal viper Adrienne who sprays poison on everything that moves—she is a casualty of the city in all it's skank. Enter the flying saucers. New wave aliens, addicted to the endorphins released in the body from heroin and orgasms land themselves on their roof. Feeding off the jism stained scag environment, each time anyone 'comes' they are killed in sacrifice to the alien's psychodaelic sexual appetites. As Margaret never has an orgasm—she is surprised when the creeps grunting in pleasure above her, combust to dust as they reach ball phelching climax. Delighted with her new found power, she goes on a pussy rampage, rounding up all the men who have ever 'fucked with her' in the delusion that she is responsible for their sudden deaths. Sweet justice.

With its savage monologues and one liners that could rip the scalp off a psychotic Mohican, Liquid Sky is a surreal, demented lightning flash of weirdness that goes up like cocaine in my hall of fame. And for all of you who think you are doing the 'cyber' thing right, it will send you crawling back to the drawing board. Beat it.



I have to begin Dear Degrassi this month with an apology! I'm afraid that I preached an untruth in last month's column. I referred to the actor who played Crocket and Tubbs' superior in Miami Vice as James Edward Olmos—he is in fact known as Edward James Olmos. I must thank possibly our most pedantic reader for picking up this little error. If only he knew his prayers as well as he knows his television trivia...

On to current (or at least recent) events warranting idle social commentary...Don't you all find it strange the way each generation seems to have some sort of question which is often asked to determine the kind of person you are as it refers to some kind of unifying and all encompassing event? Where were you when Kennedy was shot? Where were you

when Neil Armstrong first walked on the moon? Where were you when you heard that John Lennon had been killed? Where were you when you heard that Wham had broken up? What were you doing when you heard that Siobhan was leaving Bananarama? It seems that the question for our generation of Sydney dwellers is now 'Where were you when the hailstorm hit?' You guessed it—I got hit, hit HARD! Sure it's no one's fault, but when your carpet stinks, you still can't turn on your lights, your living areas resemble the Daintree, each time you walk out of your bedroom your safety is threatened by a dangling smashed sky light and small shards of glass are still embedded in the soggy carpet, you want to be able to blame someone! The worst thing is that I know I'm not alone—otherwise I wouldn't have to wait up to six weeks to have my roof looked at. As

Dear Degrassi is an advice column, I am constantly offering advice that has been specifically requested, but for once I'd like to offer some which is unsolicited. If you are renting a house that has suffered significant damage, do approach your landlord for a rent reduction! You have signed a lease to pay rent which is agreed to for a home in the condition it was in when you first rented it, bearing in mind reasonable wear and tear. Damage incurred by the hailstorm is NOT reasonable and you should therefore negotiate a reduced rent for the period during which your home is damaged. If you need more information contact the Department of Fair Trading. Some would say, judging by the last paragraph, that Degrassi is getting serious. I say that whether talking about Pseudo Echo hair product dependency or political correctness, Degrassi is always serious...

...and on to one of those serious problems now. Remember you can mail your pressing problems to degrassi@unsw.edu.au

*Dear Degrassi,
I recently caught my boyfriend in bed with some skanky ho' so I set fire to his house. Unfortunately for both of us he was in it at the time and I'm now up for both an arson and a murder charge which means I'll be doin' time in the big house for a while. I'm hangin' to be down with my new homies and was hoping you could advise me on how to fit in.*

Sh'heila Brown

Easy girlfren! Yo' be sounding like yo' auditioning for an episode of Jerry or Ricky! Listen, if you're going to go to prison in Australia you have to live up to the high standards set by the fine women portrayed in the show of many names - depending on where it was aired. At home, it was known simply as Prisoner. In the US and UK it was known as Prisoner: Cell Block H, but it perhaps was named most aptly in Degrassi-land (Canada for those who have no idea) where it went by the name of Caged Women. It was so popular in America that a clone show was produced (also by Grundy who were responsible for producing Prisoner in Australia) called Dangerous Women. Maggie Kirkpatrick, who is known in the show as The Freak, starred in a stage musical version of Prisoner which toured the UK in 1995 to 1997. She currently features in both the shoplifting warning poster in Dangerfield dressing rooms and as the mechanised head in the Silverchair video clip for Year 2000.

