Original Music
Philip Judd

Sound Supervisor
Dean Gawen

Original Music Composed
& Produced by Philip Judd
Sound Engineer Michael Letho

Music Co-Ordinator
Chris Gough, Mana Music Productions

Songs

Long Hard Road
written by Philip Judd and Tim Finn (Mana/Mushroom)
performed by Tim Finn and Philip Judd
Courtesy of Mana/WEA Records, Tim Finn courtesy of Capitol Records

Precious Time
written by Philip Judd and Tim Finn ( Mana/Mushroom)
performed by Tim Finn and Philip Judd
Courtesy of Mana/WEA Records, Tim Finn courtesy of Capitol Records

The World Seems Difficult
written by Greedy Smith (Syray)
performed by Mental As Anything
Courtesy of CBS Records

Fun City
written by Philip Judd and Michael DenElzen (Schnell Fenster)
performed by Schnell Fenster
Courtesy of Mana/WEA Records

Simple Things
written by Eddie Rayner and Brian Baker (Mana/Rondor)
performed by The Makers
Courtesy of Mana/WEA Records

Rocks Are In My Head
written by Peter Farnan, Peter Maslen, Richard Pleasance,
Dale Ryder (Opera/MMA) performed by Boom Crash Opera
Courtesy of Loga Records

Dancing in the Storm written by Peter Farnan and Richard Pleasance. (Opera/MMA) performed by Boom Crash Opera
Courtesy of WEA Records

Stay Forever written by Steve Driver (Trafalgar) performed by Bang the Drum.
Courtesy of WEA Records

I'll Never Have Anything More written by Don McGlashan and Harry Sinclair (Front Lawn) performed by The Front Lawn.
Courtesy of Front Lawn Records

Rubber Love written by Stewart D'Arrietta and Bjarne Ohlin (Dexter/EMI) performed by Big Storm
Courtesy of WEA Records

Death Trip written by Mark Stafford (Control) performed by The Breaknecks.
Courtesy of The Breaknecks

Soundtrack Album available on wea records - logo

The film makes extensive use of pop music, which mingles with a narrator at head and tail of film over the credits.

This is a transcription of the music, narration and a few lines of the dialogue:

**Head:**

As Danny sits on his bed fondling a model Jaguar, we hear Mr Clark:
Mr Clark: “Son, there’s no doubt a Jaguar is a beautiful motor. It’s beautifully designed, British craftsmanship at its very best. In fact, your mother’s brother, Uncle Donald, worked at the plant in Coventry during the war. But these cars … they’re not for us. We’re working class, we always will be …so stop all this nonsense about the Jaguar. Now what would Grant Bickley say if he saw Desmond Clark’s son driving a Jaguar? Probably throw me out of the union …”
Narrator: “There are only two things that Danny Clark wants in this life. A Jaguar motor car … and a beautiful, intelligent (we see Joanna, she’s with Mark, Danny’s friend) vivacious Joanna Johnson …”
Joanna (laughing): “Who?”
Mark: “Danny Clark.”
Joanna: “Er, why would I want to go out with him?”
Mark: “Er, he’s one of the most interesting people I know.”
Joanna (smiling and gesturing): “So why don’t you go out with him?”
(They both laugh awkwardly.)
(Mark turns to see Danny crouched behind a car bonnet waving at him)

Narrator: … “Neither seems very likely at this stage.”

Then music begins as head credits continue. Lyrics for the song over the opening credits:

How does a man get the love of a woman
Or a woman of a man
How does a man tell his feelings to a woman
You know it’s hard to understand
The world seems difficult to me
It’s such a change to see
The loneliness, the days to waste, of you and me
Where will I find a love to protect me
Not run away with my mind
How will I know that you won’t reject me
Somebody give me a sign
The world seems difficult to me
It’s such a shame to see
The loneliness, the days to waste, of you and me
And if I’m lying … lying down
(as the credits end, the song begins to fade away, as a flash Holden Monaro drives down a Melbourne street)
I’m confused … I’m confused …
Tail:

The first of the end songs accompanies Danny and Joanna as they kiss and get into the caravan together, and the camera pulls back to show the Melbourne skyline at dusk:

Ooh, I wouldn’t waste your precious time …
And I don’t need anybody wasting mine
When I’m with you all we have is precious time
Ooh, won’t you give me just a little of your precious time
And I’ve tried so hard to make it on my own
when I’m with you …(end titles begin to roll)

The song is interrupted by the return of the narrator, as the end titles freeze.

