Dear Gauin,

We are the Beatles.

You could be Brian Epstein.

This Is Serious Mun

# **THIS IS SERIOUS MUM**

SIDE ONE

#### **1. THE ART-INCOME DIALETIC** (This Is Serious Mum)

# **2. ECKERMAN IS VERY SILLY**

(This Is Serious Mum)

# **3. THE BACK UPON WHICH JEZZA JUMPED**

(This Is Serious Mum)

# **4. DEFECATE ON MY FACE**

(This Is Serious Mum)

### **5. LYRIC FOR JACK**

(This Is Serious Mum)

#### SIDE TWO

#### **1. I GO TO WERRIBEE**

(This Is Serious Mum)

# 2. CRIME AGAINST THE SPIRIT OO POO PEE DOO

(This Is Serious Mum)

# **3. PUS OF THE DEAD**

(This Is Serious Mum)

# **4. CLARSE DISTINCTION**

(This Is Serious Mum)

# 5. THE RESERECTION

(This Is Serious Mum)

Recorded 18 August 1984 at Mark White's home studio and 26 February 1984 at Bervic Repetition Engineering Westfall.

Artwork: TISM Remix Engineer: Luke Eygenraam Reissue Campaign Director: David Roy Williams Produced by TISM

# JOCK CHEESE (bass guitar) EUGENE DE LA HOT CROIX BUN (keyboards) HUMPHREY B. FLAUBERT (vocals/drum programming) GENRE B. GOODE (vocals) RON HITLER-BARASSI (vocals) LES MISERABLES (dancing, vocals) LEEK VAN VLALEN (guitar)

Welcome to This Is Serious Mum, a re-mastered re-release of a recording, on cassette tape, that was responsible for launching TISM into the world.

So what do we know about this recording? It was not intended as a 'demo tape', even though its success as a demo tape is why we are even discussing the point. By all accounts, it was distributed in small numbers to the groovy record stores of inner-city Melbourne in late 1984, to be sold at \$3.99 a pop. We strongly doubt that anyone would have bought it, until later, when that wonderful thing happens: a cassette tape that once no doubt sat unloved in a box of cassette tapes by unknown, un-destined and frankly shit bands, retrospectively becomes The Dead Sea Scrolls - snatched up then sold at a massive mark-up by opportunistic usurers on eBay.

We do however know that at least a handful were purchased at an outdoor market at Melbourne University on Sunday November 25 1984. This was the 'Tin Alley Bazaar', organised by students of RMIT Fashion Design, one of whom was the former girlfriend of H.B. Flaubert. On a small patch of grass in the aforementioned 'Tin Alley', TISM, clad in black and balaclavas, jumped out of the back of a truck and performed a 20 minute set to a stunned group of onlookers. Not counting the apocryphal 'Get Fucked Concert' - TISM's debut and farewell performance, which was essentially a private party - 'Tin Alley Bazaar' was TISM's first official public appearance. (And, if you believe them, the beginning of their 'comeback tour'.) Before the show, they had left a box of This Is Serious Mum cassettes at one of the market stalls, and upon return were astonished to find the entire box had sold.

Who were these members of the public who bought that cassette? We'll never know, but we do know they have the dubious honour of being the first people in the world to ever own a TISM recording.

And that's where the story would have ended, if not for a small slice of happenstance.

Who is to blame for the discovery of TISM? The charismatic front man of rising Melbourne band Painters And Dockers. Paul Stewart, Or, more accurately, his Mum.

She worked with the girlfriend of R. Hitler-Barassi's brother, so the story goes. And so, via this little detour, the tape, accompanied by the (misspelt) note you see on the front cover of this record, landed at VAMP booking agency, and young Melbourne gig promoters Mark Burchett and Gavan Purdy. We can only assume they would have received a constant avalanche of such tapes at this time in Melbourne's thriving alternative music history. Maybe it was the note, maybe the song titles, who knows, but the tape warranted a listen. And past the weirdness and too frequent use of toilet humour, they thought there was something worth taking a punt on. They didn't even know about the balaclavas. A call was made, a very polite young man responded, and a few weeks later, the name This Is Serious Mum appeared on the bottom of the bill at the Prince of Wales St. Kilda's then-legendary free Thursday night. Things got a bit out of control from that point on.

