

# records



## He's so tough

**Return to Magenta**  
**Mink De Ville**  
*Capitol*

How does one follow a classic? It's a question that's always been the torment of the artist. Sometimes it's insurmountable and subsequent works are merely a reminder of greater achievements. Others rise to the challenge. Willy De Ville is a winner.

The first Mink De Ville album was one of the strongest debut records. Every song was attacked as if there was no second chance. Definitely a hard one to follow. *Return to Magenta* is a little more careful in tone, but excellent nonetheless.

Once again there are strong overtones of Phil Spector. Once again Jack Nitzsche, Spector's protegee, is at the controls. "Guardian Angel" and "Just Your Friends", with its manic haronica straining over what seems like dozens of furiously strummed acoustic guitars, are firmly in the tradition of Uncle Phil. "Soul Twist" and "Rolene" are mainstream Mink De Ville R&B in the manner of "She's So Tough" and "Gunslinger" from

the previous album.

But Mink De Ville are not stuck in a cul de sac bounded by echo-laden ballads and New York rhythm and blues. "'A' Train Lady" is reminiscent of Curtis Mayfield and the Impressions, "Desperate Days" is sort of Spanish Harlem reggae, and "Easy Slider" with Dr John on the eighty-eights could be New Orleans parade music. "Steady Driving Man" is, as the title suggests, a boastful Bo-Diddley styled raver, giving Willie plenty of room to stutter and snarl. He has one of the greasiest leers since the halcyon days of Presley.

Doc Pomus wrote the liner and "I Broke that Promise" is full of the string drenched heartbreak that Pomus injected into his own great "Save the Last Dance for Me." Willie De Ville should have recorded "On Broadway", not George Benson. As Pomus says, "Mink De Ville knows the truth of a city street and the courage in a ghetto love song." Hyperbole, yes, but appropriate all the same.

**Ken Williams**

there is the occasional case of melodic phrasing which sounds a bit too redolent of previous work. Nonetheless, if neither record provides quite the outstanding heights of last year's efforts, there are many fine tracks.

In funky vein the Commodores continue to deliver the goods, including a particularly catchy "Flying High". There's also the, by now expected, highlight of a Lionel Richie ballad.

Seeger, of course, can still punch out rock & roll of classic dimensions.

The shining example here is "Hollywood Nights", a number which amply demonstrates not only his stature as singer but as a songwriter. The lyric captures, in brilliant simplicity, the sort of 'rock truth' which lesser talents strain to express.

Many of the cuts on *Stranger in Town* show Seeger pursuing the lighter, less gutsy style he employed to effect on *Night Moves*. Once the use of strings and girly chorus would have been anathema to him but here they almost become an integral part of the sound. Some Seeger fans think he's going soft, but I remain faithful. Strangely, the only real failures are the two non-originals. (It seems silly to weaken the album and give someone else the royalties when some of his own early songs could stand updating.)

But, in neither the Commodores' or Seeger's case is the album to be considered a failure. If the previous album scaled new heights, this one is at least hanging in there. Not as good? Pretty close.

**Peter Thomson**

## Heavy Horses

**Jethro Tull**  
**Heavy Horses**  
*Chrysalis*

Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson is the antithesis of every rock star you've ever known.

His contempt for blue jeans, most modern

## It takes three

**Genesis**  
**And Then There Were Three**  
*Charisma*

No record collection should be without at least one Genesis album. Their music is a yardstick to judge others by, in terms of tune, arrangement and production.

Genesis excel in all three departments, especially when it comes to proving that classical-rock music is not just an attempt to camouflage a weak tune with a grandiose arrangement.

The strength of Genesis has always lain in their songs, and anyone who failed to understand their earlier efforts has only to listen to "Ripples" or "Trick of The Tail" to change his mind.

Genesis have the cumulative talent to transcend all barriers, all of them artificial, and reach out to all music lovers with the sincerity and dedication that are their hallmarks.

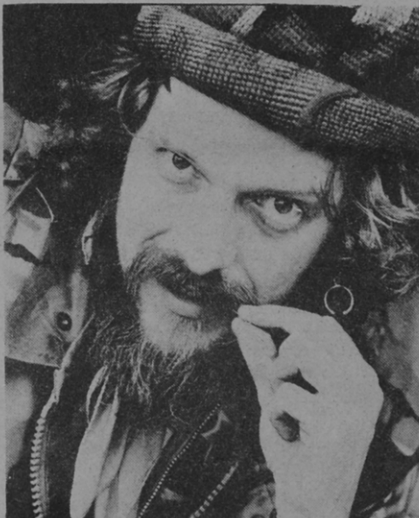
In these pages I have already extolled the virtues of the live set "Seconds Out", but the following studio effort is always the proof of the pudding, doubly so for Genesis, since in

music apart from his own, and the sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll syndrome is boundless.