Narrator: “Oh there’s one thing I forgot. Gordon! …”
The end titles roll backwards off the screen.

Narrator: “… he still had some unfinished business with Mr Johnson…”
Gordon (speaking to assembled tradies hitting the Fosters hard in his garage): It’s been a bloody awful week. Car’s been stolen, me daughter’s run off with some kid (‘lucky bloke’, one shouts), but nothing gets in the road of the Johnson plumbers’ annual party (the men cheer) … now the pipe bending competition will be starting in a few moments …(as Steve Bisley’s Gordon Farkas drives up to the house in the paint-daubed Jaguar with his sidekicks) …each and every one of you, and I particularly want to thank Brian and Chook and Gazza the tap for bringing in the Atwood Plaza and Mitchelton jobs on time … and budget! So …
Gordon and his sidekicks step inside the garage door, see what’s going down, shout “Shit” and burst out through the garage door, chased by pipe-wielding tradies …Gordon weeps to see his paint-covered Jag.

The Narrator returns to describe the various characters as they go about some wrap-up action matching his words.

Narrator: “After getting out of hospital, Gordon Farkas was charged with thirty seven counts of contravening the Motor Car Traders’ Act. He is at present serving a five year non-parole sentence in Pentridge gaol. He intends to start a business in Queensland after his release.
Danny and Joanna were married later that year in a beautiful ceremony
in the church down on Gradstone Road.” (sic, pronounced this way, as a variant on Gladstone. Google shows no Gradstone Road in Australia).

Danny now drives an Australian-made car.

Mark is a computer programmer for IBM.

And Vangeli? Vangeli has a business … (Vengali is standing in front of a used car yard reading Petrakis Prestige Autos)

The Clarks got back their beloved Nissan Cedric (they pose in front of the car)

And the Johnsons? The Johnsons spend their lives avoiding the Clarks …”

Music takes over, Long Hard Road by Phil Judd and Tim Finn. Lyrics for the song as they are heard in the movie (the song is both on the soundtrack release and also another album, Other Enz):

It’s been a long hard road
And it’s a heavy load
So take a long last look
Down the long hard road

Struggling with the weight on my back
I hear a lot about screeching tires
Even getting there is half the fun
Rolling with the punches and walking through fire
Wasn’t for you, I’d pack it all in
The journey would be over before it could begin

Out in the wilderness
Searching for tenderness
I’m looking for something I can’t find

Take a long last look
Down the long hard road

When the dream runs wild
It’s all I can do
Nothing is easily understood
It’s a twisting path, a rocky old track
Mountains and valleys, no turning back
Wheels go round, the engine runs hot
Driving me on, oh it never stops
Out in the wilderness
Searching for tenderness
I’m looking for something I’ll never find

It’s been a long hard road
Yeah it’s a heavy load
So take a long last look
Down the long hard road
Down the long hard road

(Musical interlude dominated by guitars)

Look at all the strange things we do
Coming from a different point of view

It’s been a long hard road
(Chorus: the dream runs wild, it’s all I can do)
And it’s a heavy load
(Chorus: it’s easily understood)
So take a long last look
(Chorus: it’s a twisting path it’s a rocky old track, mountains and valleys
no turning back)
Down the long hard road
(Chorus: Wheels go round,
the engine runs hot
Driving me on, won’t it never stop)

(Movie version ends)

The film’s soundtrack was released on LP and CD:

**CD version:**
MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

THE BIG STEAL

Tim Finn and Peter Yeele
Boom Crash Opera
Mental As Anything
Bang The Drum
Schnittke
The Match
Big Steal
The Front Lawn
1. Hope*
2. Long Hard Road
   Written by Philip Judd and Tim Finn
   Performed by Tim Finn and Philip Judd
   Produced by Philip Judd and Tim Finn
   Recorded by Michael Leith
   Tim Finn appears courtesy of Capitol Records
3. Dancing in the Storm
   Written by Richard Priestman and Peter Farhan
   Performed by Boom Crash Opera
   Produced by Richard Reance
   Courtesy of WEA Records
4. Triumph*
5. The World Seems Difficult
   Written by Grody Smith
   Performed by Mental As Anything
   Produced by Mark Opitz and Steven James
   Courtesy of CBS Records
6. Stay Forever
   Written by Steve Driver
   Performed by Fung The Drum
   Produced by David Hemmings
   Executive Producer: Charles Fisher
   Courtesy of WEA
7. Flight of Stairs*
8. Simple Things
   Written by Brian Baker and Eddie Rayner
   Performed by The Makers
   Produced by Eddie Rayner and Brian Baker
   Recorded by Michael Leith
   Mixed by Hugh Edgler
9. Low Clearance*
10. Fun City
    (Performed by Glenn Enz)
11. Rocks Are in My Head
    (Performed by Boom Crash Opera)
12. Basement
    (Performed by Philip Judd)
13. Precious Time
    (Performed by Philip Judd)
14. I'll Never Have Anything More
    (Performed by the Fleet Lear)
15. Here Comes Trouble
    (Performed by Philip Judd)
16. Rubber Love
    (Performed by Digipop)
17. Tell Me
    (Performed by Philip Judd)
LP  WEA 903172571-1 1990      CD 903172571-2

*All written by Philip Judd
Performed by Philip Judd with Jen Anderson, Louis McManus, George B
Soundtrack Music Co-ordinator: Chris Gough
Album Executive Producers: Chris Gough and Philip Mortlock
A Mana Music Production
** Recorded by Michael Letho.

SIDE 1:
Hope * (1’47”). (P. Judd). (Mana Music)
Long Hard Road ** (4’00”) (Philip Judd/Tim Finn) (Mana Music / Mushroom Music), produced by Philip Judd, Tim Finn
Dancing In The Storm (4’12”) (Richard Pleasance/Peter Farnan) Vocals: Boom Crash Opera (Opera Music / MMA Music), produced by Richard Pleasance
Triumph * (1’48”) (P. Judd) (Mana Music)
The World Seems Difficult (4’02”) (Greedy Smith) Vocals: Mental As Anything (Syray Music), produced by Mark Opitz and Steven James
Stay Forever (3’39”) (Steve Driver) Vocals: Bang The Drum (Trafalgar Music), produced by David Hemming, executive Producer Charles Fisher
Flight Of Stairs * (0’59”) (P. Judd) (Mana Music)
Simple Things ** (6’48”) (Brian Baker/Eddie Rayner) : The Makers
(Rondor Music / Mana Music, produced by Eddie Rayner and Brian Baker, mixed by Hugh Padgham
Low Clearance * (2'20") (P. Judd) (Mana Music)

SIDE 2:
Fun City ** (4'06") (Music: Michael den Elzen/Philip Judd) : Schnell Fenster (Control), produced by Michael den Elzen, Philip Judd, Noel Crombie, Nigel Griggs.
Rocks Are In My Head (4'56") (P. Farnan/R. Pleasance/D. Ryder/P. Maslen) Vocals: Boom Crash Opera. (Opera Music / MMA Music), produced by Alex Sadkin
Basement * (1’14”) (P. Judd) (Mana Music)
Precious Time ** (3’52") (P. Judd, T. Finn) Vocals: Tim Finn, Philip Judd (Mana Music/Mushroom Music), produced by Philip Judd, Tim Finn
I’ll Never Have Anything More (2’42") (Don McGlashan/Harry Sinclair) Vocals: The Front Lawn (Control), produced by The Front Lawn
Here Comes Trouble * (0’50") (P. Judd) (Mana Music)
Rubber Love (3’54") (Stewart D’Arrietta/Bjarne Ohlin) Vocals: Bigstorm (Dexter / Castle Music), produced by Don Miller-Robinson
Tai Chi * (1’22”) (P. Judd) Vocals: Tim Finn (Mana Music)

LP covers:
Composer Philip Judd:

Composer Phil Judd is too well known to go into too much detail here.

