

My recollections of the years being discussed are these.

Played a few gigs, made a few records. Met a few interesting people.
We were generous when we could be. We didn't have a telephone, a car or a TV.

I left for Europe in early 1980. Stuart followed soon after.
When we got back in 1982 the Melbourne scene we had left was a bit of a drug addled mess.
But we formed a couple of other bands, sang in others, played a few gigs and Dave and I even ran a venue for a year in the Northcote Hotel, called the Bum Club.

But it was the mid-70s that were more memorable to me.

The Calculator's all went to Springvale High school, but it was at Jim Addison's bungalow where we all met. The bungalow was behind his mum's house at 83 Springvale Road.

The bungalow was a meeting place for likeminded people. You could do things there that your parents would have never let you do at home.

You could listen to loud music. Jim would play The Fugs, The Godz, Red Crayola, The Seeds, ? And the Mysterians, and a shitload more. I mention these bands because some of them were the ones that showed us that you didn't have to be a musician to be in a band.

At times, people would pass around Jim's portable typewriter and they would type up short stories, and at other times would bang on the many musical instruments that Jim had laying around (an organ, harmonicas, guitars and even a sitar).

Everything was shared. Music, food, rock magazines, drugs, thoughts, opinions.

Jim was an only child, raised by a single mother. We were like his siblings. His mother didn't mind the smell of hashish floating out of the bungalow, but she would object to any alcohol being consumed probably because Jim's dad was an alcoholic.

The bungalow was where people could be imaginative, weird, poetic, reflective, or stupid ... and take lots of drugs, mostly hash. You didn't have to participate in anything, you could just sit back and take it all in.

What I took away from those few years at Jim's bungalow was the belief that I could do anything, in my own way and not give a fuck about what people thought of me. It was more fun to make noise with friends, than to get serious about the music business and hope to become a rock star. It was also a great way to vent our frustrations with the weird world around us.

I made friendships there that still exist to this day ... 5 decades later.

So thank you Jim for having a bungalow and sharing it with us. Rest in peace Jim, who died in 1995. He was a good man. Flawed, but aren't we all.

So ... to answer the question Why Punk? ... Fuck knows.