

A painting of a stone tower with a flag on top, set against a blue sky and a hazy landscape. The tower is made of reddish-brown stone and has a crenellated top. A white flag flies from a pole on the tower. The background is a deep blue sky with some lighter, hazy areas near the horizon.

AUGIE MARCH

TRACK BY TRACK

WATCH ME DISAPPEAR

Funny track, wholly written with bass and drums not unlike a lot of the Dark Satanic Mills EP. Quite distinct from the rest of the album structurally. Thematically a return to the Eden subject previously explored in the Sunset Studies track "There Is No Such Place". However, in place of trembling dilettante, now find shivering buccaneer on last voyage, minus sea legs. Driving on Paradise? Or one way ticket to Narragonia? You decide. Or DON'T!!!!

PENNYWHISTLE

This one was born from an irritating penny whistle melody not unlike the one you'll hear at the start of the song. Actually that's the very melody, and the very whistle. Simple as it gets the song relies pretty much upon the lyric which is thankfully strong. Kiernan's horns are from the Van Morrison songbook and the gist is the old tried and true spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down.

BECOMING BRYN

Bit of an Augie by numbers, this song attempts to deal with the Id as a subject - although arguably most of them do - this time in the form of a physical manifestation that appears, succubus like, upon the sufferer's chest at night. Not content with fleeting nocturnal visitations Bryn, the Id, embeds himself and sprouts up through what's left of the reasonable man the next morning. For a more accomplished go at this in song see The Chills "The Male Monster From The Id".

CITY OF RESCUE

My take on Blind Willie Johnson's "I'm Gonna Run To The City of Refuge" which I first heard on the first Original Seeds compilation. Talk about nicking and nicked idea. That said, this is more of a reworking of an earlier idea that never got its due. Peeking over the walls of civilisation, being a barbarian at the gates etc. Realising that somehow the philistines are actually pulling the levers in Rome, have been for a while. Please don't pull me up for historical accuracies on this one, it's the collapse of high and low culture in action.

FARMER'S SON

Very simple song about a young man trying to outlive his legacy, make a better future and not knock himself off in rural Victoria.

MUGGED BY THE MOB

Very simple song about a young man trying to go about his business, make a bit of a future and not get knocked off by marauding gangs of vicious little fucks in metropolitan Victoria.

THE SLANT

Written and recorded in the space of an afternoon at a friend's North Hobart room, this one is about the convict practice of killing the bloke chained next to you in order to receive a death sentence, thus avoiding any further torturous working of the pine forests in the Huon Valley, a fate for many worse than death. Refreshingly raw recording among the shiny bits and pieces.

THE GLENORCHY BUNYIP

Written in the same breath as The Slant, the bunyip came to me in the pub with the body of a dragon and the head of a bulldog. A much needed energetic moment and, depending on which way you read it, either an entertaining relief or a mean streak subject wise.

DOGSDAY

Came from a circuit walk of the Abbotsford section of the Yarra, down by the Convent. Charts the actual cycle of mid morning, Autumn sunshine elation, through the middling positives of a potential productivity, right through to the sapping, dark cloud maunderings of "I knew it wouldn't last" and "Well if I knew then why couldn't I do something about it?". Pretty though.

LUPUS

Always wanted to do a Steppenwolf song. Wrong band for that so had to settle for the book the band was named after. This one is located in the Dandenongs and, though it's a little hard to tell from the end result, has an anger and dislocation in it as well as a yearning for inclusion.

THE DEVIL IN ME

Originally envisaged a Phil Spector big reverb wall for this one. Funny how things turn out. This is a pretty classic form and melody and depending on your tastes, perhaps should've been giant. I'm no judge though. Your mum will like it.



GLENN RICHARDS