Judd has a detailed wiki here. He also has an eponymous official website here.

This short CV by Chris Woodstra for Rovi contains the high points of Judd’s career:

A founding member and early creative force behind New Zealand’s Split Enz, Phil Judd quickly became disillusioned with the music industry and dropped out of the band in 1977. After rejoining Split Enz and leaving
again, he spent a short time with two legendary New Zealand punk bands -- Suburban Reptiles and Enemy -- eventually setting up his own three-piece band, Swingers. Swingers had some minor success in their homeland (including a number one hit with the unforgettable "Counting the Beat") but fell apart by the early '80s. Judd released his first and only solo album in 1982, Private Lives (edited down to the Swinger EP in the U.S.). It was virtually ignored and Judd changed directions, focusing more on composing film music and pursuing art.

In 1986, he joined with former Split Enz bandmates Nigel Griggs and Noel Crombie, along with guitarist Michael Den Elzen, to form Schnell Fenster. After two albums, the group broke up in 1992. Judd then returned to film music, including acclaimed scores for The Big Steal, Death in Brunswick, and Mr. Reliable. In 2006, Judd returned with a solo album, Mr. Phudd and His Novelty Act. Despite consistently producing some really terrific music, Judd's eccentric approach to pop music and skewed outlook have sadly been overlooked.

This however ignores later unfortunate events in Judd’s life, which are covered by a story about Judd done by the Sunday Star-Times, 2nd February 2010 - but online at stuff, here:

Phil Judd was indeed "a pop star once", as he boasted to a teenage girl in a drunken, damning Facebook message that blew his life apart at the end of last year.

A founding songwriter, guitarist and vocalist for Split Enz, and frontman for The Swingers, the new wave band behind the 1981 Australasian chart-topper "Counting the Beat", Judd's musical talents won him critical and commercial success, and the enduring affections of a loyal fanbase during his later years as a solo artist.

Things are very different now. This summer, while his former Enz collaborator Tim Finn tours the country's vineyards with Dave Dobbyn and Bic Runga, basking in the adulation that comes with being a certified cultural treasure, Judd has been holed up in his Melbourne home: isolated, publicly reviled. For nearly four months, he has been dealing with the ignominy of being labelled a paedophile, losing custody of his 10-year-old son, thrown in jail, and ultimately left "broke and broken".

"I've had a year of disaster," he said during an exclusive, in-depth interview with the Star-Times, his first since news of his conviction broke last year. "You know how many famous people... come unstuck in the end. It seems it was my turn to come unstuck."
He's through with Facebook, he says. "The internet has cost me a lot of money, and a lot of humiliation, and ruined my life. I'm done."

Judd's unravelling began in November, when an Australian newspaper broke the news that he had been convicted for stalking three young sisters in his Melbourne neighbourhood. Judd had been sentenced in March after contacting one of the teenage girls on Facebook, telling her that he had been admiring them from afar. The girls were "very special" and had an "Amazon beauty", he said; he stressed he was "not a pervert" but "an aesthete". The girls knew him as the "creepy stalky man", who they said had been watching them since 2004, when the eldest was in Year 6 and the youngest in Year 2.

Judd had been recording his next album in his home studio and generally "toddling along nicely" since receiving his 12-month suspended sentence. "The next minute I've got TV cameras in the street, [reporters] banging on the door."

Radio jocks dined out, announcing his conviction to the strains of the Enz track "My Mistake". A sign went up in his neighbourhood: "The only record for Phil Judd in 2010 is a criminal one". Anonymous callers threatened to burn down his house, kill him in the street. "It freaked me out, and it freaked my ex-wife out even more."

One night, he says, she arrived unannounced and bundled their 10-year-old son, over whom they shared custody, into her car. Her new partner, 20 years Judd's junior, wrestled to keep him at bay. "I was yelling, 'Please don't take him, please don't take him. Can we just talk about this?'" he says. "I slipped over on the driveway and just lay there."

