

Summary of an interesting point. You can position the text box using Tools tab to change the formatting of the pull quote text

In 1988 after Redline broke up I knew I needed to get another band together and get back on stage. I was working at a local restaurant and I met this new wave/punk guy named Vince. He was a really strange guy (weren't we all), but I could tell that he was a genuine musical genius. I knew that we could really make something magical together, and we did. Redline was a metal band, and that's what my roots are. With Vince's influence, we found a blend of rock and pop that really worked. We found a keyboard player who was into the same sound we were after, and a drummer who was a real rock star. He could spin his sticks like Tommy Lee.

The problem was that he was a really shitty drummer. We practiced night and day, but Harvey just wasn't cutting it. We all loved him, and we knew he was a star, so we told him to get some lessons or he was fired. He took one lesson, but he couldn't go back because he had no money to even pay for his first lesson. But he really got serious about it and he became incredible. He's the best drummer I've ever played with. Years later, he ended up [filling in for Tommy Lee](#) for an entire show with Motley Crue. He's that good. And we almost fired him.



We were a 4 piece, but I wanted to get off the guitar and focus on being a dedicated singer, so we went out in search of a really hot guitar player. I didn't want someone as good as me. I wanted someone way better than me. Our good friend Vance Dreger was singing in another band and so we went out to see him and have a few beers. I'd never seen his band play and holy shit, his guitar player was amazing! We all knew that we had to get Glenn Fuchs to join the band, but we couldn't do that to our buddy Vance - or could we? Somehow we pulled it off, and stayed friends with Vance. Vance became our road manager and we got along great - still do.

We called ourselves Get Lucky (and yes we did it often). I don't know where Harvey came up with that name from, but it sounded like something we were all trying to do anyway, so it stuck. We spent all of our money on promotional material and posters, then some 3 piece suit law dog knocked on our door with a nasty letter. Apparently there was an old time polka band from somewhere in the Bible Belt that was using that name. It was a crappy hobby band for a bunch of retired lawyers, and they were NOT going to give us an inch, so we changed our name to Tasmania. All I wanted was the word "Mania" in our name - like Beatlemania, so there it was! Tasmania.



Bands like The Waltons and the Generics were leading the charge with their alternative, acoustic driven big harmony sound. Heavy Weather was the leader of the metal scene, and we were kind of on our own island doing rock/pop. No one else was doing synthesizer/heavy guitar rock. We didn't have a piano player or an organ player, we had a sizzling synth player with metal guitar. Mix that with Vince's punk/wave vibe and my vocal style, and we owned our piece of the scene.

walking around in the darkness by myself and for some
for the Count, and I never even stood a fighting chance. It
ended me of a really close friend of mine when I was in grade
8. His name was [Brian Schatzkampfer](#).

I didn't know what fetal alcohol syndrome was at the time, but he had it in spades. Everyone in his family was a hardcore alcoholic. He was a good friend, kind, honest, and loyal. As we grew up, the influencers around him inevitably changed him, and we drifted apart. He ended up going to jail for armed robbery, and then for murder. While awaiting trial, he was shot and killed in his jail cell by his new best friend on the outside. He's the only guy in Canadian history to have this happen to him. At the trial, his buddy said it was an escape plan they hatched. Brian was going to escape while in hospital but I know the truth. Brian told me that if he was ever going to do penitentiary time, that he wanted me to kill him because he knew what happens to small guys like him in prison. He never stood a fighting chance. This song is for Brian.

Tazmania was a kick ass rock band with big hair, and pink spandex. Most young bands never find a good singer, and so they never go anywhere. Everyone in my band could sing, and this song really shows off the background vocals what we could do. I really love this song. We recorded it in Dr. No Studios which was an exclusive underground studio in a bedroom community in the area. It was an expensive studio, but well worth it. Harvey brought the biggest kit I've ever seen in my life to the session with at least 15 drums and a kick drum the size of a VW. You can hear that huge sound on the recording. Listen to the guitars on this tune, and you will know why we wanted Glenn in the band. We flew some big wig producer in from Los Angeles to produce the song, and we paid him a lot of money. Once he left, Vince remixed and re-mastered the entire album. It was way better after Vince did his magic on it. He is a great producer. I want our money back!

Lyrics

When I was a rebel, young, I had a fighting spirit in me
But with the hands of time, another spirit came to tease me
It races down the line. That power feeling.
I burn for it all the time. No feeling I'm going
Down for the count and I never even stood a fighting chance
I'm going down, going down for the count

Railing red hot lightning. Set me on fire.
A much hotter lightning now just to, fuel my desire.
I hide in the shadows, stand by my guns.
Waiting in the downpour, waiting for the sun to go
Down for the count and I never even stood a fighting chance
I'm going down, going down for the count
I left a trail of broken romance
I'm going down, going down

You see I tried to rise above it I tried to win their game
But I cheat and lie, and you know I ended up the same