

Check out Michael Buckley's sarcasm filled recollections in this 'extract' from his short story 'I was in a Little Band' that he wrote last year.

I remember going to the Champion hotel inn Fitzroy in 1979 and drinking copious amounts of beers with everyone there. This helped to diminish our temporal faculties (shrunk our heads), as we watched and participated in this so called 'Little Bands Night of Nights!' with performers and the audience interchanging. I too joined in playing a keyboard (which I thumped) in a group called 'To Fat to Fit thru the Door'. Little Bands had great names like 'Thrush and The Cunts', 'The Take' and 'The Tarax Show'.

At the Champion hotel there was continuous, spontaneous repetitive banging by all the groups on the one set of drums on stage in the upstairs venue of the pub - everyone borrowed everyone's instruments - there were no sound checks - just walk on and walk off - scream, yell and try and be seen and maybe be even heard! - and the beers reduced everyone down to mental midgets - many with squeaky, high-pitched singing voices - and we in the audience proclaiming 'that's cool, that's cool' to the acts we liked (not many). Or yelling out at the parade of performers ...

'That one sounds like they have got a knife in their throat'

'Get of the fuckin stage'

'Thats so fuckin horrible!'

'Fuck off'

'Fuck Off ya self'

A continuous diatribe of abuse was heard across the evening (and some clapping). Yeah and if you performed your set of three songs in under 10 minutes, you could relax and order a beer. We held up our beers and stared into the golden amber. We would dive head first into beer an swim down to the bottom and stare out at the unreal world inside the Champion Hotel.

We began thinking, yelling, proclaiming...

We have Played! We have survived!

'We've made it! We've made it!' (I've made it! I've made it!)

'It doesn't get any better than this!'

'We can be little for the rest of our little lives and be great!'

'We're in a little band and we're gonna be big!'

'So fuck off if you don't like it'

'Yeah fucking fuck off, we're immortal!'

My friend Jim made a killing screen printing T shirts the following week with the message 'I Feel Big in a Little Band!'



And here is Dave's take on Little Bands ...

"Why would you want to talk / think about such shit just like old soldiers when we were kids talking about the war (only the late Jim got some thrill out of the stupid old diggers cunts). A whole lot of people drinking, drugged and fucking each other wanting to be Nick Cave thinking they are some stupid pop / punk / art star! Started because we could only play for 20 minutes, nobody liked us because we were dick heads, it was a way of fill out the evening and bringing people to drink and fill the pub (The idea came from the no New York album ) from 1978!

The late Big Al took over when everybody went overseas. Who knows why, rich privileged Brisbane boy must have had something better to do in life. (A movement of shrunken heads) It been forty years people still talking about nothing 1978 nothing 1988 nothing 1999 nothing 2009 nothing 2019 nothing- nothing -nothing."