

MARK EVANS

DIRTY DEEDS



MY LIFE INSIDE / OUTSIDE OF

AC / DC



"The aggressive attitude that AC/DC had towards Australian bands continued when we shifted overseas. The world's bigger bands became our new targets. Who the fuck did these pricks think they were? We saw a few of the so-called headline acts and straight away knew that we had nothing to fear."



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MY LIFE INSIDE ⚡ OUTSIDE OF AC/DC

*Photo shoot for "Jailbreak",
Lavender Bay, Sydney, March
1976. Our manager, Michael
Browning, is the big copper
on the right. [Philip Morris]*





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PROLOGUE

Paris, April 1977

EVER SINCE I COULD REMEMBER, I'D WANTED TO TRAVEL. I didn't quite recognize it as travel at the time, of course, but I was aware very early on that there was a lot of stuff out there to see and experience. Some of my first memories are of painting pictures of what I thought to be far-off, historical, often mysterious places: the Pyramids, Big Ben and even the Sydney Harbour Bridge. (Hey, I was from Melbourne; Sydney seemed like another world to me.) I was intrigued by the notion that there were countries on the other side of the world and that the people there spoke different languages, ate different food, wore different clothes, and were just so . . . different. There seemed to be one major problem, though; just how did I get to these far-off, wonderfully different places? I was from a working-class family, raised on a rough-and-ready housing commission estate in suburban Prahran. What chance did I stand of traveling the world?

The answer lay in becoming the bass player in AC/DC. Thanks to a tip-off from a buddy of mine, I joined the band in Melbourne in March 1975. I had just turned nineteen. We gigged, toured, recorded, drank and basically caroused our way across Australia during my first year on board. We'd achieved very healthy chart success and earned the ire of parts of the establishment, which prompted

us to dub a tour “Lock Up Your Daughters.” When that run ended it was deemed a damned good idea to do exactly the same through the UK and Europe. And away we went.

By April 5, 1977, we found ourselves in Paris, on the fag end of a European tour supporting the Ozzy Osbourne–led Black Sabbath. The gig that night had been at the Pavillon de Paris, which was not dissimilar to our old haunt in Sydney, the Hordern Pavilion. The Paris Pavillon had the added attraction of being on the site of an old slaughterhouse, so the venue was known locally as Les Abattoirs. I had no doubt the place suffered a serious hangover from its gory and inglorious past. It smelled exactly as you would imagine a former Parisian slaughterhouse to smell, except for one thing—it was much, much worse.

But the city itself was another story. Paris in the springtime is a fantastic place. If there isn’t already a song with the title “Paris in the Springtime,” I want to know why. And it was an exciting place for a bunch of young guys in a rock-and-roll band. When I say “young,” I am referring to the players in AC/DC, not our beloved and fearless social director and singer, Bon Scott. He was known to one and all as the “old man” and it was a bit like (no, it was very much like) having your slightly crazed uncle on the road with you. You know the one; he gets outrageously pissed at weddings and tries it on with all the young lassies. Bon was all of thirty, but to me he was a relic from a past generation.

Paris being Paris and AC/DC being AC/DC, we were all giving it a good going-over during our stay, except for, on all but very rare occasions, Angus Young, a teetotaling guitarist in schoolboy uniform. As for the old man, Bon was keen on a drop of red, sometimes substantially more than a drop. And Paris was just the place to get plastered on a robust red. During this visit Bon and I had lucked out—we were keeping company and rubbing shoulders (along with other parts of our bodies) with two very attractive French girls. We had spent a couple of hectic days and nights in their company and decided to repair back to our hotel off the Boulevard Saint-Germain with our dear new French friends after the Pavillon gig.

Parisian hotels are, shall we say, compact at best. More often than not they feature these tiny little balconies, with barely enough room for two people—two

small people at that. Bon and I were shellacked but sharing yet another bottle of red on the tiny balcony, watching the sun come up over the City of Light. Paris looks absolutely magnificent at dawn, probably not much different from how it would have appeared a hundred years before, or even more. I could understand why the city had been such an inspiration for writers, painters, musicians and the rest. It seemed like time had been suspended.

So Bon and I were on our balcony, sipping away, feeling more than a little pleased with ourselves and our *deux filles Parisiennes très attirantes*. We were well and truly lit up and savoring a stunning Parisian sunrise. Life was good. I'd come a long way from Prahran—and in a pretty short time.

As I was having a serious gloat to Bon, who was somewhat the worse for wear after two days on the turps, he stared fixedly at the Eiffel Tower with an odd look on his face.

“What’s up, mate?” I asked him.

Slowly, Bon turned to me. “You know,” he said, “there’s a tower just like that in Paris.”