Anderson has long been Tull's sole creative force, and his fanatical following has never wavered. Once a Tull fan, always a Tull fan. Their unique fusion of free-form jazz, classics and English folk is a heady, spell-binding mixture that is highly addictive and extremely popular. Witness the enormous queues in Queen St for tickets the New Zealand Tull tours of 1972 and 1974.

*Heavy Horses*, the band's eleventh outing, reflects a mellowing of mood that was already evident in the previous album, *Songs From The Wood*.

Anderson, once the man without a home who lived out of suitcases, is now settled in an elderly farmhouse in the English countryside, with his second wife Shona, and



baby son James. His new-found delight in country and family life is now a strong influence.

Gone is much of the heavy, electric riffing that was once a Tull trademark, to be replaced by a skilful weaving of acoustic guitars, flutes, violins and percussion instruments. Not a "Locomotive Breath" in sight.

The melodies are subtle and take time to appreciate fully. There are strong Elizabethan and Celtic strains, no more so than on "Acres Wild", where Darryl Way's violin combines with some very primitive hand drumming to produce a sound as traditional as The Chieftains in full cry.

The imagery of the lyrics is decidedly pastoral, with Anderson playing the squire of the country manor. Cats prowl the barn ("The Mouse Police"), moths dance around candle flames ("Moths"), and anxious eyes are cast towards the weather vane to see what the day will bring ("Weathercock").

In "No Lullaby", Anderson sings to his baby son, warning him of the "dragons and beasts" that lurk in the outside world, and the battles he must fight. Only here and on the title track is the band allowed to extend itself. Otherwise, the reins are held tight.

Not everyone's glass of mead, but then Jethro Tull never have been. It's another love-it-or-leave-it sound, and this one won't gain any new fans. Even Tull fanatics will find it difficult listening at first, but perseverance will bring rewards.

Jethro Tull are very much alive and well and living in the country. Not as tough or as biting as in days of yore, but still in a class of their own. Ian Anderson is no longer a rampant young stallion, but he can still sire a good 'un when the occasion calls. Long may his lum reek.

**Duncan Campbell**

the interim they've lost guitarist Steve Hackett, once a major creative source.

Have no fears here, for "Three" is admirable evidence that Genesis as a trio are still as viable as ever, and new horizons abound.

This album marks the emergence into the limelight of Mike Rutherford as a composer and allows Tony Banks to consolidate his already-proven songwriting ability.

Rutherford especially makes his presence felt, with the exquisite "Snowbound", which Genesis fans are bound to be singing for weeks to come, and the brooding "Deep In The Motherlode".

This album also marks a breakthrough for Genesis, in that it's produced their first hit single, "Follow You, Follow Me." Our own noble Murray Cammick says it sounds like Seals and Crofts. Maybe, but if it gets Genesis a wider audience, then well done. Anyway, it's just about the weakest track on the album.

Once again, David Hentschel is behind the control board, and the production here would make even the most inferior stereo sound good. Turn it up loud and let the sound wash over you.

Genesis have had their share of troubles, first losing Peter Gabriel and now Hackett, but on this showing their future seems assured. This album is a lesson in survival.

**Duncan Campbell**



**Brian Eno**  
**Before And After Science**  
*Polydor*

C'mon guys and gals, let's measure out our lives in shirts like we did last summer, get back to minus in a tiny canoe and separate the torso from the spine. What is there left to do?

We could turn to the wall or we could turn to Eno, because the dust is settling and the cows are coming home to roost. In Eno we will find true beauty ('scuse me) but you've only got to peer into the back of a radio to get that stuff. The music of a jellyfish chamber ensemble is another kettle entirely and you might just find that on Eno's newest hot platter called *Before And After Science*.

I want you to buy this record by one of my favourite rock stars because this is the one that folk who don't think they like Eno might just like. My own tastes run to Lou Reed, Abba, and the Fifty Foot Hose so you can see that I wouldn't put you crook.

B & A Sc. is Eno's smoothest production job yet, it almost sounds like your conventional rock record, almost. Especially on side one wherein lurk such heavy musos ('scuse me) as Phil Collins, Dave Matthews, Phil Manzanera, and the Dadaist Kurt Schwitters who died in 1948. Nice to see you back on deck Kurt.

Some of these gents make it through that little hole and out onto Side Two, bits of which do sound like elevator music at an oyster colony, but the masses have been prepared for that facet of Eno through exposure to Bowie's music-to-eat-Gothic-cathedrals-by. Nearly every one of those umpteen thousand souls who bought *Low* and *Heroes* are searching for Eno even if they don't know it.

Then there's "Here He Comes", the brilliant piece of pop that kicks off Side Two and could kick Kate Bush and the Bee Gees into next Saturday Night forever. Yes . . . I'm recommending Eno to you and I've never even met him! Then consider warm jets, tiger mountain and another green world. Your tympanum will tell your cochlea that it's Xmas again.

**Terence Hogan**