Prisoner was also one of those television series where many of Australia's actresses (and the odd actor) did an obligatory stint either embarking upon or winding down a career. These included Colette Mann, Peta Tappano, Coleen Hewett and Paula Duncan (both of Jenny Craig ad fame), Sigrid Thornton, Rowena Wallace, Arkie Whitely and Diane Craig. As the series aired for such a long time, some actresses appeared more than once throughout its duration as completely different characters years later (Diane Craig comes to mind here as she featured as a love and business interest to the deputy governor in the late 70's and then as an incarcerated nun in the mid eighties). It was originally intended to be merely a 26 episode series, however it proved so popular that the show was extended indefinitely. This led to some of the most ridiculous and unbelievable plot developments as characters were released from



*aw you tawkin to me?
aw you taaawkin to me?*

buncha pictures I got off the net...various folks what were in the series...





prison only to commit crimes almost the second they are free and wind up in exactly the same cell after a flash trial.

As a small child I had something of a complex which led me to believe that I would one day end up in jail. The more I watched the show, the more I wanted to wind up in jail—those women could get away with almost anything, including the most criminal of haircuts, uniform modifications and Australian stereotypes! I was not alone, for the show was so popular that it did run for a total of 692 episodes from 1979 to 1986 and is still a cult show as far away as Germany. You should study the show which is still airing on UKTV on Foxtel twice a week. How could you forget Lizzie Birdsworth (played by the shotgun toting granny from Mad Max) as the elderly, crotchety, fingers-down-a-blackboard voiced inmate. The Freak was to Prisoner what Brenda was to 90210! She terrorized the women as the fearsome warden who interpreted the prison rules as she saw fit. I wish I could go into further detail about all the characters because there were so many with such depth. If you need any further information, email me and I will ensure that your request for Prisoner knowledge is satiated.

You'll have to change your name from Sh'heila Brown to Sheila Brown and either take on a hideous stereo typical Australian accent (which would complement your new name nicely), or an over the top Queen's English-esque Australian accent. There appeared to be no middle ground on this show. You'll also have to figure out a specific 'look' for yourself. As you'll observe by watching a few episodes, the women were all issued with the same basic uniform that consisted of a flanalette shirt or skivvy and some sort of

denim dress or skirt. Each woman would reinvent her uniform to identify the type of character she was supposed to portray. Bikes and prostitutes would sport mini skirts and crop tops, elderly inmates would cover it themselves up with glaringly contrasting cardigans, rebels and trouble makers would turn the collars up on their denim jackets and overt lesbians would wear overalls. And who could possibly forget Lexi (played by the little-heard-from-since Pepe Trevor) and her Boy George/Culture club conversion? The show really did well to represent the difficult fashion transition from the late seventies to the early and mid eighties.

You'll also have to assert your position of authority in the laundry room by claiming a piece of equipment in the post-washing segment of the cleaning cycle. You'd be unwise to take on the top dog for the industrial strength Elna Press as this position is usually held by a butch, menopausal husband murderer (but they always claim it was self defense after enduring years of domestic violence). The job of folding was generally held by the Top Dog's supporters and cronies. It's probably best not to operate the dryers as you may find the body of a suffocated prisoner who was accidentally locked inside one while hiding from Vera 'Vinegar Tits'.

So you see Sheila, every cloud has a silver lining. Sure, you're going to rot in prison for a couple of years, but at least you're not going in unprepared. You've also looked into a part of Australian culture that might have steered you clear of becoming a quasi-American booty girl had you been exposed to it as a small child!