Judd spent the night in hospital being interviewed by police and a psychiatric crisis assessment team. He hoped his son might be returned in a couple of days, but when his former partner took out a restraining order and refused to return the child, he lost the plot. "There was no violence, but a week or so later I stupidly got drunk and emailed her... 'Why can't I see my son, you crazy so and so?'... Just emailing can be considered stalking and contravening an intervention order. I did that twice in two weeks, because I was missing my boy so much," he says.

"The biggest agony is losing my son when I really needed him, basically. Even though he's just a little 10-year-old, he's all I've got. When they're 10 year olds they're just, he's just a wonderful kid. He's got the creative streak, poor guy."

On New Year's Day, Judd was sent to prison for two weeks for breaching the order against his ex-wife. "It was hell," he says. "Believe me, it's worse than one imagines. I found it very, very difficult and I was picked
Although it was a protected unit, his fellow inmates – "mostly low-IQ drongos" – were as sympathetic as the radio DJs. "They'd sing 'Counting the Beat' but change the words to 'Counting the Days'," he says. The experience left him traumatised, and unable to do any creative work, other than an artwork based on his jail-time called Cell 24, which illustrates this story.

These days life on the outside is not much better. After three marriages, Judd is more or less a hermit. His son and his 91-year-old father are his two best friends. He has few others. Judd says he likes it that way: "I'm just that sort of person." Others say he has burned off nearly everyone who has reached out to him. He's close to selling his house, having spent nearly all his money on recent legal costs, which he cannot afford on his disability benefit.

Judd's chronic heart disease was discovered after a stroke in 2004 wiped out his spleen. "I lived pretty hard and I've paid the price," he says. Although he was a reluctant performer in his Split Enz days, he says he'd like to be able to take the stage again, but would be unlikely to make it through a song without collapsing. His bipolar syndrome is just as debilitating, and is only exacerbated by his drinking problem.

"Some of us have got through life self-medicating," he says. "I didn't even know I was bipolar until 18 years ago. Maybe, if I live a bit longer, I'll get more involved in support for bipolar people, because we're a very misunderstood bunch. People think you're a bit wacky, but you can't help the way you are. It's just the way the chemicals in the old noggin are working."

The hardest cross to bear has been the loss of his son for three months. He's working hard to win back access. "I love him to death and he's the only reason I'm here in Australia," he says. "I'm living with this crap every day. I get a lot of bad phone calls and I get a lot of bad press, and it's been very distressing because basically I haven't done anything wrong."

WHILE JUDD pleaded guilty to the stalking charge last March, he now says the case was "ridiculous", and blames the girls' mother – "a prat of a woman" – for his current misfortune.

"There's all this shit about me not being remorseful – well, I'd be remorseful if I'd actually done something to be remorseful about," he says.

Judd was said to have posed as a 17-year-old to befriend one of the girls on Facebook. He says he can't really remember what happened or why, although he told a Melbourne newspaper he had had "a crush" on the
"I was drunk. They had gone past [the house] giggling and all the rest of it. She was 16 or 17. I thought I'd get online and say, you know, 'I've seen you around. You're cute. I hope you go on to do things,' because she's about 6 foot 6 and looks like she's going to be a model. I didn't have any perverted thing for her.

"You know, that's me: I'm crazy. Alcohol plus bipolar – I can do irrational things. But I'm certainly not a sexual predator or a paedophile, as I've been labelled."

The girls' mother claimed in her statement that in 2005, Judd had begun following the girls to their pony club and photographing them, until she confronted him.

Says Judd: "I took my dogs for a walk through the park every day – sometimes twice. They saw me, so what? I always took my camera and I was always taking photographs of things. Always have, always will."

Police confiscated Judd's camera and computer when he was charged. He was also said to have regularly come out of his house, sometimes in bike shorts, to watch the girls as they walked home from school. Judd said it was inevitable the girls would see him as they had lived 200 yards away for eight years, and he rarely left the house.

"I'd come across them. Sometimes I'd be on the same bus. They'd freak out and think he's following us – it's ridiculous, it's mad. In fact, after the court case, the girls used to walk past here giggling, because they thought it was funny, when they were supposed to have been having counselling and God knows what. It's just rubbish. I did nothing indecent, nothing sexual, never approached them except for one night I got pissed and emailed one of them.