This recording was performed live straight to cassette tape, with no overdubs or post-performance mixing. The real drummer on a few tracks was Mark White, from well-known 80s band Serious Young Insects. Mark owned the home studio where some of the tracks were recorded. The other tracks were recorded in a genuine engineering factory, and the equipment you hear is real.

Like On Behalf Of TISM I Would Like To Concede We Have Lost The Election - a recording of their final show, their final utterance in public - this is not meant to be appreciated for its audio fidelity. It is, if you believe in this kind of sentimental nonsense, meant to be appreciated as a historical document.

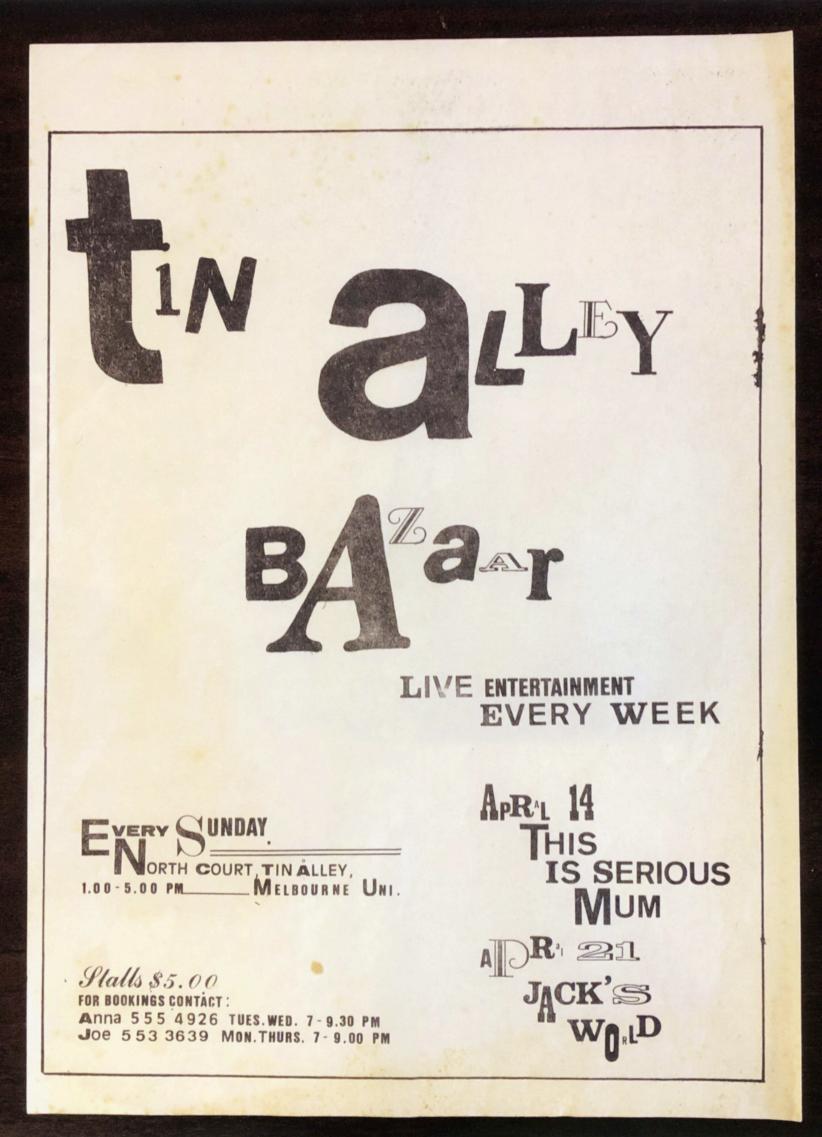
**David Roy Williams CEO DRW Enterprises** March 2021

