

Local group, Butch, Liz and Duncan (with Steven Kiely sitting in on piano) had in the preceding year built up a large following. This was due to their beautiful songs (and I do not use that in the cliché). Their trademark, as a group, was the wall of sound harmony. On songs like "Poor John", "Rally for the wounded" and "Leaving You" they sent shivers up your spine. Their whole concert performance hinged around the song. If that didn't come off, everything else fell away. On this night they turned on their most mediocre set of the year.

When Mike McLellan came out, the audience was appreciative, yes, but receptive, no. Within ten minutes he had them on his side. It was the mark of a true professional — the experience of twelve years on the road shone through. Mike was heard to say after the concert that the audience was one of the hardest he had ever worked with. The Sunday concert was a different kettle of fish. Butch, Liz and Duncan turned in one of the most stunning sets I have seen them play. Starting with their madcap political satire "Spotlight", (this had gone right over the head of the previous night's audience), they proceeded to weave their spell. Playing original compositions to an audience programmed on the bop machine can be a hazardous occupation, but by the time Duncan moved into "Rally for the wounded", evoking the decline and fall of the British Empire, the group had well and truly proved the quality of their undertaking.

Butch, Liz and Duncan (UNE Arts Theatre, 22 March 1975)

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