"The ultimate irony," he says, "is that before stalking became a legal term, when I was a young fellow and 'Counting the Beat' was number one, guess what happened to me when I used to go shopping? I was stalked. I would have girls waiting outside the house.

"I could have taken advantage of many young things. And I never did. I can honestly swear that I never once was untoward with an underage girl, and I had my chances, believe me."

IN SPLIT Enz mythology, Judd was the instinctive artistic talent whose freewheeling creativity blew Te Awamutu boy Tim Finn's mind open, and fuelled their band's experimentalism in the early years. A gifted young painter from Napier, he had been studying fine arts at Elam, with no real interest in music until the future bandmates crossed paths in an Auckland University hostel in 1971 and began their musical
collaboration.

In bassist Mike Chunn's memoir, Stranger than Fiction, he recalls their clique heading to Whitianga for a weekend of acid trips and creative epiphanies. Judd, who had no musical training, noodled around on the guitar, while Finn sang melodies. The experience, wrote Chunn, solidified in Finn's head "the notion of Phil Judd as a true artist; a unique person who could give [Finn] the courage to believe he had a place in the world of creativity and imagination that Phil possessed".

"He's a genius, and that brings with it many things," Chunn said last week. "Our lives were set by his arrival in Auckland and we'd have had very different lives if he hadn't turned up."

Finn told the Star-Times last year, before news of the conviction broke: "I will always owe him a great debt, because he lit my creative fuse and made me believe."

Judd wrote, or co-wrote with Finn, every song on Enz's two albums, before tensions between the pair grew and Judd left the band. He went on to a brief stint with punk group the Suburban Reptiles, before finding success with The Swingers. In 1986, he formed Schnell Fenster with former Split Enz alumni Nigel Griggs and Noel Crombie, and later won awards for his film and television scores.

Even in Enz's early days, Judd was difficult, prickly, and uncomfortable in social situations, let alone the spotlight. "He was not a social character. He had difficulty with 'gregarious'," says Chunn, who would share a room with him on tour. "I was Mr Agoraphobic and he was Mr Antisocial."

Judd hated playing live, and avoided going on tour with the group. When he did perform, he was notorious for disappearing offstage during sets; he once punched Finn in the face when his bandmate confronted him about it after a show. Judd quit the band several times before his final departure in the late 1970s.

Says Judd: "It came to the point where you had to get commercial or else it was a waste of time. That's when Chunn and I left. I got so frustrated that we weren't doing any new recording."

In the world of Split Enz fans, says Judd, there are two camps. "Finn people don't like Judd music and vice versa." Judd's fans sometimes configure him as a sort of Antipodean Syd Barrett – a skewed and tragic creative genius, whose mental health issues only made his art more compelling. But the stalking conviction has made life problematic for his admirers. One member of frenz.com, an online community of 7000 Enz fans, noted that he had been tainted with one of the only real taboos in the laissez faire world of rock. "People still buy Charlie Manson's
records. They don't buy Gary Glitter's."

Says frenz.com owner Debbie Levitt: "Some people really struggle with it: 'Can I be a fan of his music, when I hate what the man is doing?'"

But Levitt, an American who fell in love with Split Enz after seeing "Six Months in a Leaky Boat" on MTV as a child, had already been disabused of any illusions she might have held about her former idol.

Her surreal encounter with Judd began in 2001, when the musician arrived on her website's discussion board, the first Enz member to do so, announcing he was going to "vent his spleen" and set the record straight. It wasn't long before the problems started. Judd's comments "were not the kind of things you'd want to hear from a stranger, and certainly not from your pop idol".

"We were half honoured to have him there and half horrified," says Levitt. "There were days when he was clever and charming and interesting, and there were days he would say really mean, insulting things to people. He would find something out about you, then find bizarre ways to try to hurt you with it."

When Levitt, who doesn't want children, moved to Arizona, she received an email from Judd saying: "Haha, you're as barren as the desert in Arizona." She says: "I looked at that, and said, 'Wow. This gives me a clear psychological profile of this guy'." Judd would repeatedly tell others Levitt had a vendetta against him because he had refused to sleep with her (she has never met him).