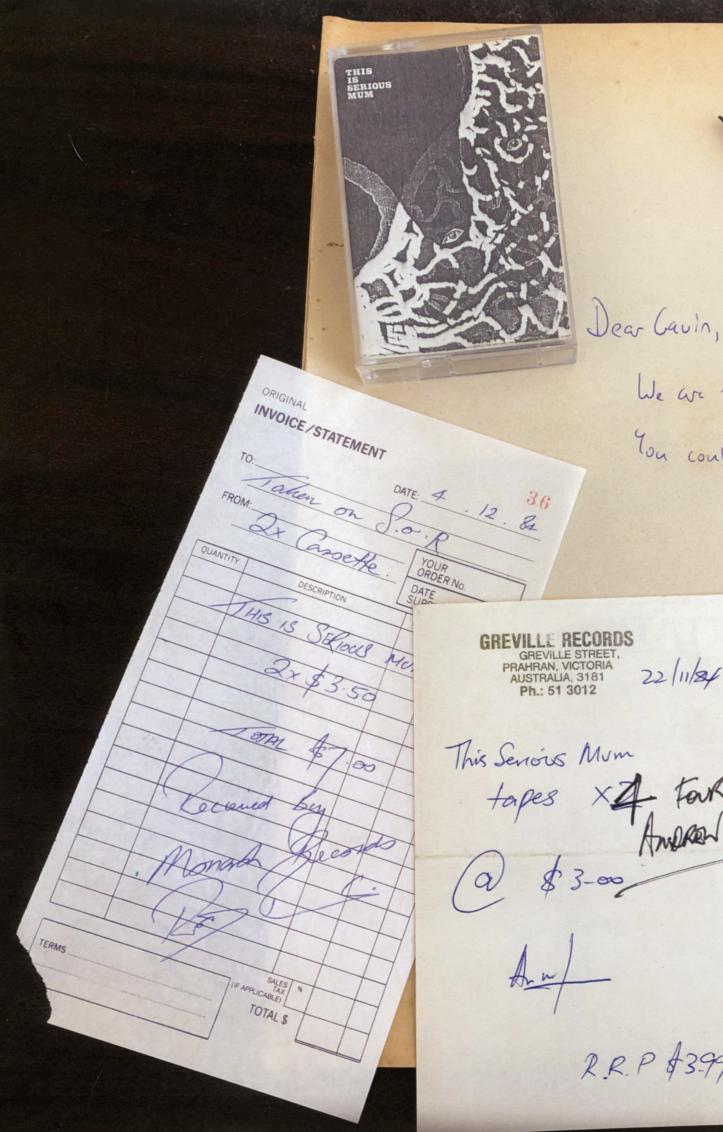


LONG PLAY 33<sup>1</sup>/<sub>3</sub> R.P.M.

GENRE B. GOODE PTY LTD SOUTH YARRA







We are the Beatles. You could be Brian Epstein. This Is Seriars Mun

GREVILLE RECORDS GREVILLE STREET, PRAHRAN, VICTORIA AUSTRALIA, 3181 Ph.: 51 3012 22/11/24

This Serious Mum

pes × 4 tork American \$ 3-00

R.R.P \$ 3.99

reate your own TISM rarity

# What you will need:

The super rare TISM typo cassette slick, with the word "Clarse" mis-spelt (enclosed)

A copy of TISM'S This Is serious Mum LP (enclosed)

A blank cassette (available separately)



A cassette player with recording capability (available separately)

A stereo system amplifier (available separately)

A turntable capable of playing 33rpm vinyl LP records (available separately)

RCA cables (available separately)

This piece of paper- congratulations you've already found that!

A glue stick and a pair of scissors (ask your mum for these)



SIDE A

SIDE B

The fall of the Western empire might not mean much when you are nineteen and vainglorious, but wait till the lights go out and you fail to notice the stains on the two and approximate. The term the go is the Slung arrow the slackened line, the jowled foce of Mrs. O'Snee gared at the

"Where will your inheritance get you now?" leared the Count as Veronics pulled his underpants over her head and Chopin played delightfully on.

Slung arrow the slackened line, the jowlled face of Mrs. O'Shea gaared at the fruitless estelland her Ireland had become. Like so many before har, the slightly solled jockettes, brasseries, and assorted underwear failed to impress.

The light filled the room, swash with all the societs of the garden, and in the new and perfumed darkness the music played. In his taut jockettes the young boy created those stains that are the mark of every good men.

Across the bridge of her nose Julia, young and depressed, watched from the corner of her garden as Mrs. Hawthorn chased after chickens to kill and roast for her family, loving the muttered approval from their tired and unassuming faces. In the corner of Julia's eye the shards of undergarments lay caught in the branches.

He gamed an Astrid leaned slowly back on to the velowiesh couch, and wondered (as always) whether this would be the finish. "Where have the summer days gone?" sold the smollt heanty with her usual velocitans; but for glance away and out the misty window left him with massive internal damage and the permenent memory of her underpants curdling on her hips.

# Instructions:

- Connect the turntable and cassette recorder to the amplifier using the RCA cables as per the amplifier manufacturer's instruction manual.
- Remove the cassette from the cassette case, insert the blank cassette into the cassette recorder and
  place the LP onto the turntable deck.
- Play the LP record, and copy the music onto the cassette as per the manufacturers' instruction manuals.

bit.

- · Carefully use the scissors to cut around the labels below. You might need your mum to help you with this
  - Remove the cassette from the cassette recorder.
  - Use the gluestick to apply glue to the side of the labels that don't have any words on them
- Carefully stick the label to the cassette shell. It doesn't really matter which sides you stick the labels to
  because if you get it wrong, your cassette will be even rarer than the copies the people who managed to
  stick the labels onto the correct sides of the cassette have got.
- Take the special cassette slick supplied, and fold along the invisible dotted lines. Insert the slick into the cassette case.

Place the cassette into the cassette case.

You now have your very own special TISM rarity. You should hide your rare TISM cassette somewhere where no-one will ever see it. If friends see your rare TISM cassette, they may become jealous and steal it, or kill you.

The Art-Income Dial The Back Upon Whic Lyric for Jack I Go To Werribee Pus Of The Dead	THIS IS SERIOUS MUM	
	IOUS MUM	
etic Eckermann Is Very Silly h Jezza Jumped Defecate On My Face Crime Against The Spirit Oo Poo Pee Doo Clars Distinction The Reserection		

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C LANSIN

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"Where will your inheritance get you now?" leered the Count as Veronica pulled his underpants over her head and Chopin played delightfully on.

The fall of the Western empire might not mean much when you are nineteen and vainglorious, but wait till the lights go out and you fail to notice the stains on the tweed undergarments. That's when the jig is up.

Slung across the slackened line, the jowled face of Mrs. O'Shea glared at the fruitless wasteland her Ireland had become. Like so many before her, the slightly soiled jockettes, brasseries, and assorted underwear failed to impress.

The light filled the room, awash with all the scents of the garden, and in the new and perfumed darkness the music played.

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Across the bridge of her nose Julia, young and depressed, watched from the corner of her garden as Mrs. Hawthorn chased after chickens to kill and roast for her family, loving the muttered approval from their tired and unassuming faces. In the corner of Julia's eye the shards of undergarments lay caught in the branches.

He gazed as Astrid leaned slowly back on to the velveteen couch, and wondered (as always) whether this would be the finish. "Where have the summer days gone?" said the spoilt beauty with her usual melodrama; but her glance away and out the misty window left him with massive internal damage and the permanent memory of her underpants curdling on her hips.