Fans began to leave the forum because of Judd's harassment and objectionable behaviour, but he was difficult for moderators to rein in. "How do you deal with someone when they're misbehaving... when it's freaking Phil Judd?"

When moderators asked him to take time away from the site, Judd would post long dramatic farewells, and vowed to start a new, free speech online community where "the only rule would be that females had to be between 16 and 25".

Eventually, Levitt emailed Judd to stay away. "I said 'Phil, every time you come here, you hurt your career, you lose fans. You're coming out with another solo album – please do yourself a favour and don't come to the forum'."

He finally "crossed the line" in 2005 when he left a comment running down her online business on a site where it had been entered in a competition. She filed a 12-page complaint with Melbourne police about his history of online harassment.
Judd's behaviour in recent years has seen "a lot of people breaking ties with him, just out of self-preservation", Levitt says. Many in the Enz fan community have concerns for his wellbeing, "but he keeps alienating people".

As he has become more socially isolated, the internet has become his instrument to vent; the small, diehard group of online fans who remain in his thrall have become an unhealthy echo chamber and a crutch.

"Some of his biggest fans feel a kinship with him because they've been diagnosed with mental illness," says Levitt. While Judd is now banned from her site, loyal fans regularly post on his behalf, continuing his various campaigns and agendas and generally "copycatting his vinegar", she says.

Judd engages with them through his MySpace and Facebook pages, where he has made numerous references to suicide since the scandal. In November, he wrote: "This world is evil. I've hurt no one, yet sick people have chosen to dig the knife in. I have lost my son. I have lost all will. Bye."

Levitt's website has a close affiliation with the Split Enz fan club, which has supported Judd by financing his previous two solo albums through pre-sales to its members. But Judd has taken against them too. Says club founder, Peter Green: "I feel Judd's life could have been totally different to what it is. There were so many stages where people wanted to help, have tried to help, but in nearly all cases he has bitten the hand of friendship and then played the victim to the hilt. He is his own worst enemy, when it never had to be like this."

Despite the trouble he's caused her, Levitt feels some sympathy for Judd. "His life's in a downward spiral. When he first came to the forum he was still married, his son was a baby. Now there's a palpable sense he could lose his son, and everyone's heart breaks for him."

And what of the Enz? Chunn says he hasn't spoken to any of his former bandmates about Judd's predicament, nor to Judd himself. Neither of the Finn brothers would be interviewed for this story, but Tim, who wrote a song about his difficult relationship with Judd on his last album, appeared to extend a public olive branch last year. "Maybe the two of us should just get in a room together [and play]," he said in an interview with The Age, Judd's hometown newspaper. "I don't know if that's possible because so much has been lost. Still, I think it would be a fascinating prospect. But who knows? We'll see what happens."

Not interested, says Judd. "They're all business and all money. I don't think they're particularly interesting musically; they're not progressive."
I’ve only got time for people who try to be original and do something different." Besides, he says, he and Tim "were never great friends".

Judd’s situation only seems to have intensified his resentment of his former bandmates. He is still bitter about his treatment over the years: not being invited on stage at a hall of fame induction ("Totally disrespectful"), nor to play at a 2006 reunion: "I would have declined anyway. But you've got to remember, I've got family. It was kind of humiliating, like, 'How come you're not invited?'" Regular recipients of his emails describe him as being obsessed with the Finns; many of his missives end with some slur on the brothers. The more success they enjoy, the more bitter and darkhearted Judd becomes.

He says: "I could open my mouth and tell you things about the other Enz that would make [my situation] pale into insignificance."

But to Judd, the antagonism doesn't come from his side. "I believe a lot of the psychology of it comes from them."

He admits feeling "a bit angry sometimes that [Enz] haven't been supportive. I know for a fact, even though Tim and I don't talk any more, if Tim got into this sort of problem, I'd be there like a shot. I live differently, have different values, I think," he says. "I come from a different planet to the rest of those guys."

(The actual Facebook exchange is at the bottom of the original story).

(The official site has a montage of Judd in action):

(Below: Phil Judd on a 1983 magazine cover):
(Below: Phil Judd on the cover of a 1983 Mushroom 45 release):

(Below: Phil Judd, left, in his Counting the Beat days).